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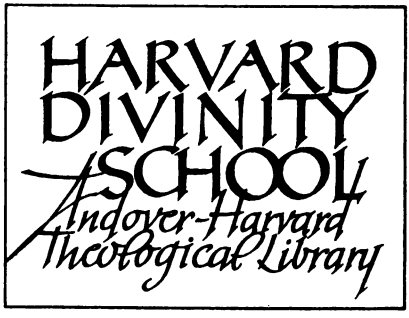
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SONGS OF LIFE

Edited by
CARL F. PRICE

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NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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PREFACE

SINCE the modern development in English hymnody under the fruitful influence of Isaac Watts there has been no period so marked by radical changes in the subject, the tone, and the point of view in Christian hymns as the past fifteen years, unless it be that period about a century ago when, under the influence of a newly awakened missionary zeal, the Christian Church began the common use of a great many new missionary hymns. The distinguishing quality of many of the hymns of this new era is their objective, rather than subjective, content, concerned less with introspection than with the ideal of expressing the Christian life in terms of service. As in the days when missionary hymns first appeared in large numbers, this is a reflection, or at least a new emphasis, of the changing age in which we live. A wealth of hymns on Christian service, brotherhood, and social betterment has recently come into common use.

Added to this, since the Great War, campaigns in many Protestant denominations in America have stressed the importance of the newer appeal in evangelism, of stewardship in life and in money, of intercession, and of larger missionary interest. One of the purposes of this book, begun under the advice of a hymnal committee of the Centenary Movement, has been to prepare a collection of hymns that, within the compass of a reasonably small book, would give adequate expression to each of these ideas and ideals.

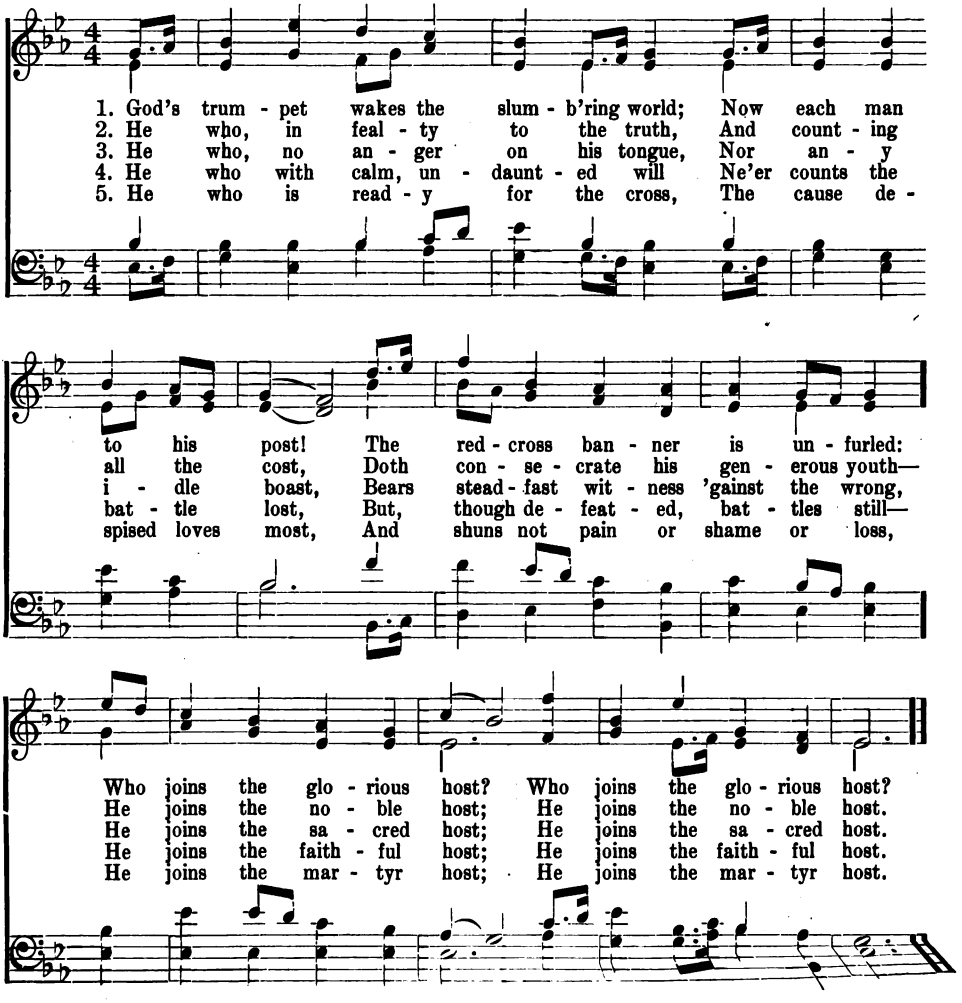
At the same time the aim has been not to discard but to conserve the best-loved of the older hymns. As it would have been a mistake one hundred years ago for the Church to sing only missionary hymns, just so to-day it would be fatal for us to sing only social-service hymns. Blending the new with the old, our worship will be enriched by singing the hymns our forefathers loved and also the hymns expressing to-day's broadening faith and love of God and neighbor.

For graciously granting permission for the use of their hymns our thanks are especially due to John Oxenham, Henry van Dyke, Frank Mason North, Calvin W. Laufer, William P. Merrill, Jacob A. Cole, Henry Burton, Ralph Welles Keeler, Harold E. Wilson, George Albert Simons, Miss Katherine Lee Bates, Allen Eastman Cross, H. B. Chown, Charles Daniel Brodhead, Bishop William A. Quayle, and J. E. Crowther; for the use of their tunes to John Oxenham, Calvin W. Laufer, William J. Kraft, Miss Emily S. Perkins, Charles Ernest White, Karl P. Harrington, Lindsay B. Longacre, and Charles Daniel Brodhead; and for generous permission to use copyrights under their control to the Survey Associates, the A. S. Barnes Company, the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, A. W. Harris, the World's Morning Watch, the Epworth Press of London, England, George H. Doran Co., and the Continent.

THE EDITOR.

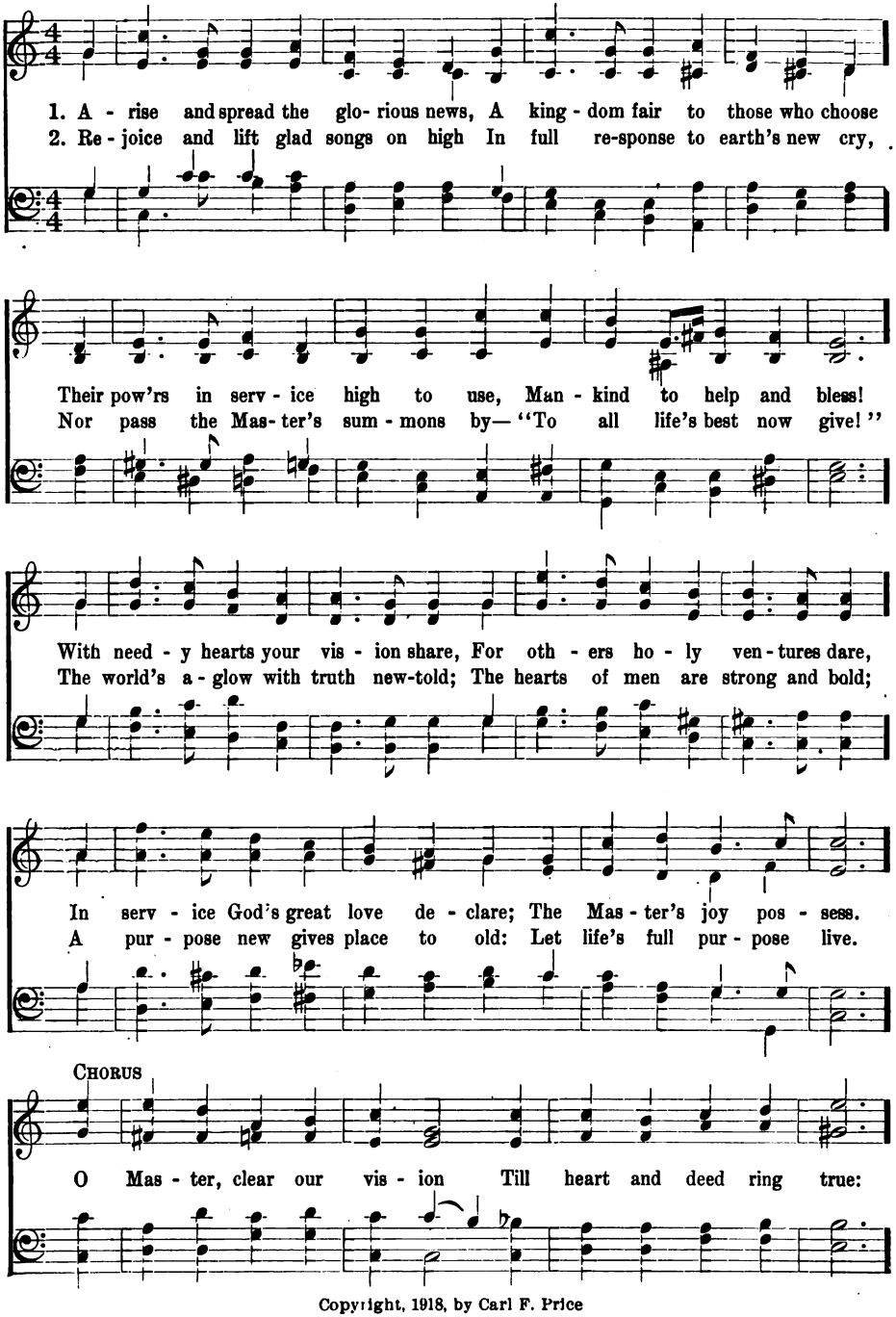
Songs of Life

1 God's Trumpet Wakes the Slumbering World

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW G. F. HANDEL

1. God's trum - pet wakes the slum - b'ring world; Now each man
2. He who, in feal - ty to the truth, And count - ing
3. He who, no an - ger on his tongue, Nor an - y
4. He who with calm, un - daunt - ed will Ne'er counts the
5. He who is read - y for the cross, The cause de -
to his post! The red - cross ban - ner is un - furled:
all the cost, Doth con - se - crate his gen - erous youth—
i - dle boast, Bears stead - fast wit - ness 'gainst the wrong,
bat - tle lost, But, though de - feat - ed, bat - tles still—
spised loves most, And shuns not pain or shame or loss,
Who joins the glo - rious host? Who joins the glo - rious host?
He joins the no - ble host; He joins the no - ble host.
He joins the sa - cred host; He joins the sa - cred host.
He joins the faith - ful host; He joins the faith - ful host.
He joins the mar - tyr host; He joins the mar - tyr host.

O Master, Clear Our Vision

RALPH WELLES KEELER CARL F. PRICE


1. A - rise and spread the glo- rious news, A king - dom fair to those who choose
2. Re - joice and lift glad songs on high In full re-sponse to earth's new cry,
Their pow'rs in serv - ice high to use, Man - kind to help and bless!
Nor pass the Mas- ter's sum - mons by— "To all life's best now give!"
With need - y hearts your vis - ion share, For oth - ers ho - ly ven - tures dare,
The world's a - glow with truth new-told; The hearts of men are strong and bold;
In serv - ice God's great love de - clare; The Mas - ter's joy pos - sess.
A pur - pose new gives place to old: Let life's full pur - pose live.
CHORUS
O Mas - ter, clear our vis - ion Till heart and deed ring true:

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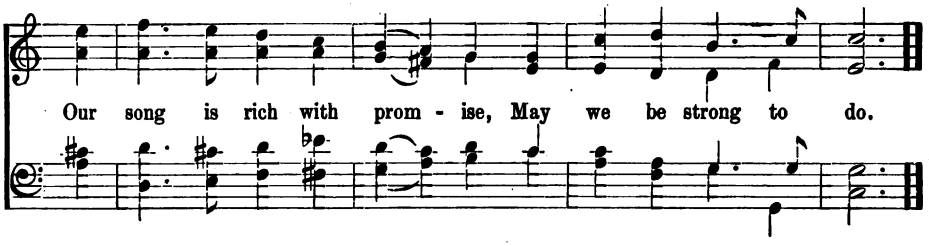
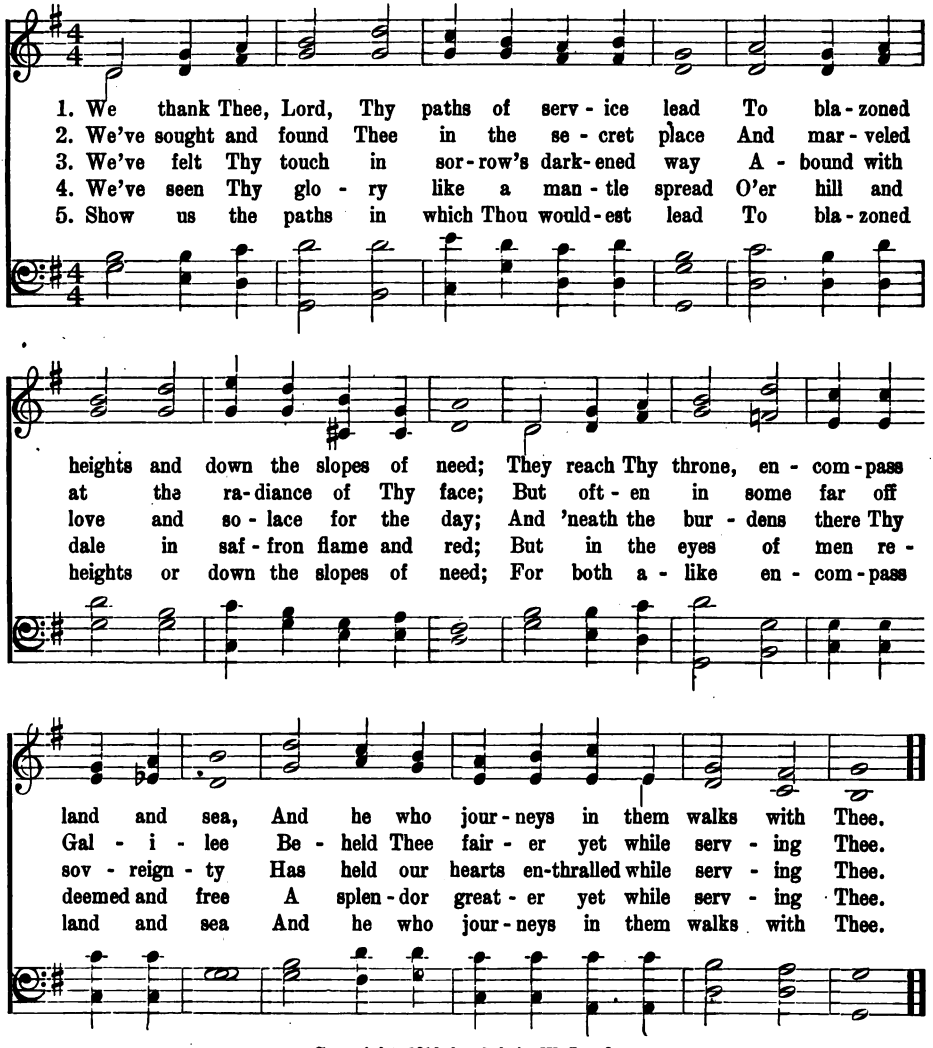

3 We Thank Thee, Lord

C. W. L. CALVIN W. LAUFER


1. We thank Thee, Lord, Thy paths of serv - ice lead To bla - zoned
2. We've sought and found Thee in the se - cret place And mar - veled
3. We've felt Thy touch in sor - row's dark - ened way A - bound with
4. We've seen Thy glo - ry like a man - tle spread O'er hill and
5. Show us the paths in which Thou would - est lead To bla - zoned
heights and down the slopes of need; They reach Thy throne, en - com - pass
at the ra - diance of Thy face; But oft - en in some far off
love and so - lace for the day; And 'neath the bur - dens there Thy
dale in saf - fron flame and red; But in the eyes of men re -
heights or down the slopes of need; For both a - like en - com - pass
land and sea, And he who jour - neys in them walks with Thee.
Gal - i - lee Be - held Thee fair - er yet while serv - ing Thee.
sov - reign - ty Has held our hearts en - thralled while serv - ing Thee.
deemed and free A splen - dor great - er yet while serv - ing Thee.
land and sea And he who jour - neys in them walks with Thee.

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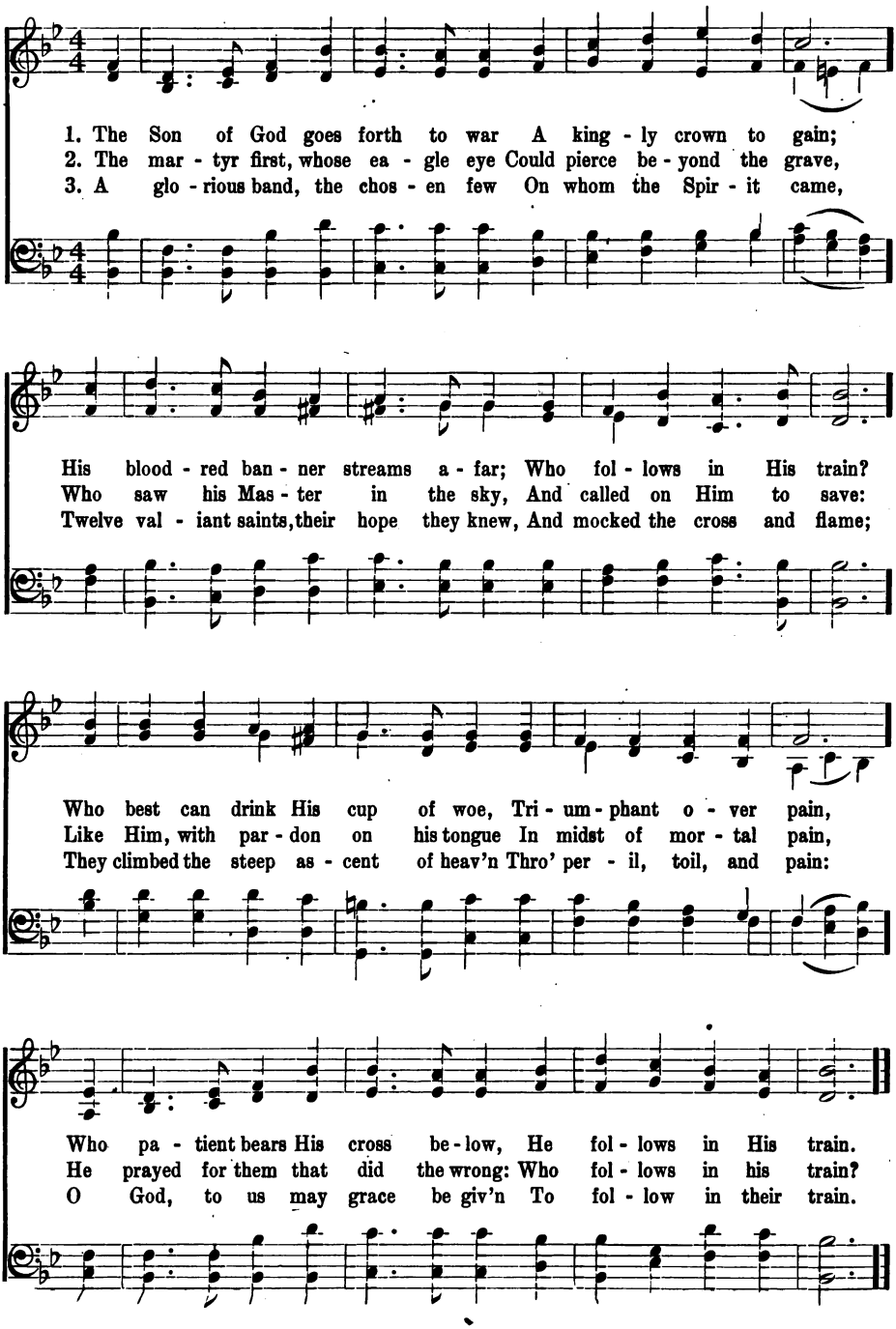
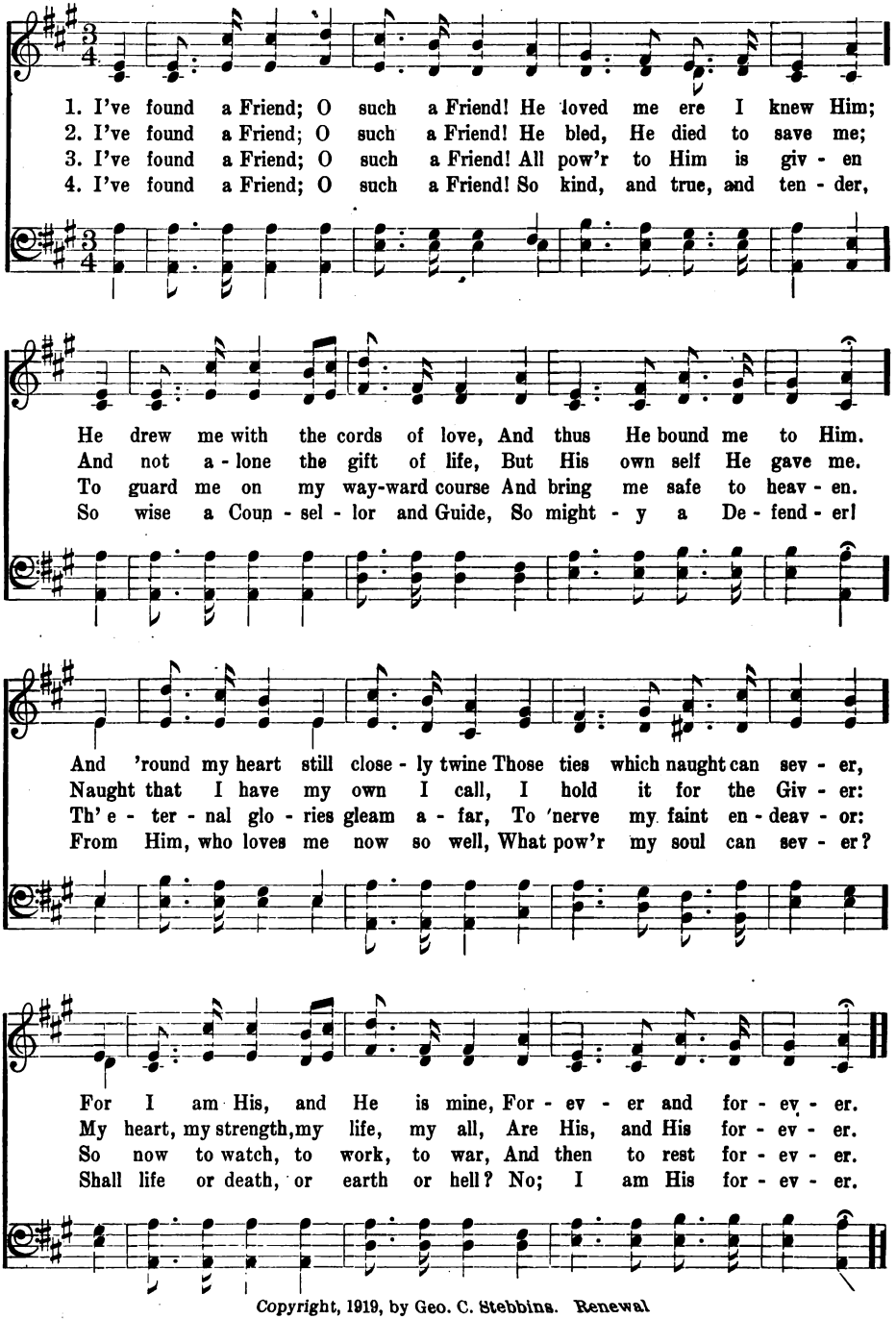
4 The Son of God Goes Forth To War

REGINALD HEBER HENRY S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

I've Found a Friend

J. G. SMALL — GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en
4. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my way-ward course And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To 'nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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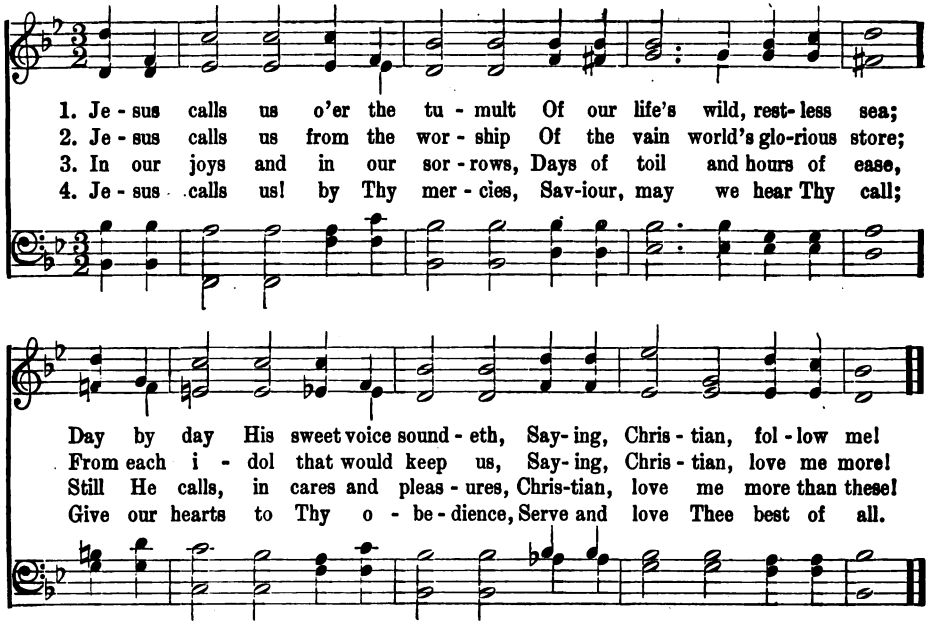
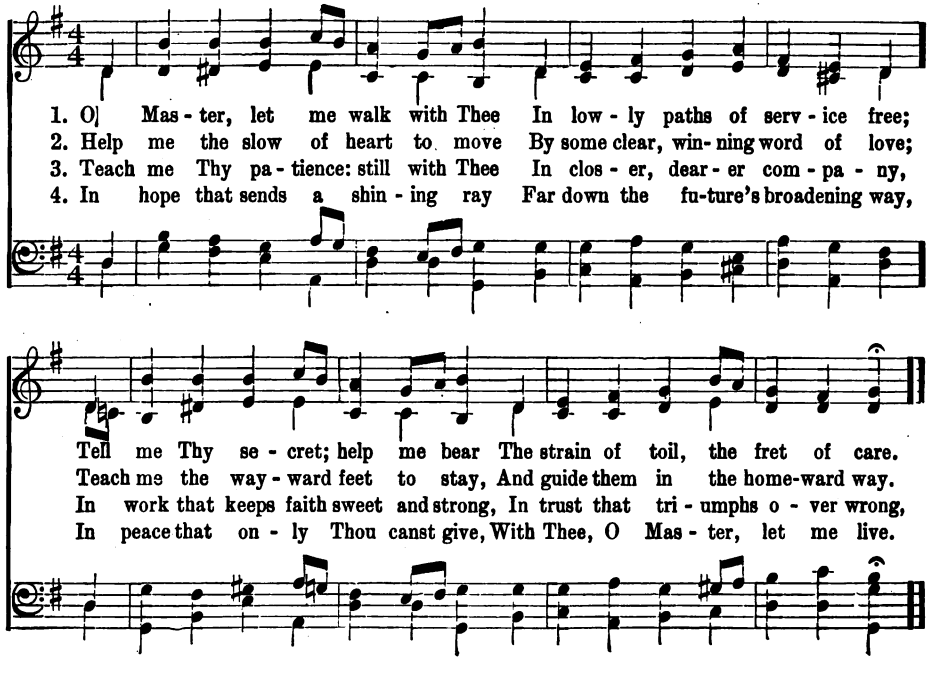
6 Jesus Calls Us

CECIL F. ALEXANDER — WILLIAM H. JUDE

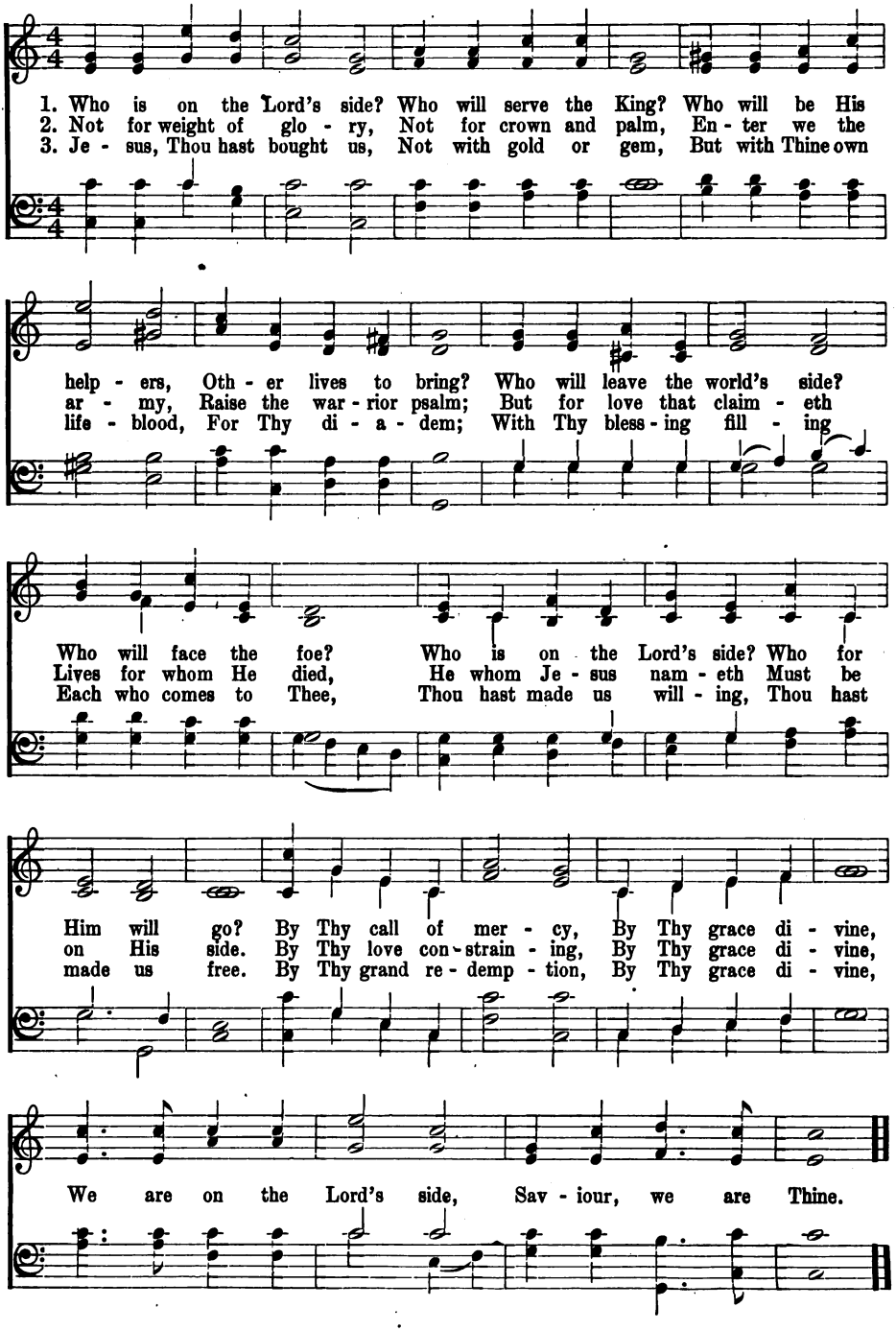

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's glo-rious store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call;
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say- ing, Chris - tian, fol - low me!
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say- ing, Chris - tian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, Chris-tian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

7 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN — ROBERT SCHUMANN


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win- ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa - tience: still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way,
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong,
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

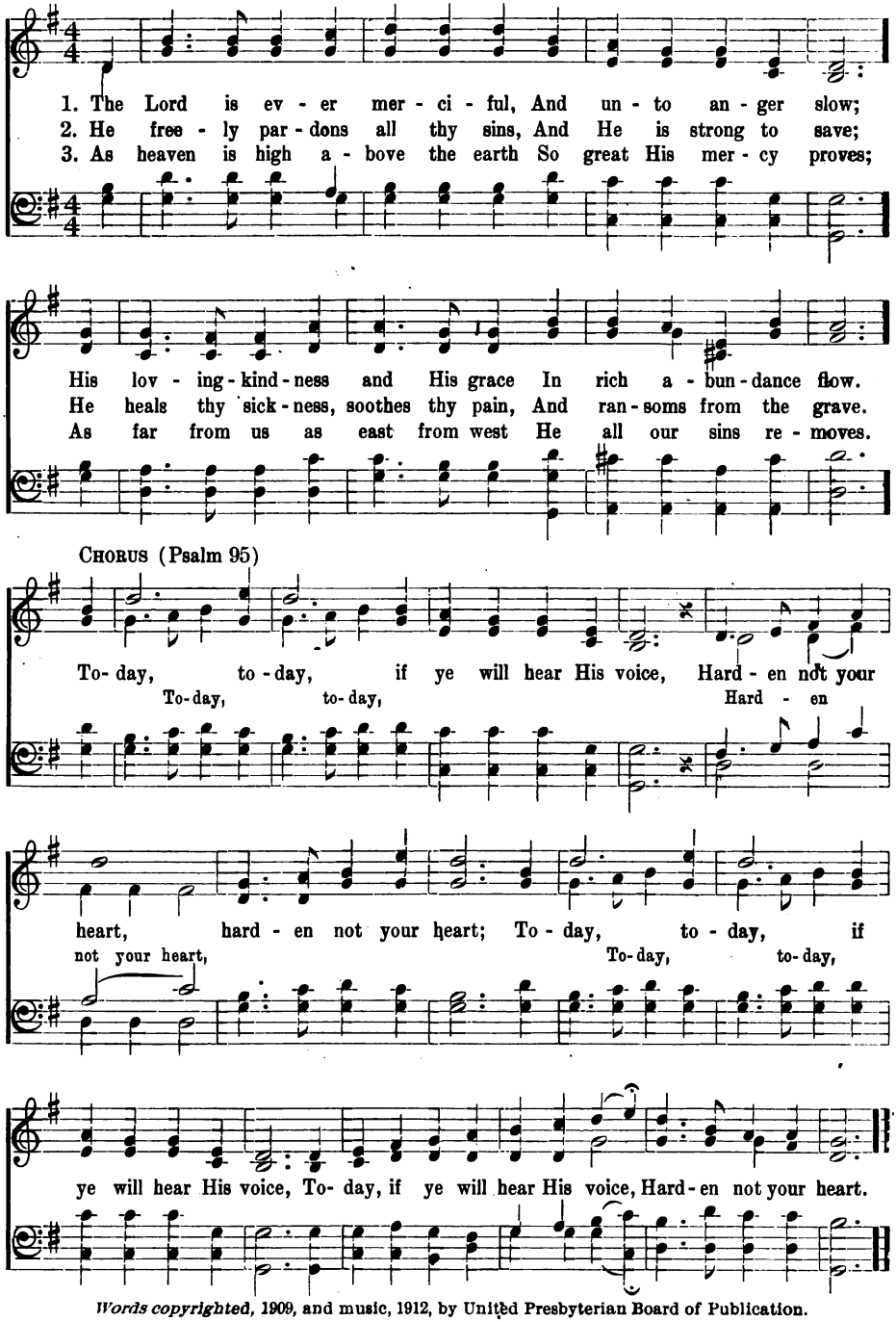
Who Is On the Lord's Side?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL J. GOSS

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth
life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be
Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast
Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,
on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di - vine,
made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine,
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.

Harden Not Your Heart

Psalm 103

CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. The Lord is ev - er mer - ci - ful, And un - to an - ger slow;
2. He free - ly par - dons all thy sins, And He is strong to save;
3. As heaven is high a - bove the earth So great His mer - cy proves;
His lov - ing-kind - ness and His grace In rich a - bun - dance flow.
He heals thy sick - ness, soothes thy pain, And ran - soms from the grave.
As far from us as east from west He all our sins re - moves.
CHORUS (Psalm 95)
To- day, to - day, if ye will hear His voice, Hard - en not your
To- day, to- day, Hard - en
heart, hard - en not your heart; To - day, to - day, if
not your heart, To- day, to- day,
ye will hear His voice, To- day, if ye will hear His voice, Hard - en not your heart.

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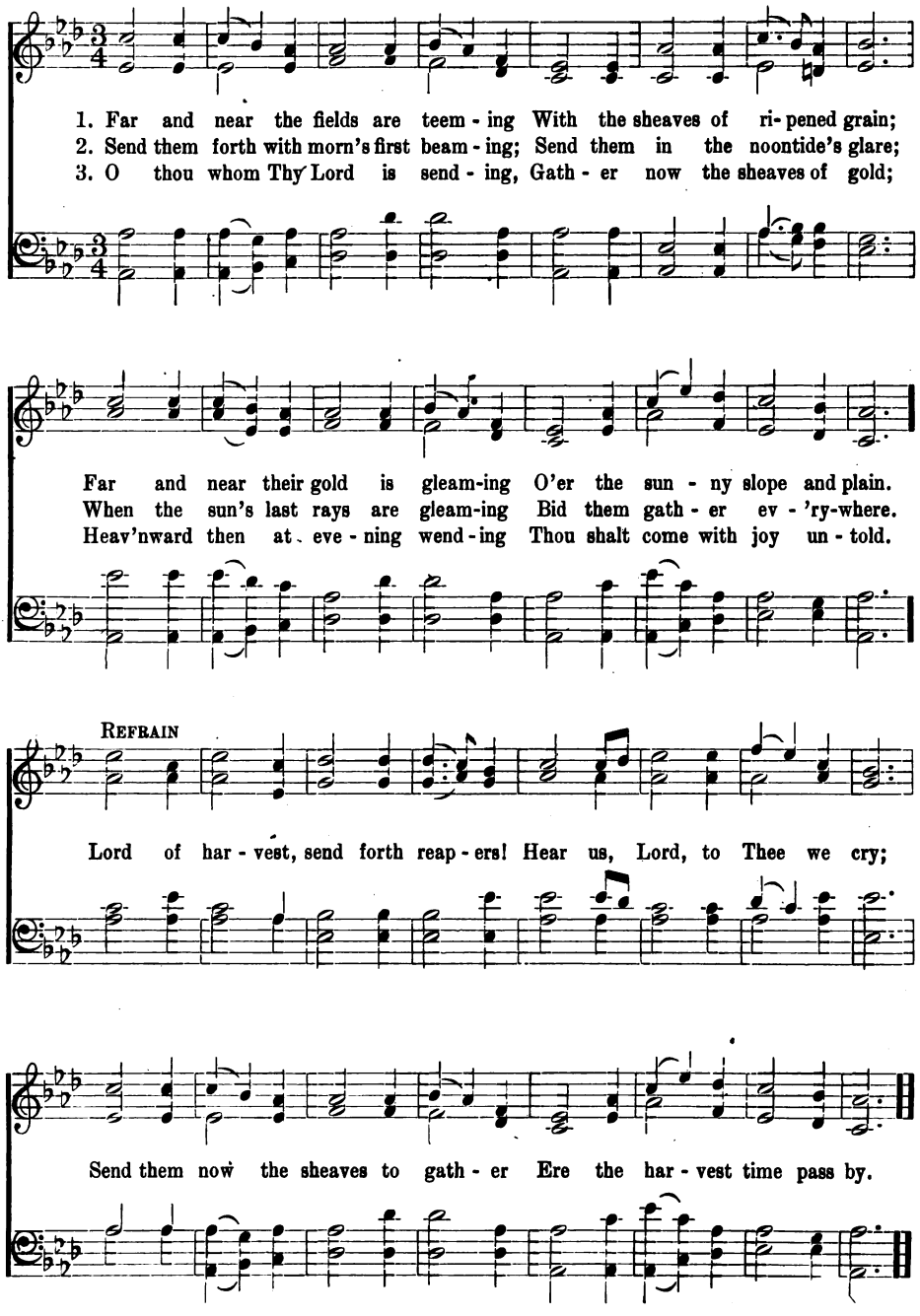
Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming

J. O. THOMPSON J. B. O. CLEMM

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the sheaves of ri- pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou whom Thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve - ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
REFRAIN
Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gath - er Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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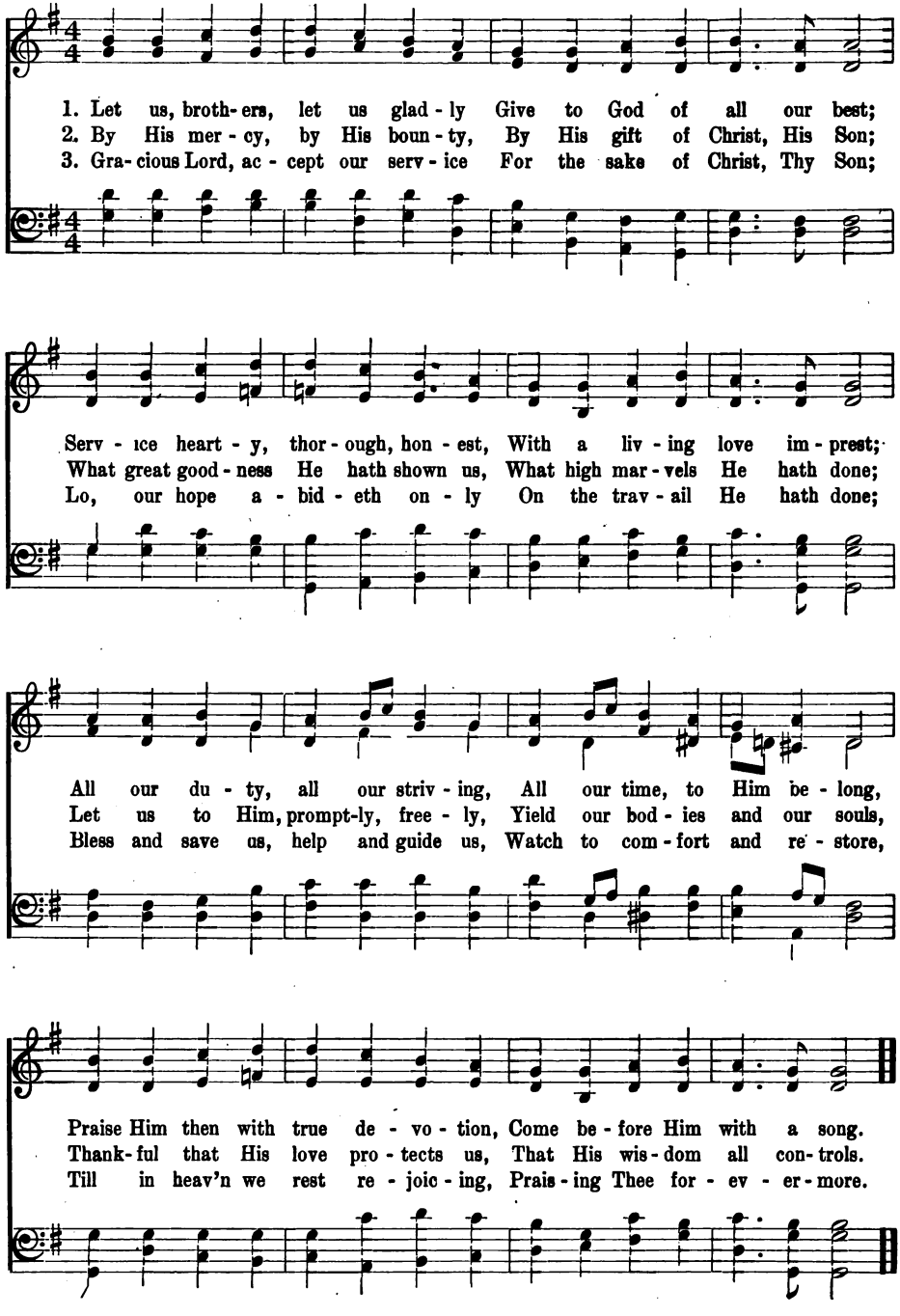
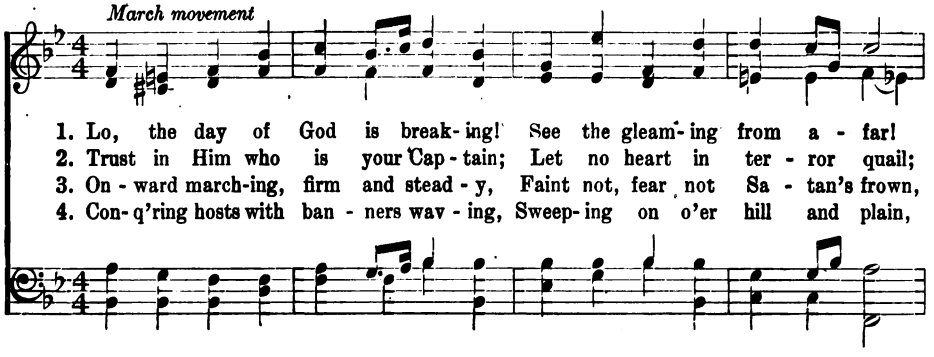
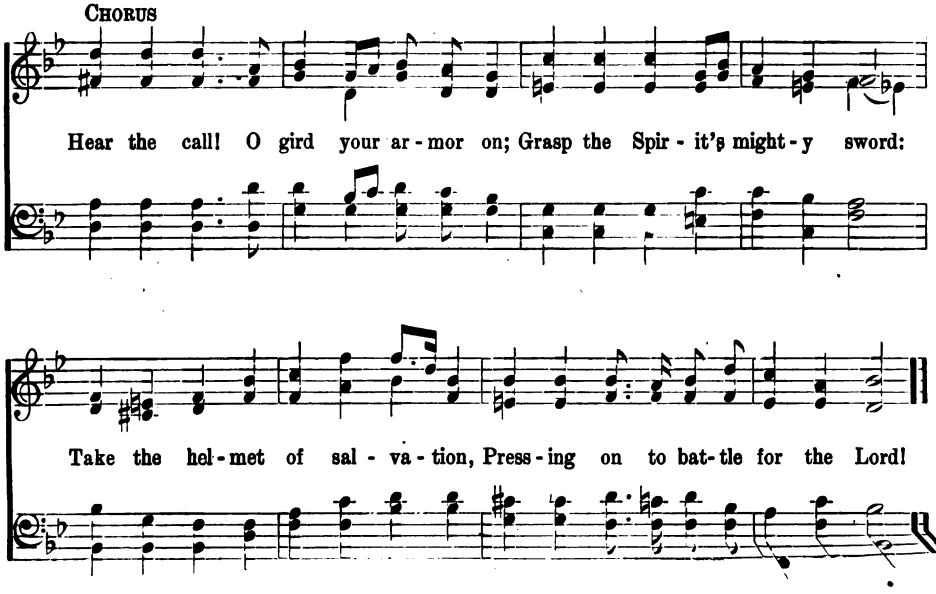
Let Us Give To God Our Best

HENRY BATEMAN — Arr. from LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

1. Let us, broth-ers, let us glad-ly Give to God of all our best;
2. By His mer-cy, by His boun-ty, By His gift of Christ, His Son;
3. Gra-cious Lord, ac-cept our serv-ice For the sake of Christ, Thy Son;
Serv-ice heart-y, thor-ough, hon-est, With a liv-ing love im-prest;
What great good-ness He hath shown us, What high mar-vels He hath done;
Lo, our hope a-bid-eth on-ly On the trav-ail He hath done;
All our du-ty, all our striv-ing, All our time, to Him be-long,
Let us to Him, prompt-ly, free-ly, Yield our bod-ies and our souls,
Bless and save us, help and guide us, Watch to com-fort and re-store,
Praise Him then with true de-vo-tion, Come be-fore Him with a song.
Thank-ful that His love pro-tects us, That His wis-dom all con-trols.
Till in heav'n we rest re-joic-ing, Prais-ing Thee for-ev-er-more.

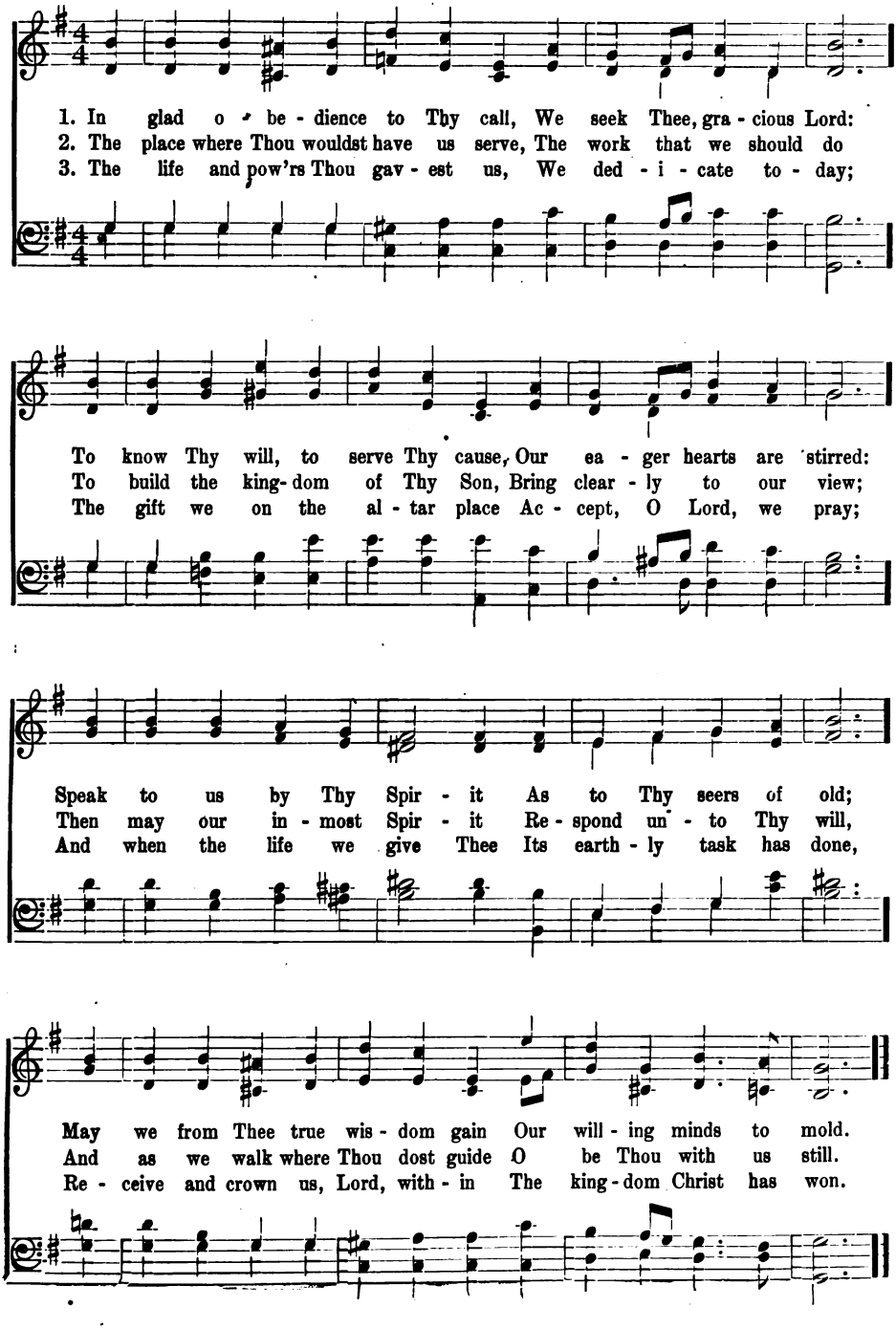
Hear the Call

W. F. S. — Wm. F. Sherwin

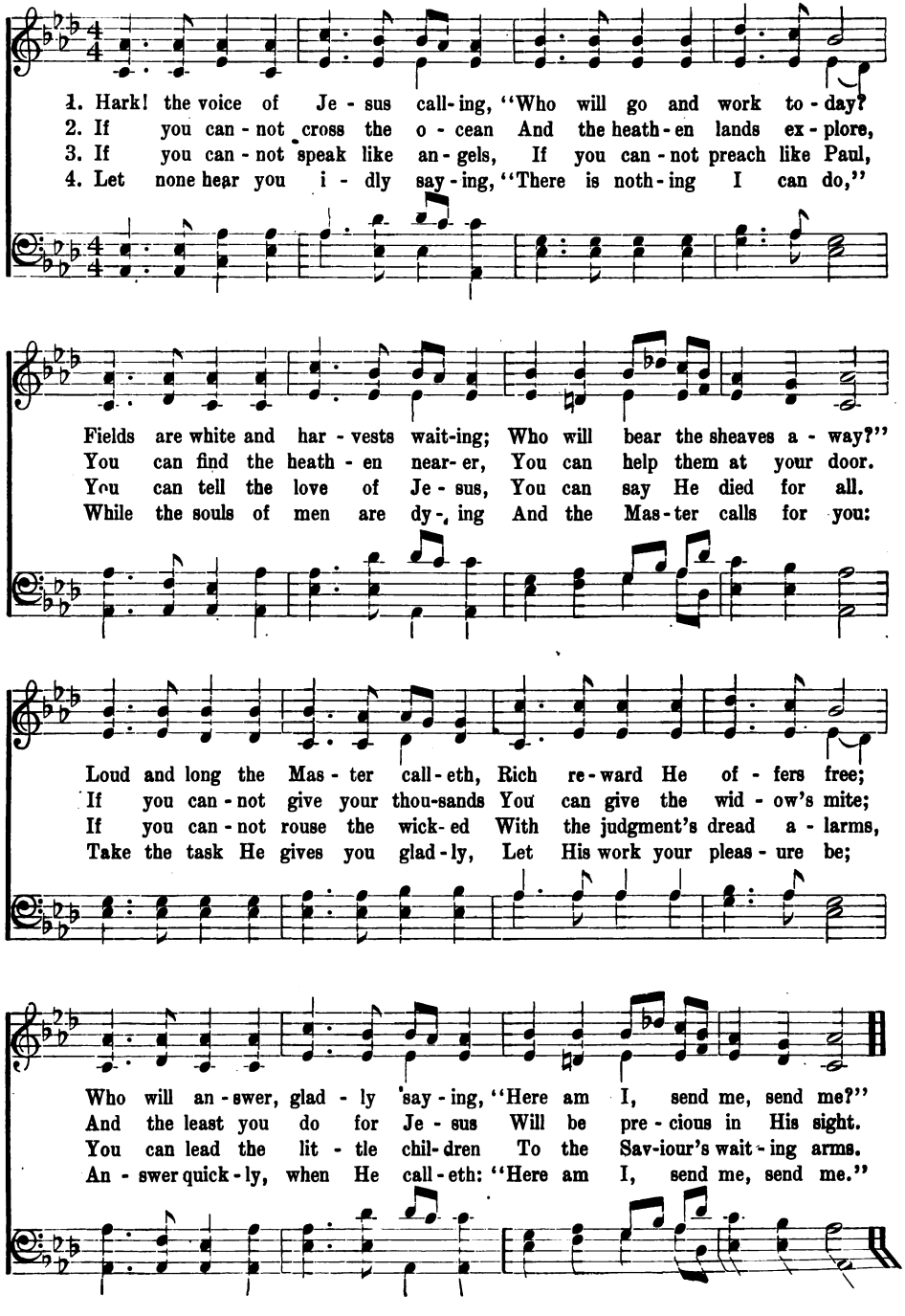
March movement

1. Lo, the day of God is break-ing! See the gleam-ing from a-far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter-ror quail;
3. On-ward march-ing, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa-tan's frown,
4. Con-q'ring hosts with ban-ners wav-ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain,
Sons of earth, from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and morn-ing star!
Je-sus leads the gath-'ring le-gions, In His name ye shall pre-vail.
For the Lord is with you al-ways Till you wear the vic-tor's crown.
Ne'er shalt halt till swells the an-them, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

Chorus

Hear the call! O gird your ar-mor on; Grasp the Spir-it's might-y sword:
Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

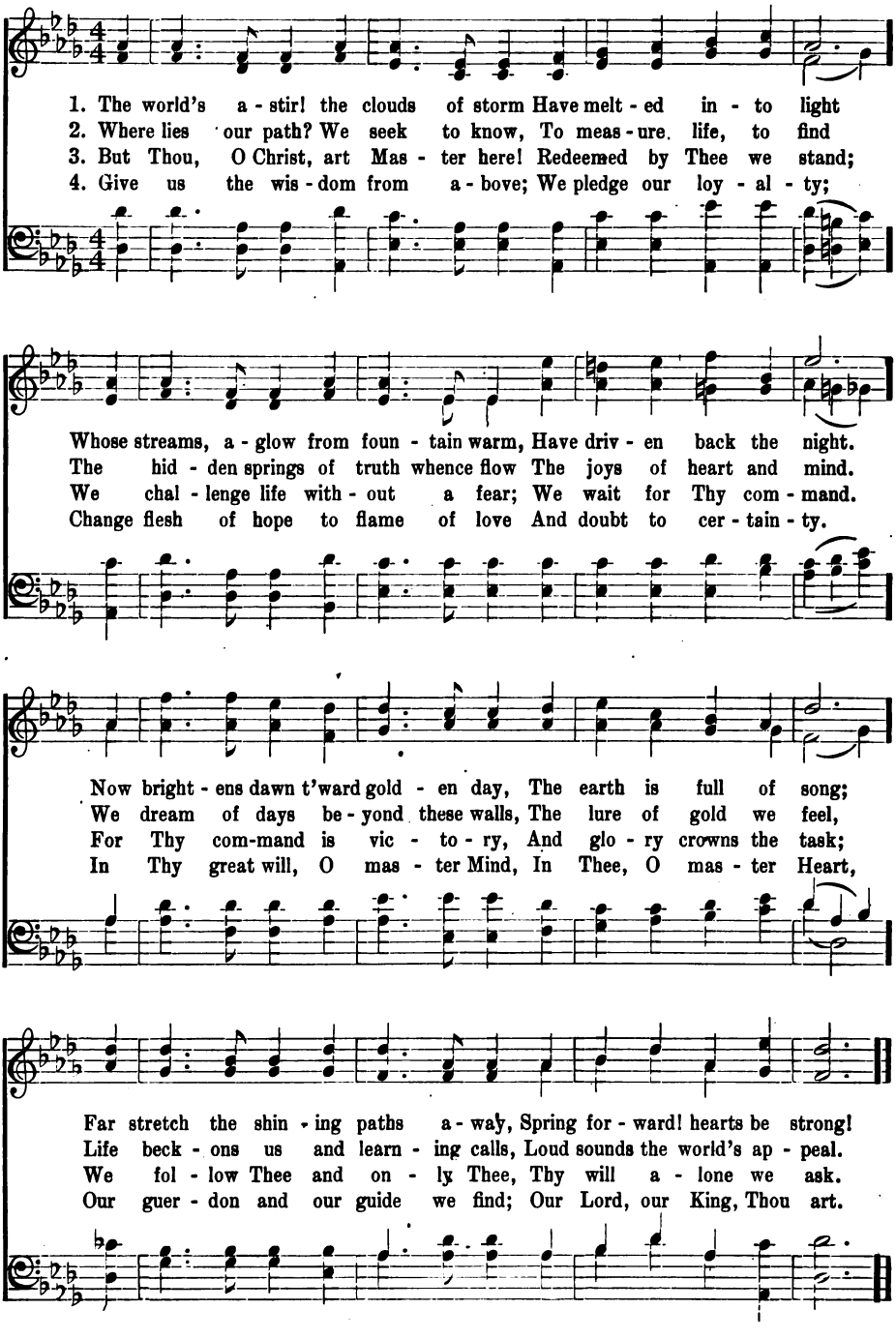
Life Service Hymn

JACOB A. COLE — LEWIS H. REDNER

1. In glad o - be - dience to Thy call, We seek Thee, gra - cious Lord:
2. The place where Thou wouldst have us serve, The work that we should do
3. The life and pow'rs Thou gav - est us, We ded - i - cate to - day;
To know Thy will, to serve Thy cause, Our ea - ger hearts are stirred:
To build the king-dom of Thy Son, Bring clear - ly to our view;
The gift we on the al - tar place Ac - cept, O Lord, we pray;
Speak to us by Thy Spir - it As to Thy seers of old;
Then may our in - most Spir - it Re - spond un - to Thy will,
And when the life we give Thee Its earth - ly task has done,
May we from Thee true wis - dom gain Our will - ing minds to mold.
And as we walk where Thou dost guide O be Thou with us still.
Re - ceive and crown us, Lord, with - in The king - dom Christ has won.

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

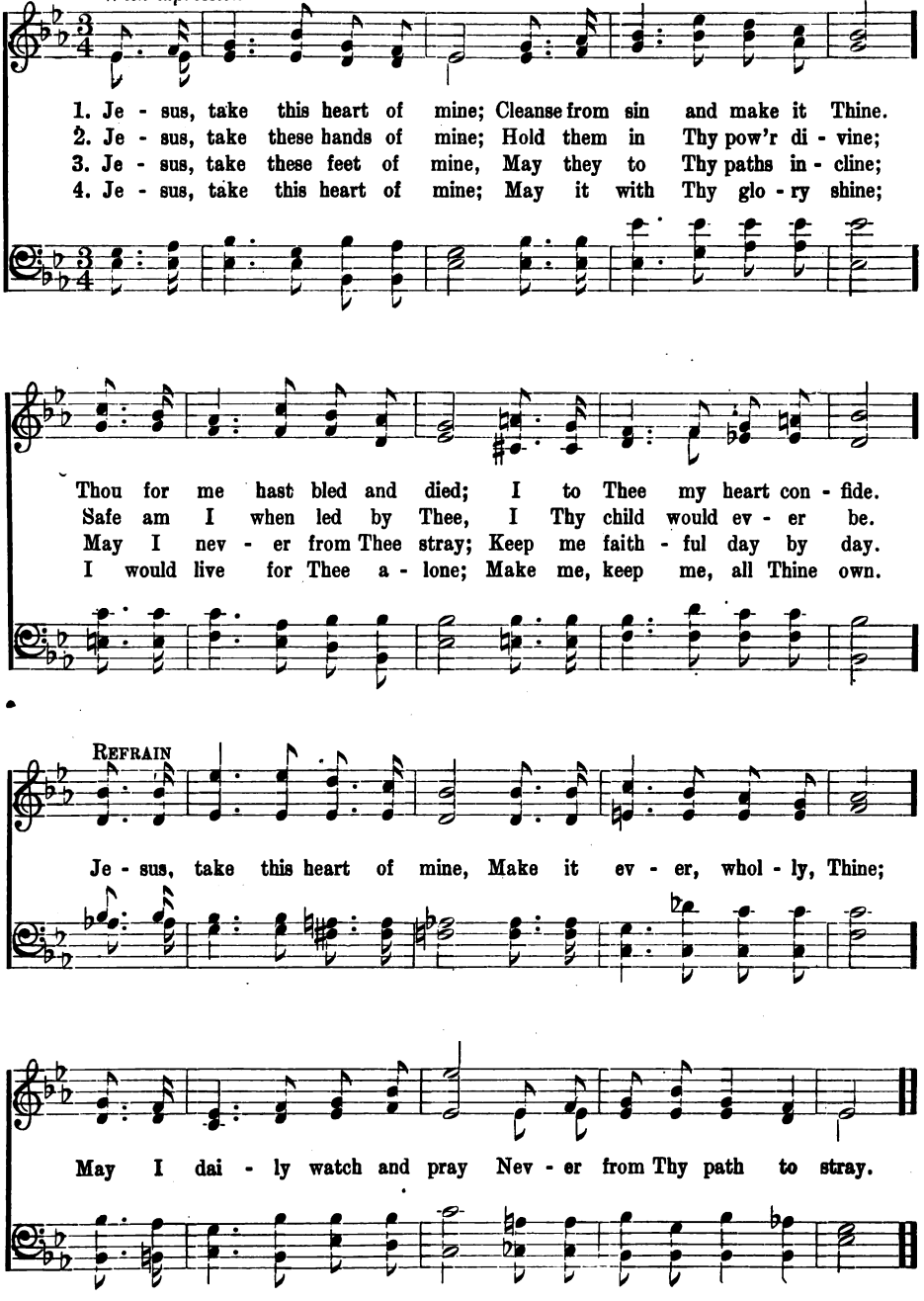
DANIEL MARCH — JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean And the heath - en lands ex - plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"
Fields are white and har - vests wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the heath - en near- er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
While the souls of men are dy - ing And the Mas - ter calls for you:
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thou-sands You can give the wid - ow's mite;
If you can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judgment's dread a - larms,
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
And the least you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Sav-iour's wait - ing arms.
An - swer quick - ly, when He call - eth: "Here am I, send me, send me."

The World's Astir

FRANK MASON NORTH — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. The world's a - stir! the clouds of storm Have melt - ed in - to light
2. Where lies our path? We seek to know, To meas - ure life, to find
3. But Thou, O Christ, art Mas - ter here! Redeemed by Thee we stand;
4. Give us the wis - dom from a - bove; We pledge our loy - al - ty;
Whose streams, a - glow from foun - tain warm, Have driv - en back the night.
The hid - den springs of truth whence flow The joys of heart and mind.
We chal - lenge life with - out a fear; We wait for Thy com - mand.
Change flesh of hope to flame of love And doubt to cer - tain - ty.
Now bright - ens dawn t'ward gold - en day, The earth is full of song;
We dream of days be - yond these walls, The lure of gold we feel,
For Thy com-mand is vic - to - ry, And glo - ry crowns the task;
In Thy great will, O mas - ter Mind, In Thee, O mas - ter Heart,
Far stretch the shin - ing paths a - way, Spring for - ward! hearts be strong!
Life beck - ons us and learn - ing calls, Loud sounds the world's ap - peal.
We fol - low Thee and on - ly Thee, Thy will a - lone we ask.
Our guer - don and our guide we find; Our Lord, our King, Thou art.

Jesus, Take This Heart of Mine

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY — J. W. LERMAN

With expression

1. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Cleanse from sin and make it Thine.
2. Je - sus, take these hands of mine; Hold them in Thy pow'r di - vine;
3. Je - sus, take these feet of mine, May they to Thy paths in - cline;
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; May it with Thy glo - ry shine;
Thou for me hast bled and died; I to Thee my heart con - fide.
Safe am I when led by Thee, I Thy child would ev - er be.
May I nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me faith - ful day by day.
I would live for Thee a - lone; Make me, keep me, all Thine own.
REFRAIN
Je - sus, take this heart of mine, Make it ev - er, whol - ly, Thine;
May I dai - ly watch and pray Nev - er from Thy path to stray.

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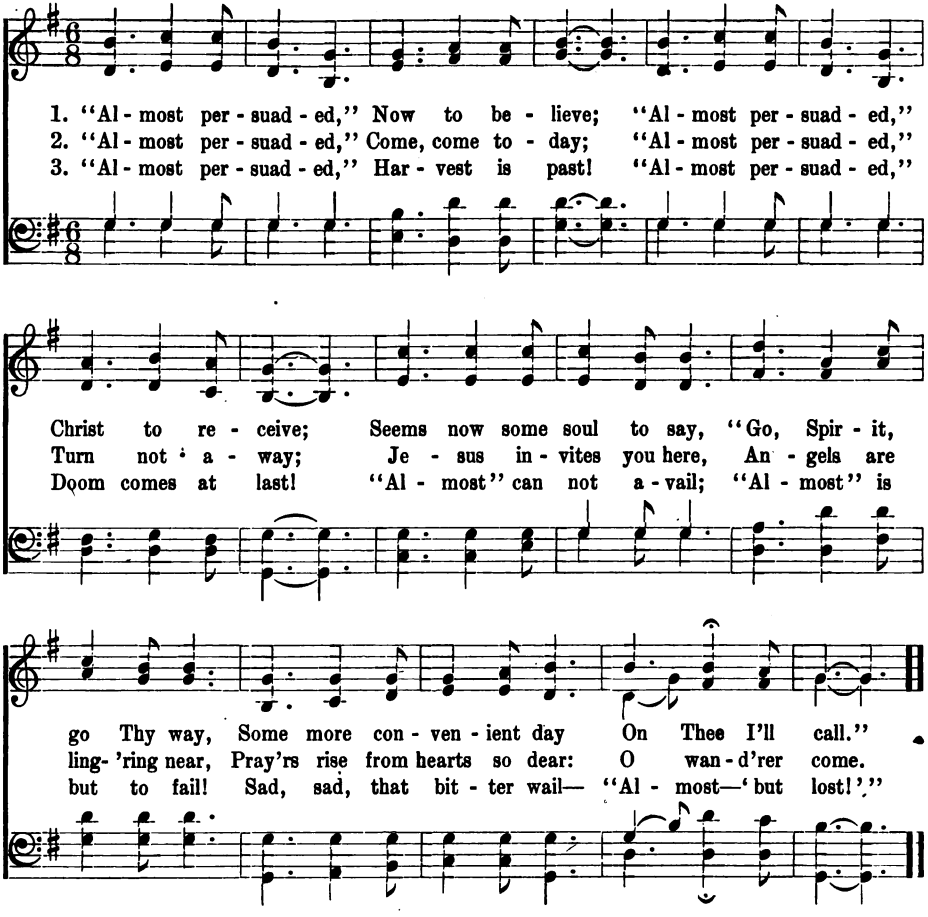
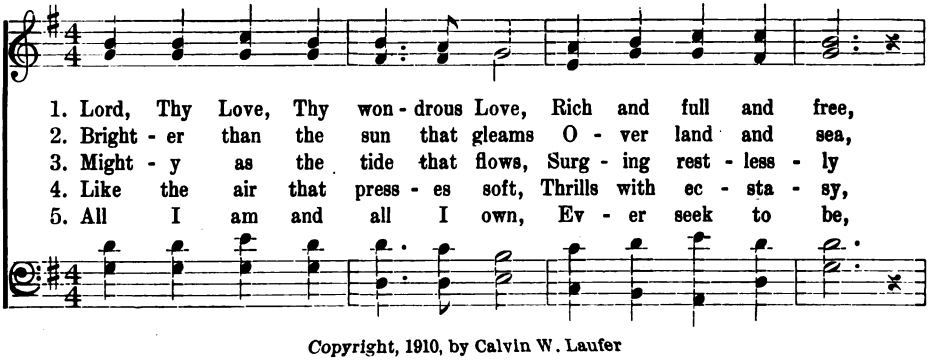
17 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling- 'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—' but lost!'"

18 Lord, Thy Love

C. W. L. (Fagnani) Calvin W. Laufer


1. Lord, Thy Love, Thy won - drous Love, Rich and full and free,
2. Bright - er than the sun that gleams O - ver land and sea,
3. Might - y as the tide that flows, Surg - ing rest - less - ly
4. Like the air that press - es soft, Thrills with ec - sta - sy,
5. All I am and all I own, Ev - er seek to be,

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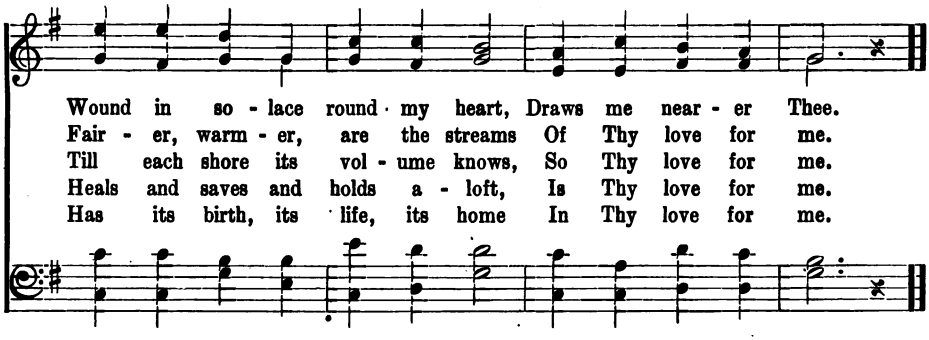
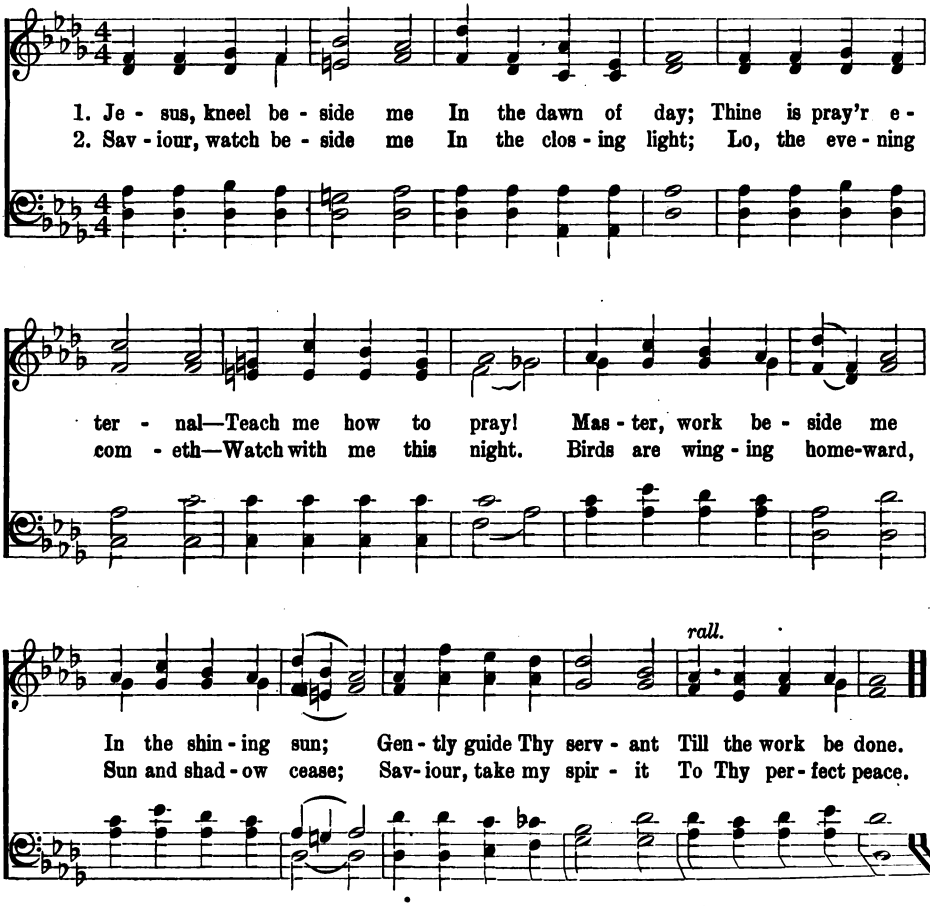

Wound in so - lace round my heart, Draws me near - er Thee.
Fair - er, warm - er, are the streams Of Thy love for me.
Till each shore its vol - ume knows, So Thy love for me.
Heals and saves and holds a - loft, Is Thy love for me.
Has its birth, its life, its home In Thy love for me.

19 The Great Companion

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS SPENCER LANE


1. Je - sus, kneel be - side me In the dawn of day; Thine is pray'r e -
2. Sav - iour, watch be - side me In the clos - ing light; Lo, the eve - ning
ter - nal—Teach me how to pray! Mas - ter, work be - side me
com - eth—Watch with me this night. Birds are wing - ing home-ward,
rall.
In the shin - ing sun; Gen - tly guide Thy serv - ant Till the work be done.
Sun and shad - ow cease; Sav - iour, take my spir - it To Thy per - fect peace.

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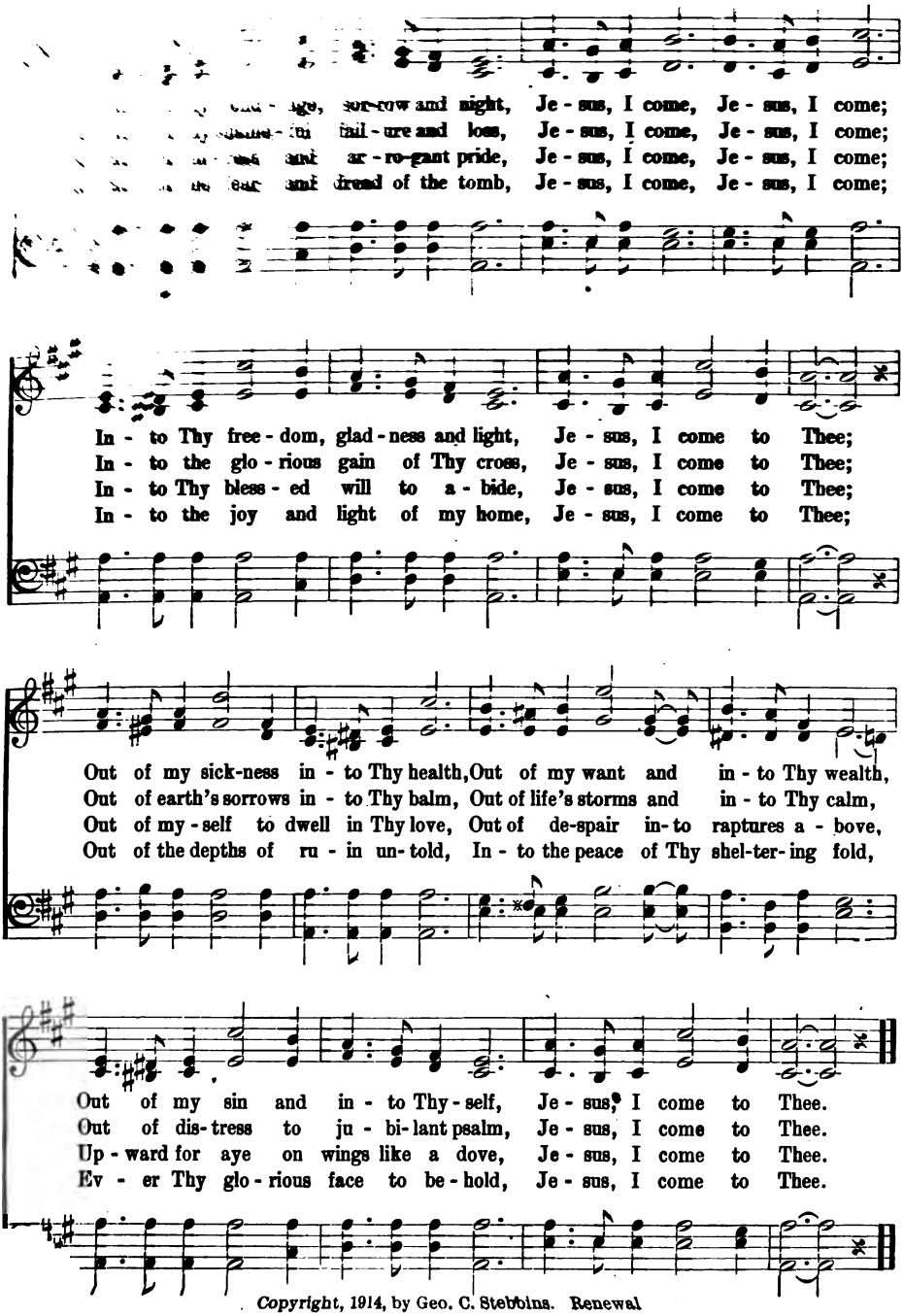
My Bondage, Sorrow and Night

GEO. C. STEBBINS

...ge, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
...fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
... and ar-ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
... and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of my home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,
Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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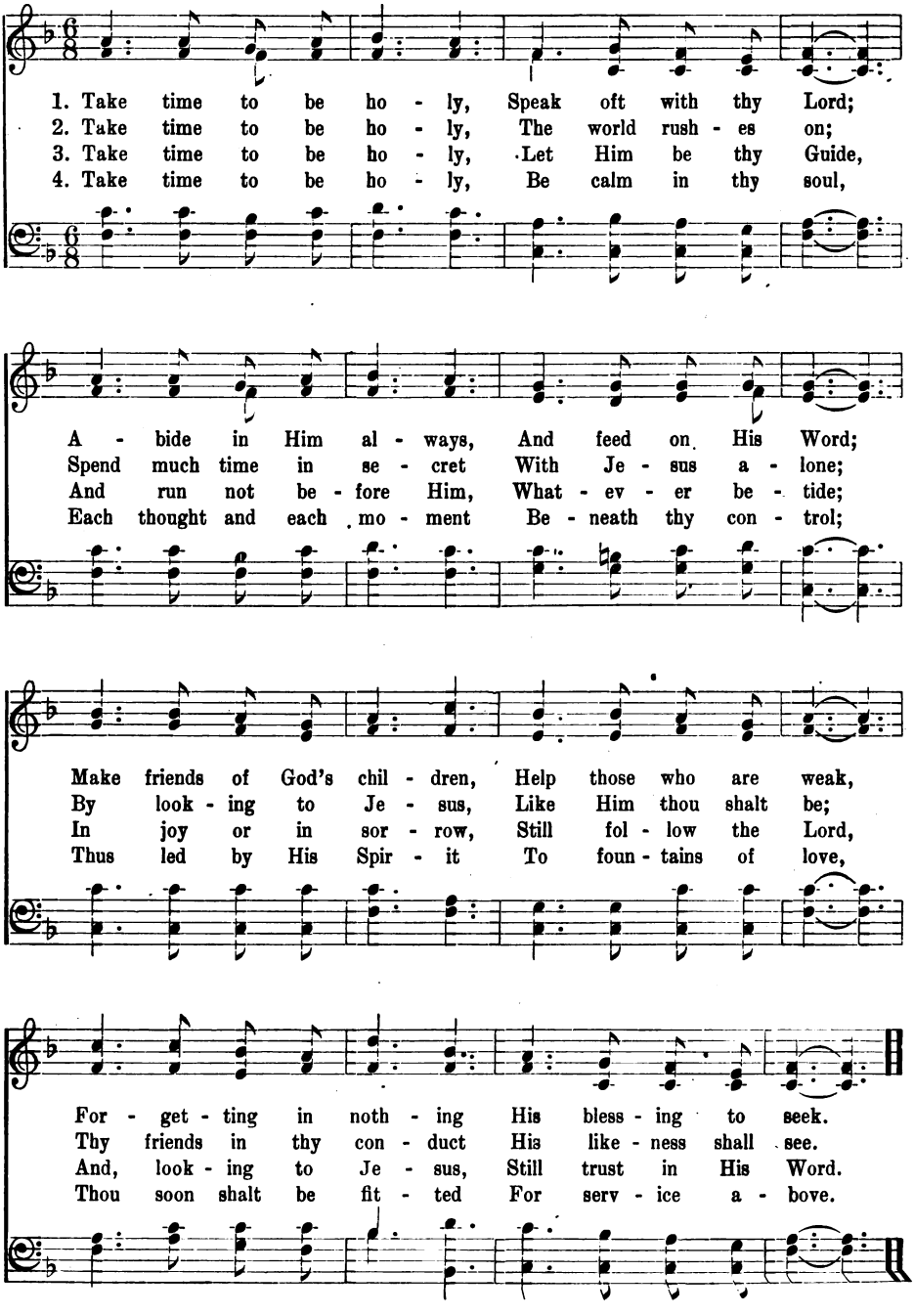
21 Take Time To Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - ment Be - neath thy con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low the Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To foun - tains of love,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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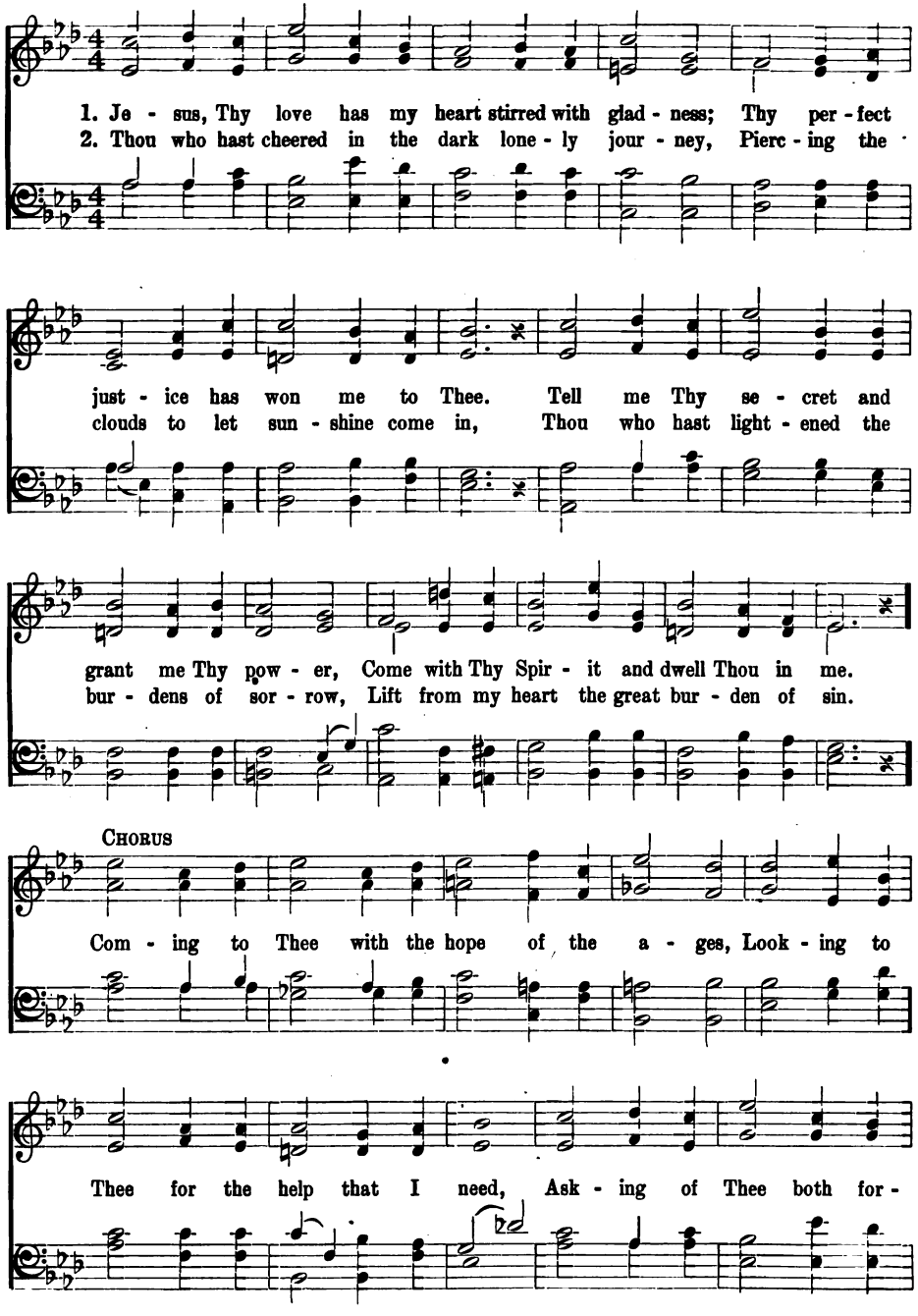
Jesus, Thy Love

RALPH WELLES KEELER L. E. HAMPTON

1. Je - sus, Thy love has my heart stirred with glad - ness; Thy per - fect
2. Thou who hast cheered in the dark lone - ly jour - ney, Pierc - ing the
just - ice has won me to Thee. Tell me Thy se - cret and
clouds to let sun - shine come in, Thou who hast light - ened the
grant me Thy pow - er, Come with Thy Spir - it and dwell Thou in me.
bur - dens of sor - row, Lift from my heart the great bur - den of sin.
CHORUS
Com - ing to Thee with the hope of the a - ges, Look - ing to
Thee for the help that I need, Ask - ing of Thee both for -

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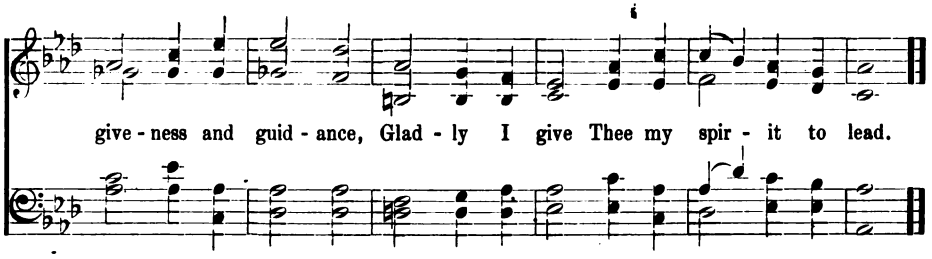
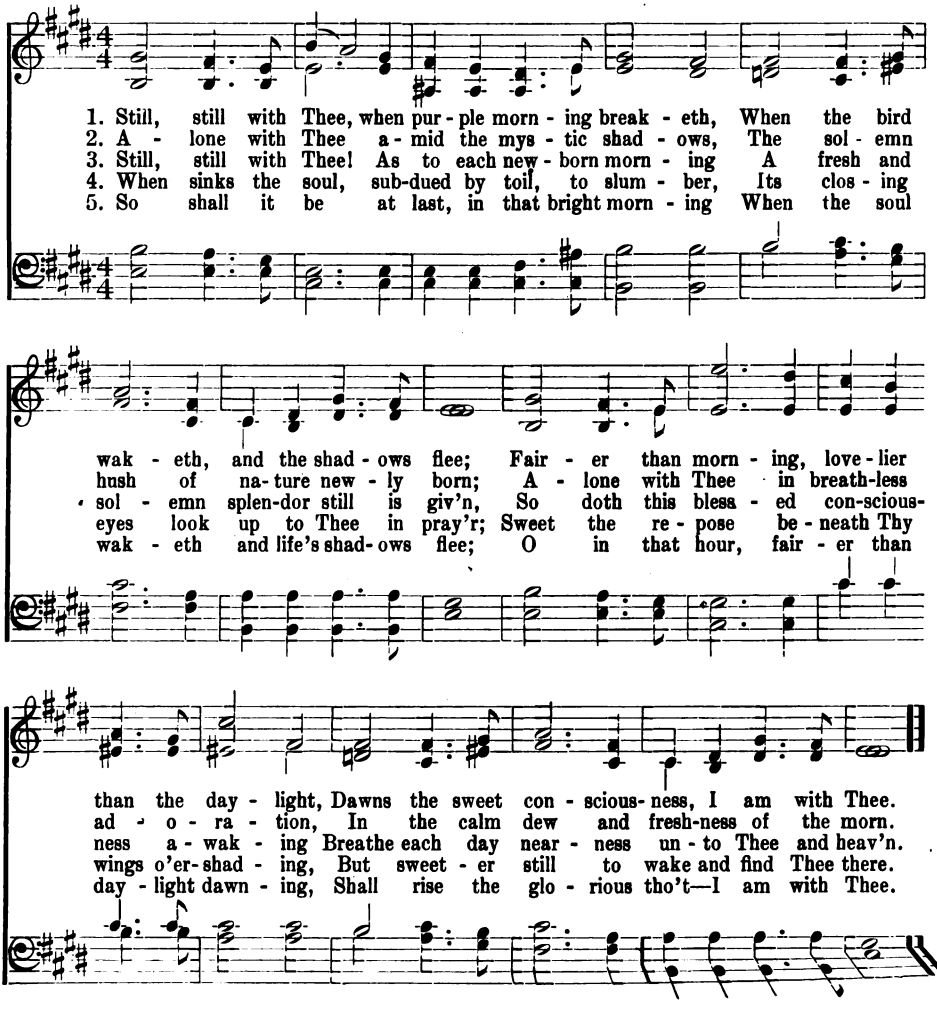
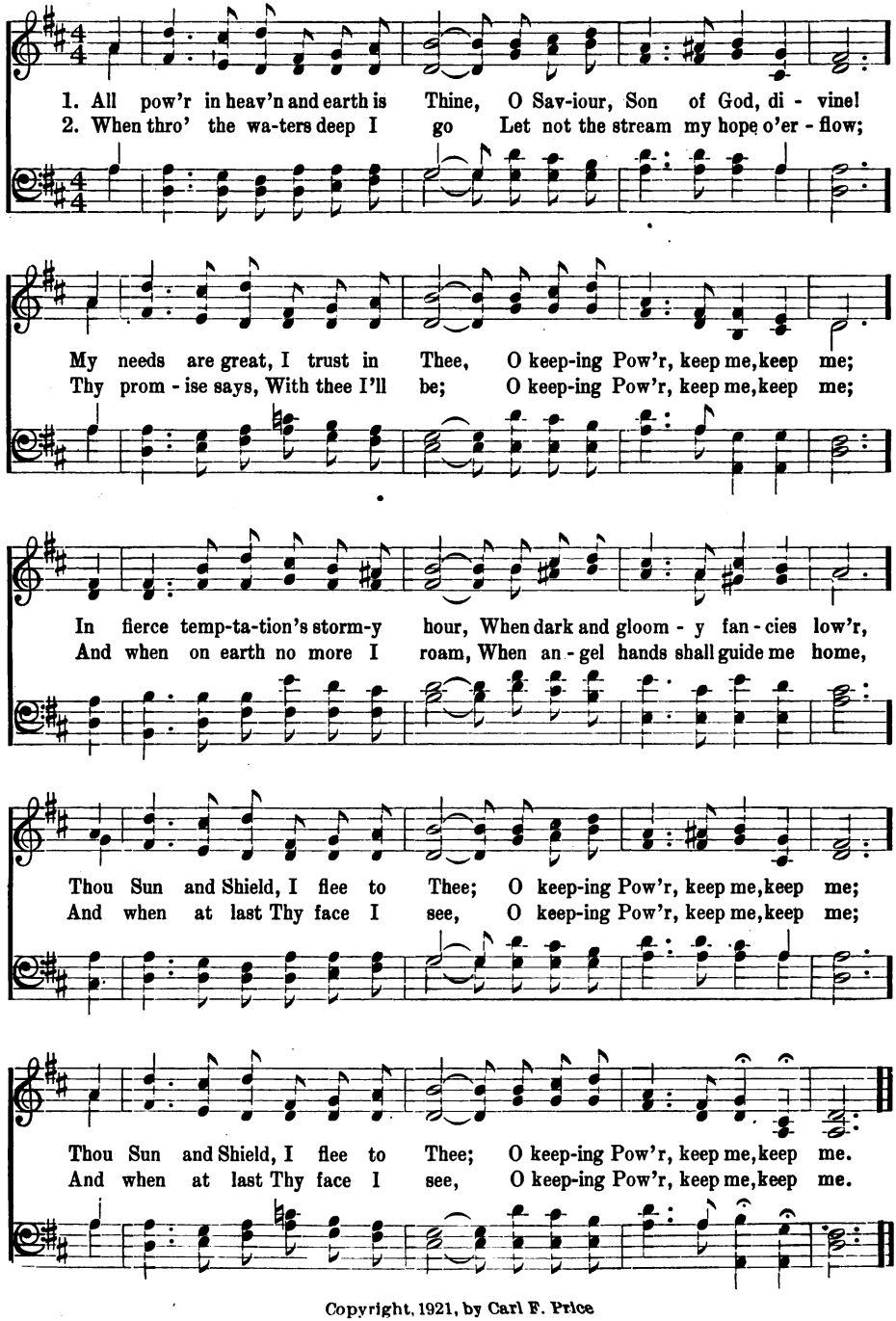


23 Still, Still With Thee

(Consolation)

HARRIET B. STOWE — Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn
3. Still, still with Thee! As to each new - born morn - ing A fresh and
4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing When the soul
wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier
hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath-less
sol - emn splen-dor still is giv'n, So doth this bless - ed con-scious-
eyes look up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy
wak - eth and life's shad-ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than
than the day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.
ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
ness a - wak - ing Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.
wings o'er-shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.
day - light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious tho't—I am with Thee.

The Keeping Power

CHARLES S. NUTTER L. E. HAMPTON

1. All pow'r in heav'n and earth is Thine, O Sav-iour, Son of God, di - vine!
2. When thro' the wa-ters deep I go Let not the stream my hope o'er - flow;
My needs are great, I trust in Thee, O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me;
Thy prom - ise says, With thee I'll be; O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me;
In fierce temp-ta-tion's storm-y hour, When dark and gloom - y fan - cies low'r,
And when on earth no more I roam, When an - gel hands shall guide me home,
Thou Sun and Shield, I flee to Thee; O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me;
And when at last Thy face I see, O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me;
Thou Sun and Shield, I flee to Thee; O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me.
And when at last Thy face I see, O keep-ing Pow'r, keep me, keep me.

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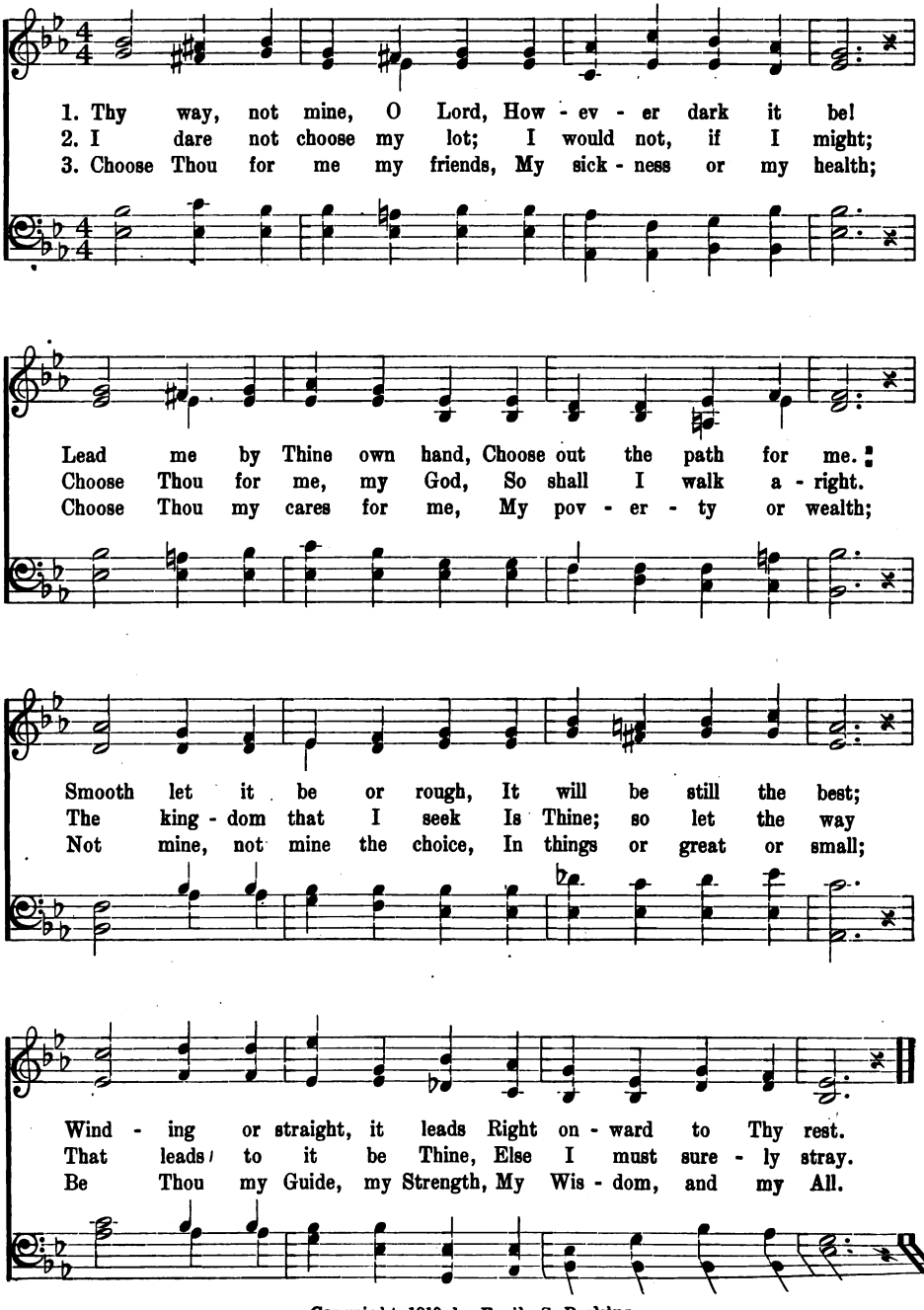
25 Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

(Raymond)

HORATIUS BONAR — EMILY S. PERKINS

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;
3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick - ness or my health;
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
Choose Thou my cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth;
Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;
The king - dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way
Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small;
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest.
That leads to it be Thine, Else I must sure - ly stray.
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wis - dom, and my All.

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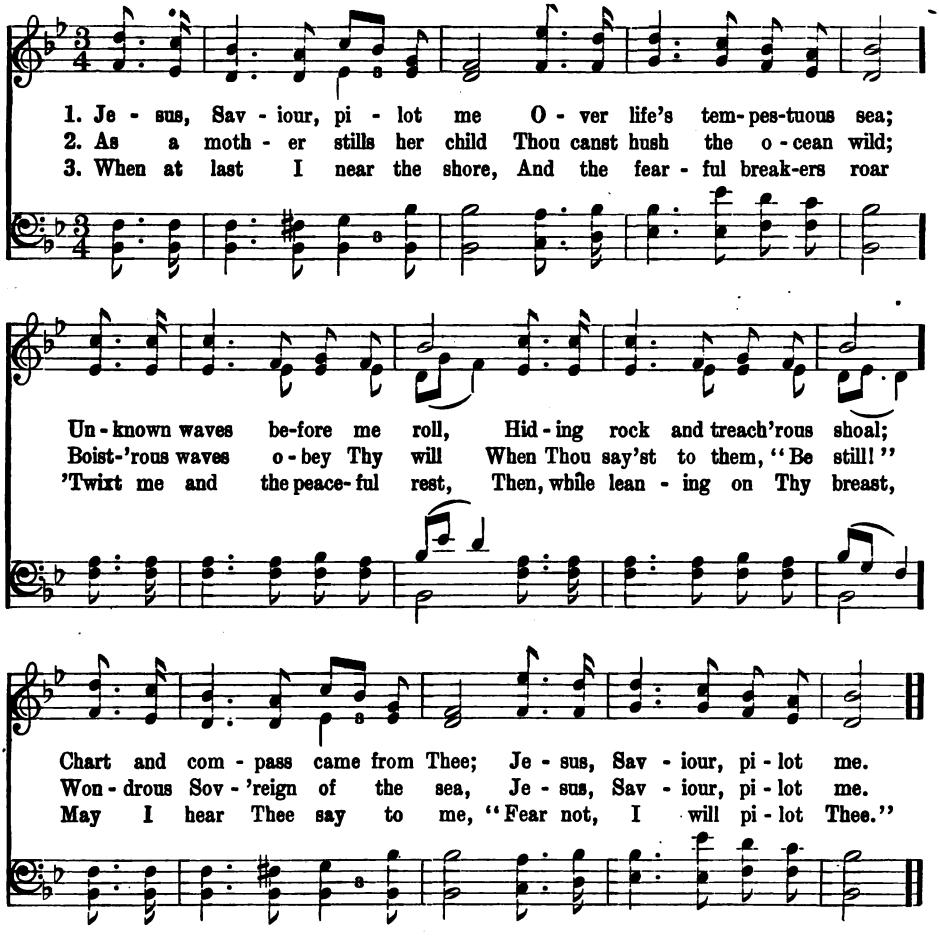
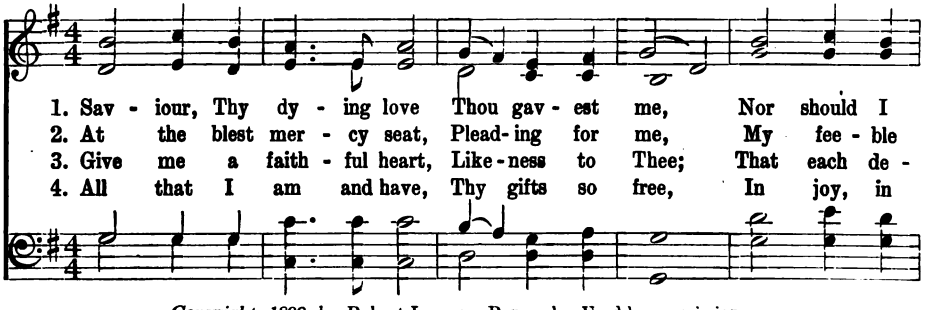
26 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER — JOHN E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un - known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist-'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace- ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

27 Saviour, Thy Dying Love

SYLVANUS D. PHELPS — ROBERT LOWRY


1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee; That each de -
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in

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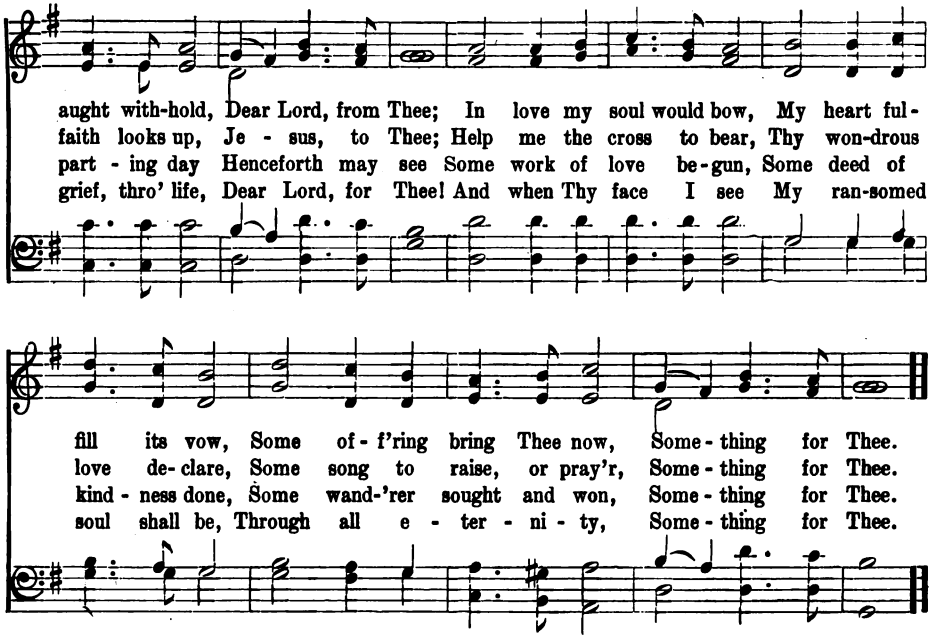
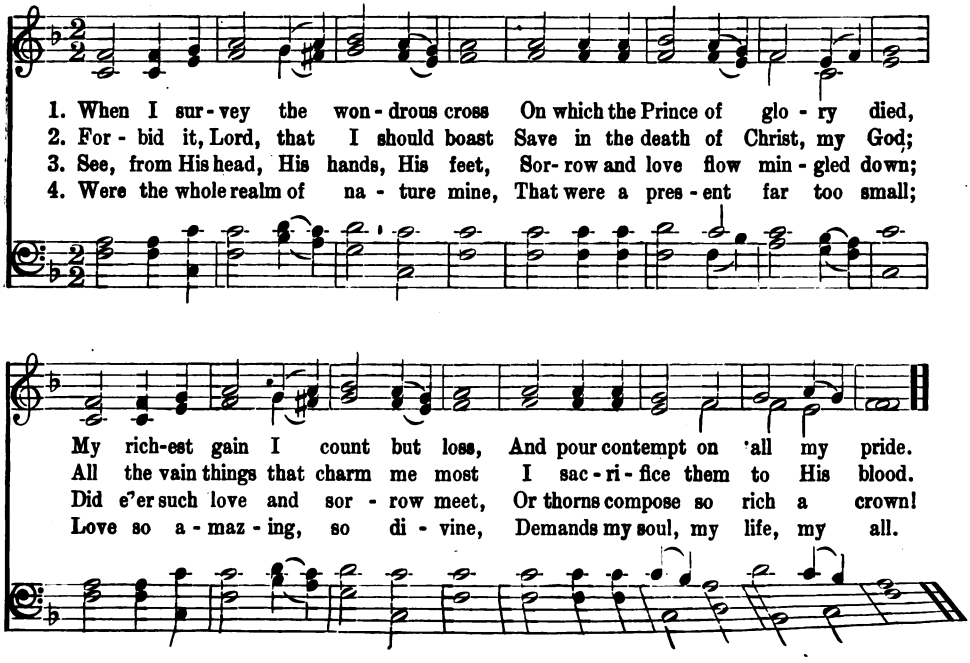

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy won-drous
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
love de- clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.
kind - ness done, Some wand-'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

28 .When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS — Gregorian: Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor- row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Crusaders

PASTOR FELIX — KARL P. HARRINGTON

Voices in Unison. Alla marcia

1. O strike, ye brave! and strike, ye true! There's a high mark set be - fore ye.—
2. O strike, ye brave!—O strike, ye true! 'Tis the voice of the Mas - ter call - eth:
3. O strike, ye brave! and strike, ye true! Till the heart of wrong be riv - en!
4. O strike, ye brave!—O strike, ye true! Like the cap - tains of old sto - ry;

rtl.

An - swer, my heart, to the call for you,—To the bu - gle note of Glo - ry.
Who then shall stand in the great re - view When the world's great day be - fall - eth?
Be not con- tent with an ar - row or two—Let the spear-head home be driv - en!
Emp - ty your quiv - ers, like men who drew Trust - y bow on e - vil hoar - y!

CHORUS. *Tempo*

Then march a - long— O march a - long! Tho' the road be dus - ty and
Then march a - long— O march a - long! Christ is our Cap - tain, and
Then march a - long— O march a - long! Let the hand be read - y, the
And march a - long— O march a - long! To the trum - pet blare, and the

rough and long— O march to the tramp of the va - liant throng, To the
He is strong; O march to the tramp of the faith - ful throng; To the
heart be strong. O march to the tramp of the march - ing throng, To the
clang of gong. March on to the bat - tle with rank - ling wrong, To the

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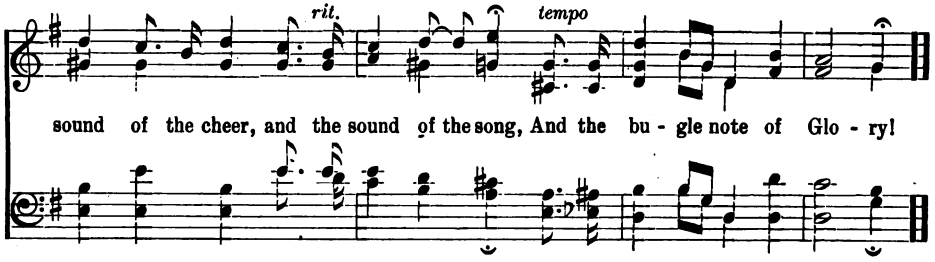
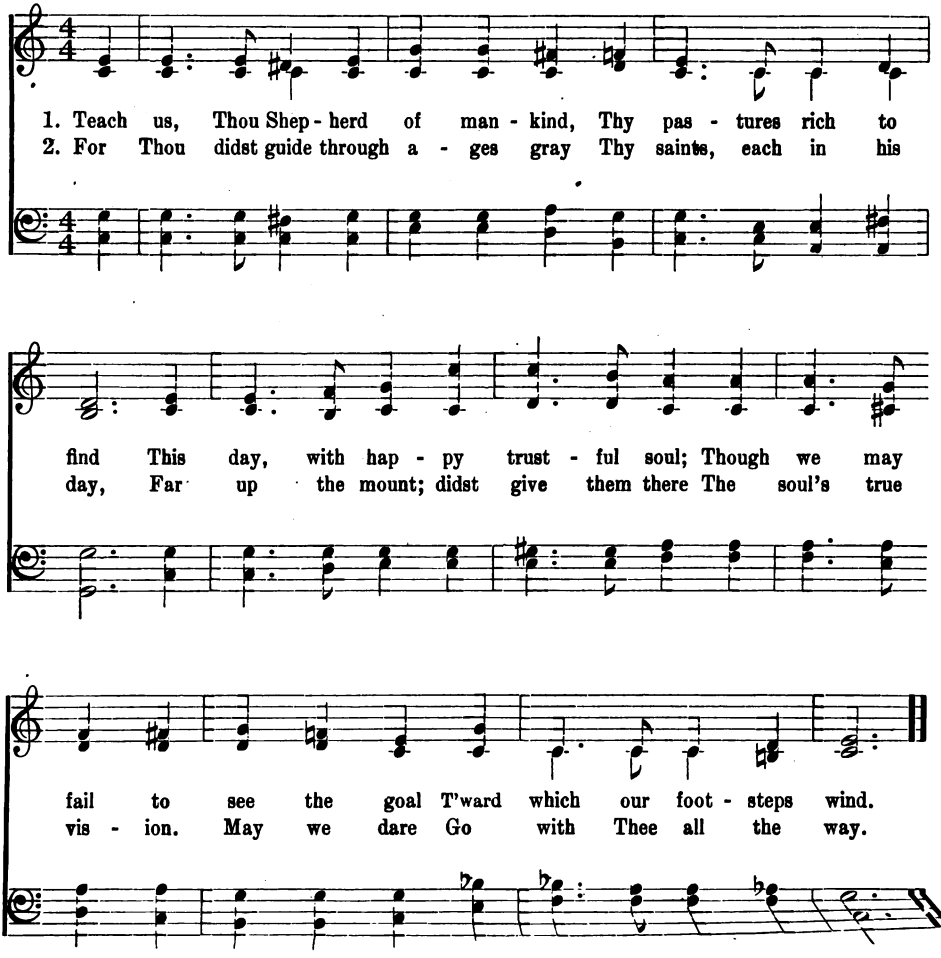
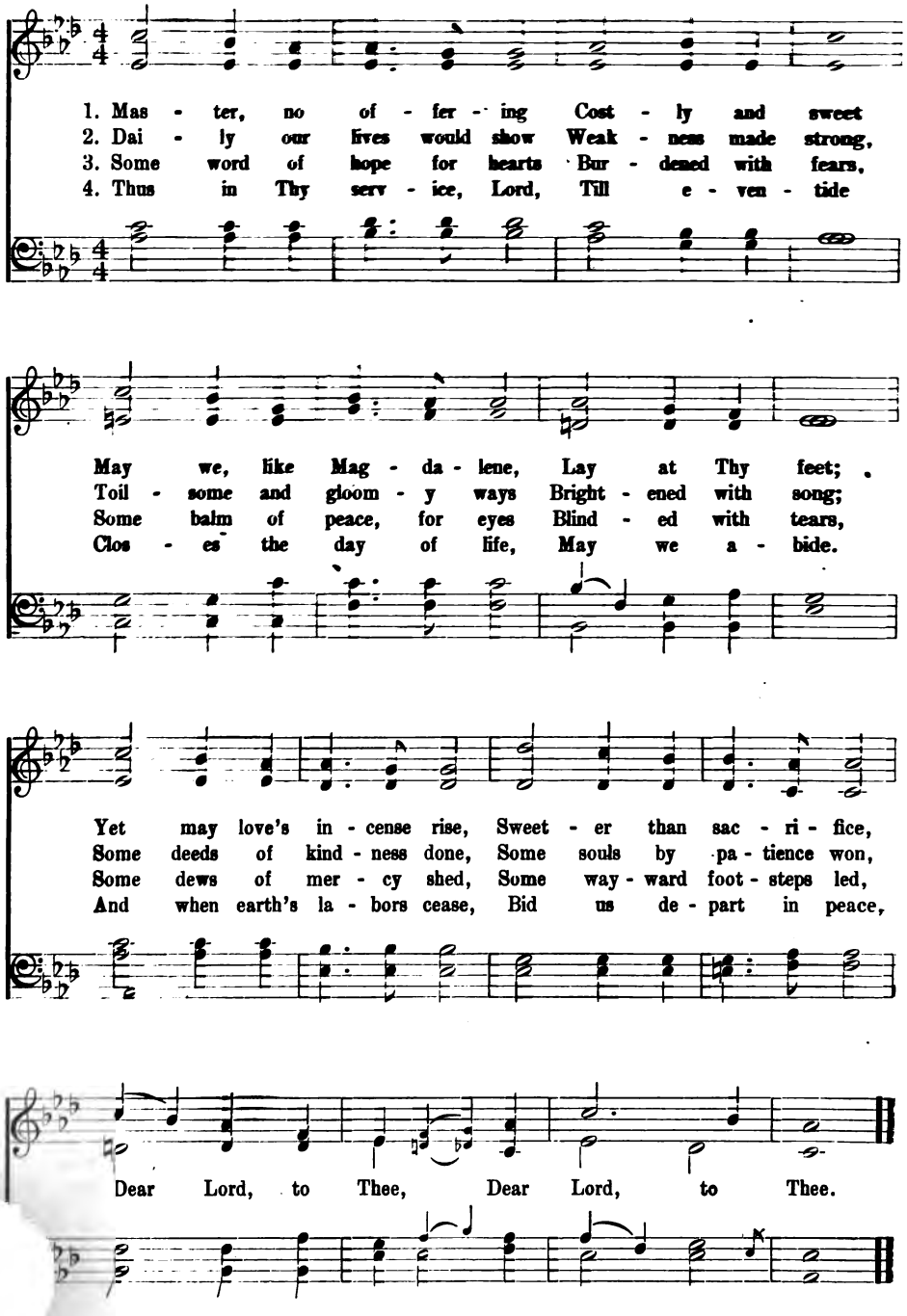

30 Teach Us, Thou Shepherd

RALPH WELLES KEELER FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Teach us, Thou Shep - herd of man - kind, Thy pas - tures rich to
2. For Thou didst guide through a - ges gray Thy saints, each in his
find This day, with hap - py trust - ful soul; Though we may
day, Far up the mount; didst give them there The soul's true
fail to see the goal T'ward which our foot - steps wind.
vis - ion. May we dare Go with Thee all the way.

Love's Offering

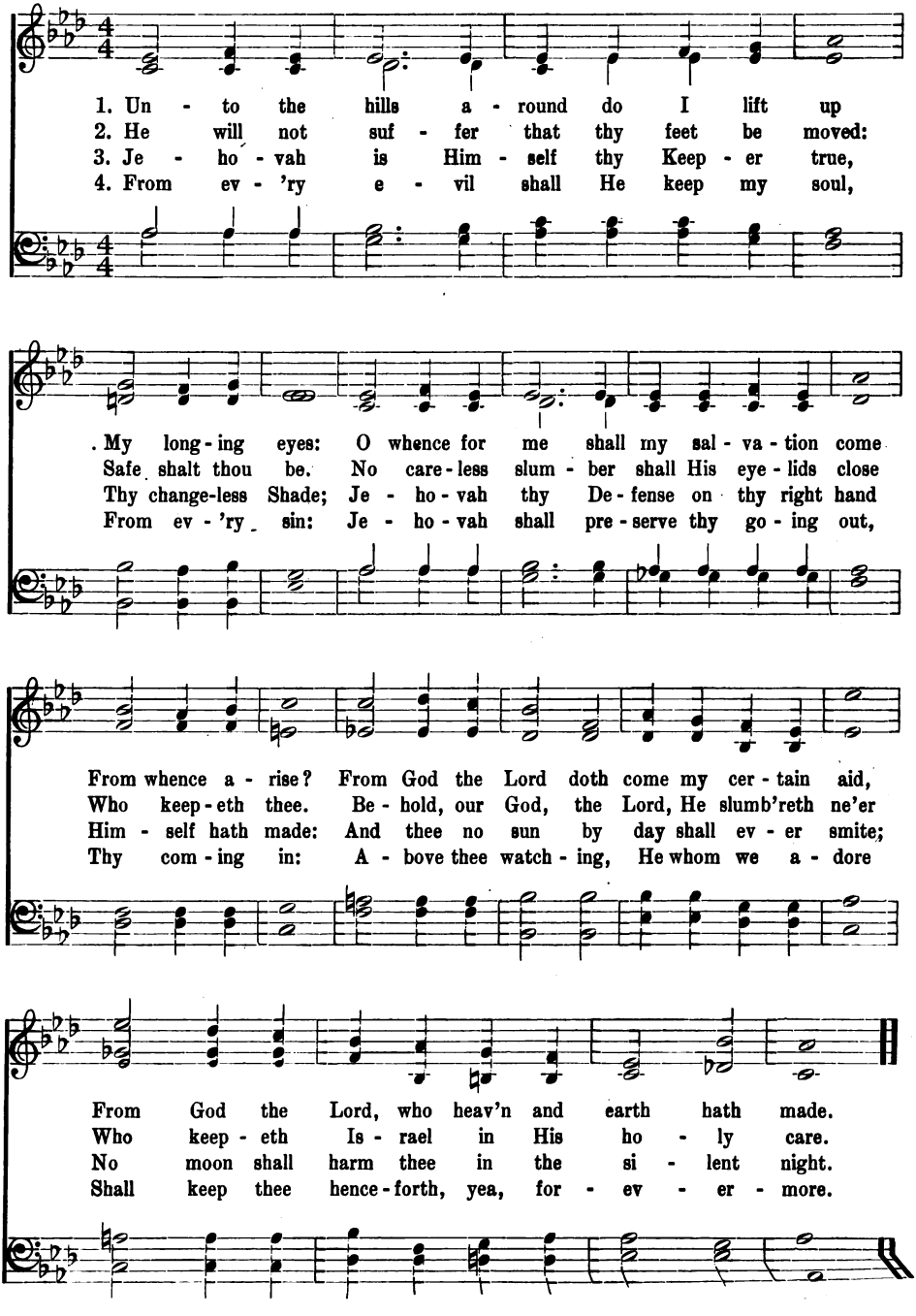
E. P. P.

EDWIN P. PARKER

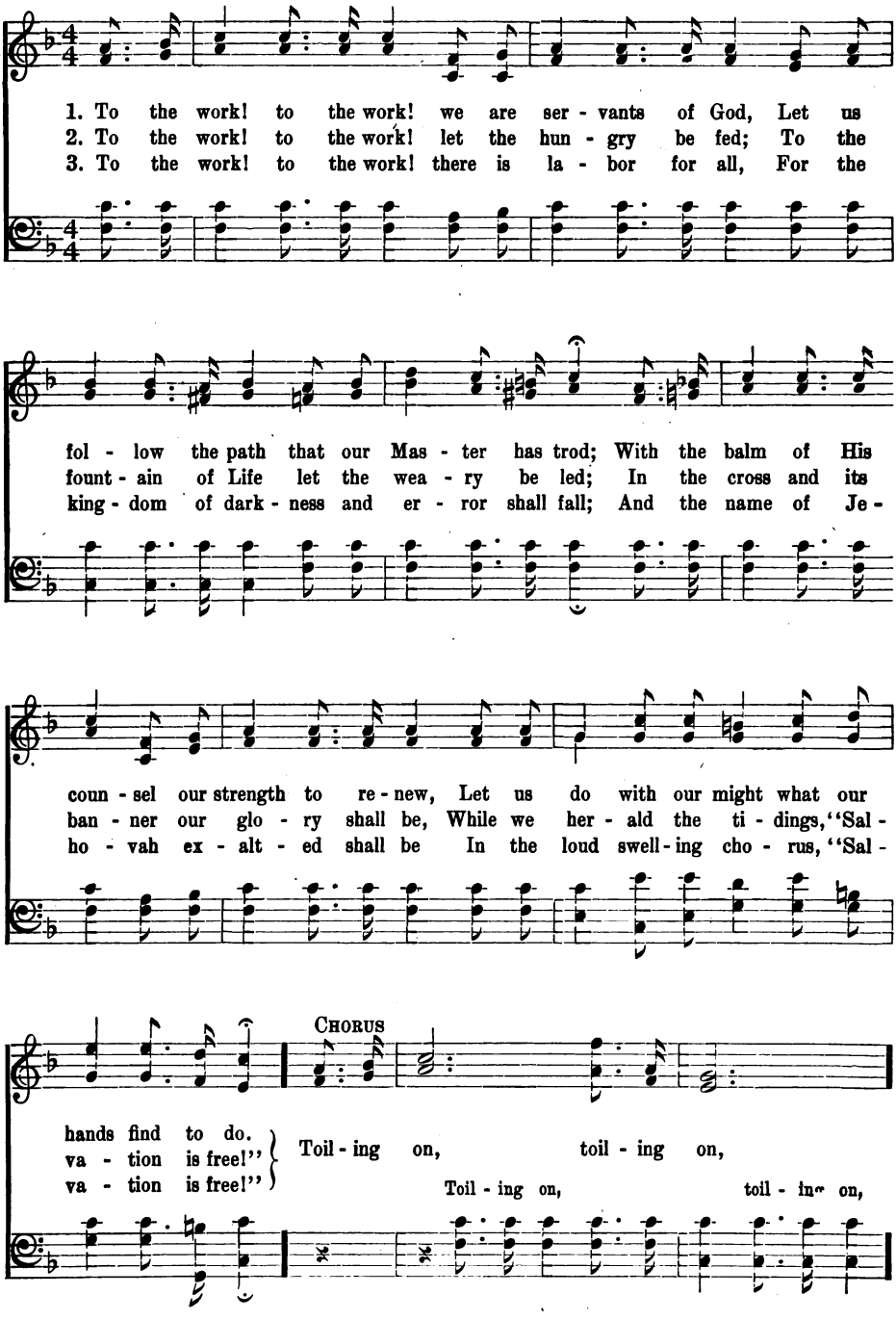
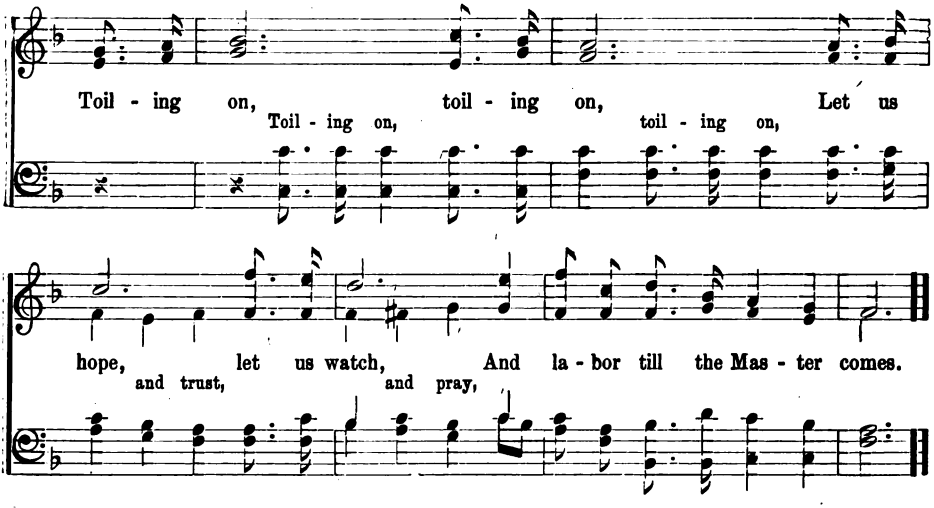

1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet
2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak - ness made strong,
3. Some word of hope for hearts Bur - dened with fears,
4. Thus in Thy serv - ice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide
May we, like Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet;
Toil - some and gloom - y ways Bright - ened with song;
Some balm of peace, for eyes Blind - ed with tears,
Clos - es the day of life, May we a - bide.
Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,
Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - tience won,
Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some way - ward foot - steps led,
And when earth's la - bors cease, Bid us de - part in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

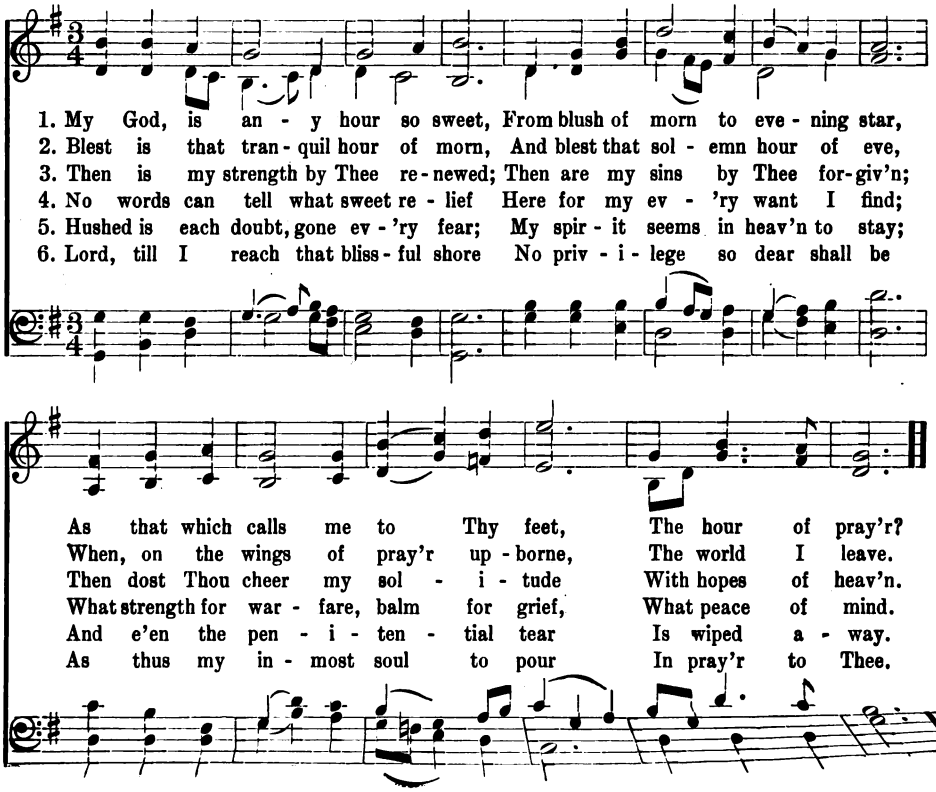
Unto the Hills

JOHN, Duke of Argyle — ALBERT L. PEACE

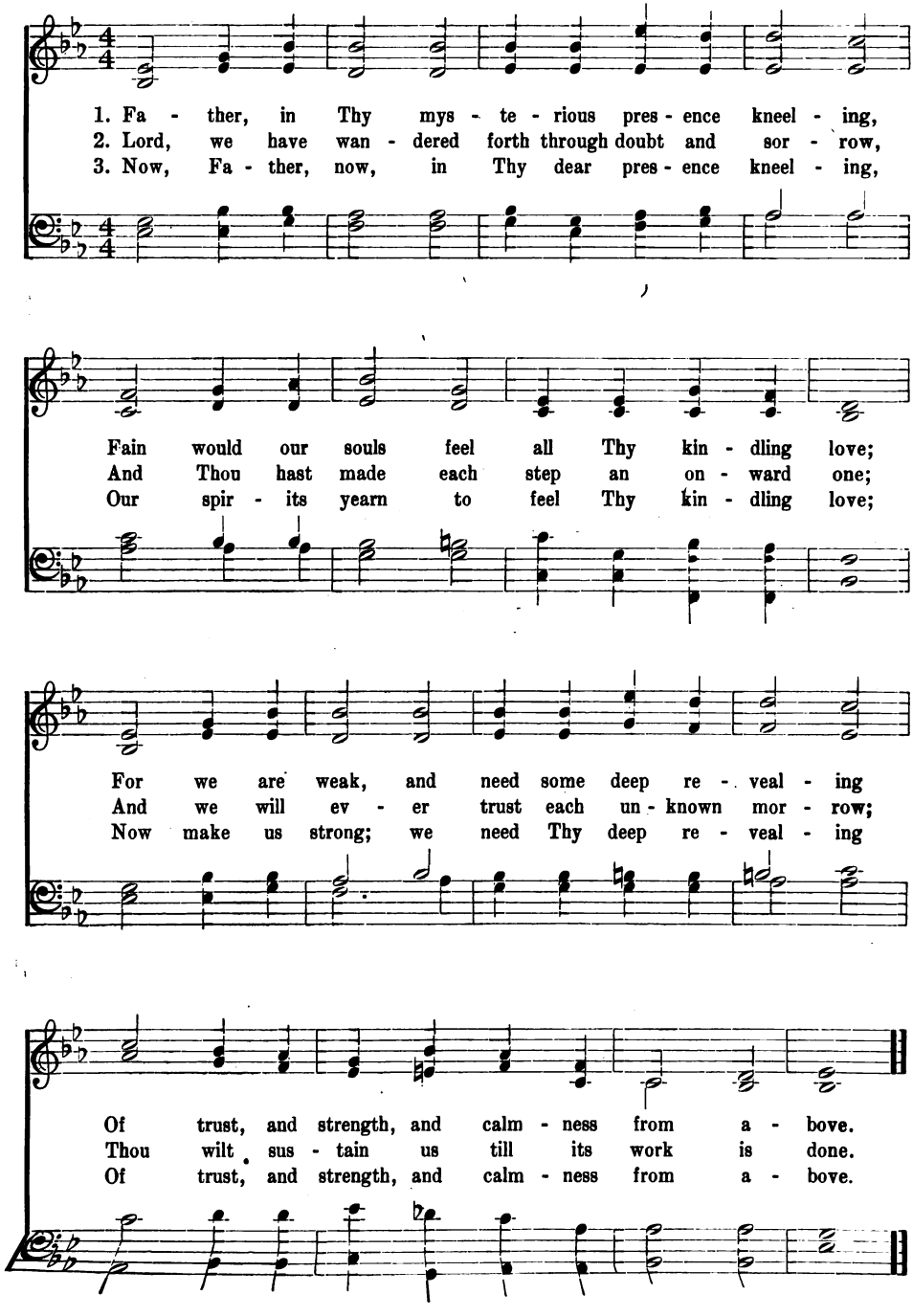

1. Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up
2. He will not suf - fer that thy feet be moved:
3. Je - ho - vah is Him - self thy Keep - er true,
4. From ev - 'ry e - vil shall He keep my soul,
. My long - ing eyes: O whence for me shall my sal - va - tion come
Safe shalt thou be. No care - less slum - ber shall His eye - lids close
Thy change-less Shade; Je - ho - vah thy De - fense on thy right hand
From ev - 'ry sin: Je - ho - vah shall pre - serve thy go - ing out,
From whence a - rise? From God the Lord doth come my cer - tain aid,
Who keep - eth thee. Be - hold, our God, the Lord, He slumb'reth ne'er
Him - self hath made: And thee no sun by day shall ev - er smite;
Thy com - ing in: A - bove thee watch - ing, He whom we a - dore
From God the Lord, who heav'n and earth hath made.
Who keep - eth Is - rael in His ho - ly care.
No moon shall harm thee in the si - lent night.
Shall keep thee hence - forth, yea, for - ev - er - more.

To the Work

F. J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je -
coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal -
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal -
CHORUS
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

34 The Hour of Prayer

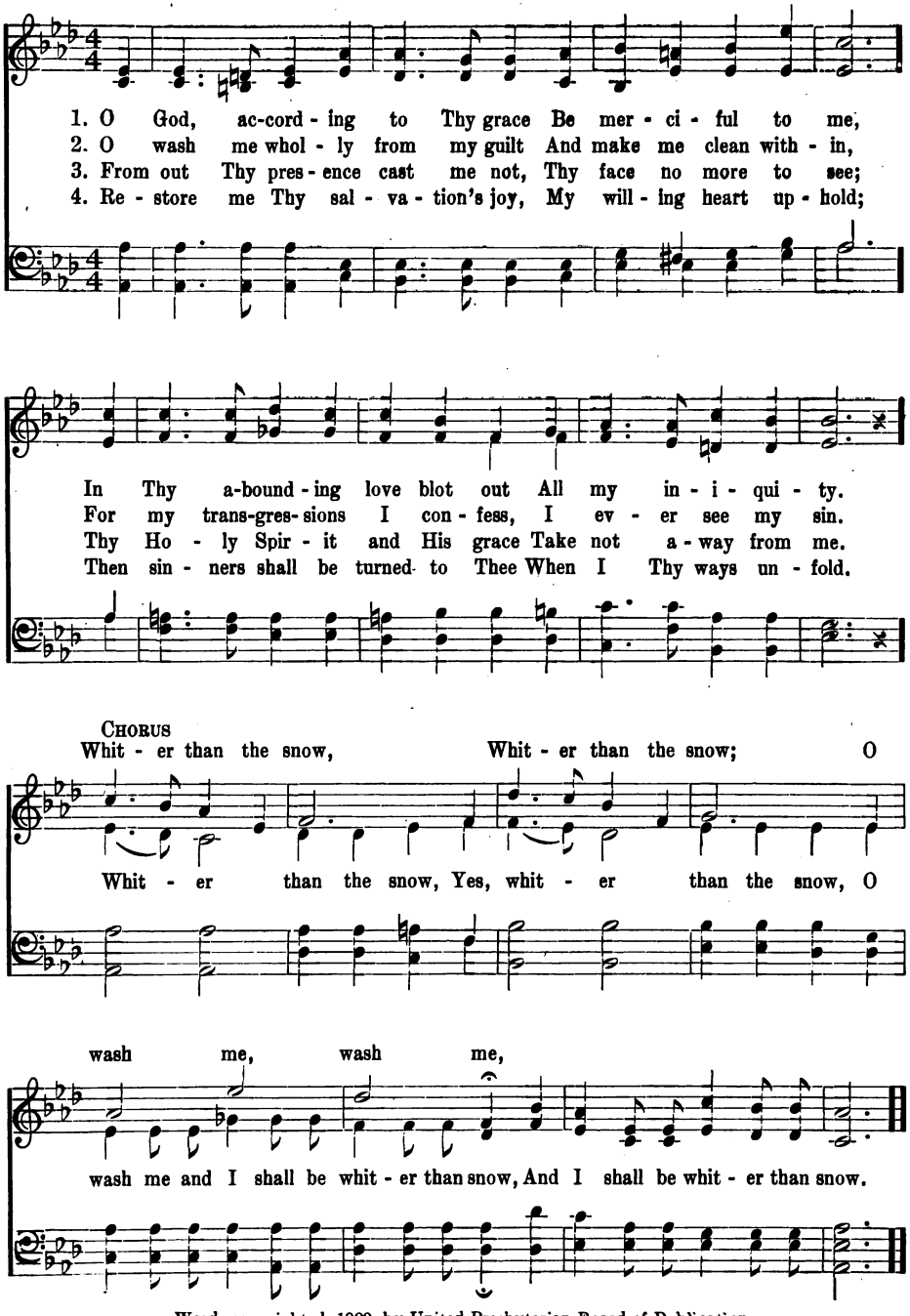
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — JOHN B. DYKES

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,
2. Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,
3. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by Thee for - giv'n;
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - 'ry want I find;
5. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear; My spir - it seems in heav'n to stay;
6. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore No priv - i - lege so dear shall be
As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
When, on the wings of pray'r up - borne, The world I leave.
Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of heav'n.
What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.
As thus my in - most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee.

35 Father, In Thy Mysterious Presence

SAMUEL JOHNSON — Sir JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneel - ing,
2. Lord, we have wan - dered forth through doubt and sor - row,
3. Now, Fa - ther, now, in Thy dear pres - ence kneel - ing,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kin - dling love;
And Thou hast made each step an on - ward one;
Our spir - its yearn to feel Thy kin - dling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing
And we will ev - er trust each un - known mor - row;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep re - veal - ing
Of trust, and strength, and calm - ness from a - bove.
Thou wilt sus - tain us till its work is done.
Of trust, and strength, and calm - ness from a - bove.

Whiter Than the Snow

Psalm 51

L. E. HAMPTON

1. O God, ac-cord - ing to Thy grace Be mer - ci - ful to me,
2. O wash me whol - ly from my guilt And make me clean with - in,
3. From out Thy pres - ence cast me not, Thy face no more to see;
4. Re - store me Thy sal - va - tion's joy, My will - ing heart up - hold;
In Thy a-bound - ing love blot out All my in - i - qui - ty.
For my trans-gres- sions I con - fess, I ev - er see my sin.
Thy Ho - ly Spir - it and His grace Take not a - way from me.
Then sin - ners shall be turned to Thee When I Thy ways un - fold.
CHORUS
Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow; O
Whit - er than the snow, Yes, whit - er than the snow, O
wash me, wash me,
wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

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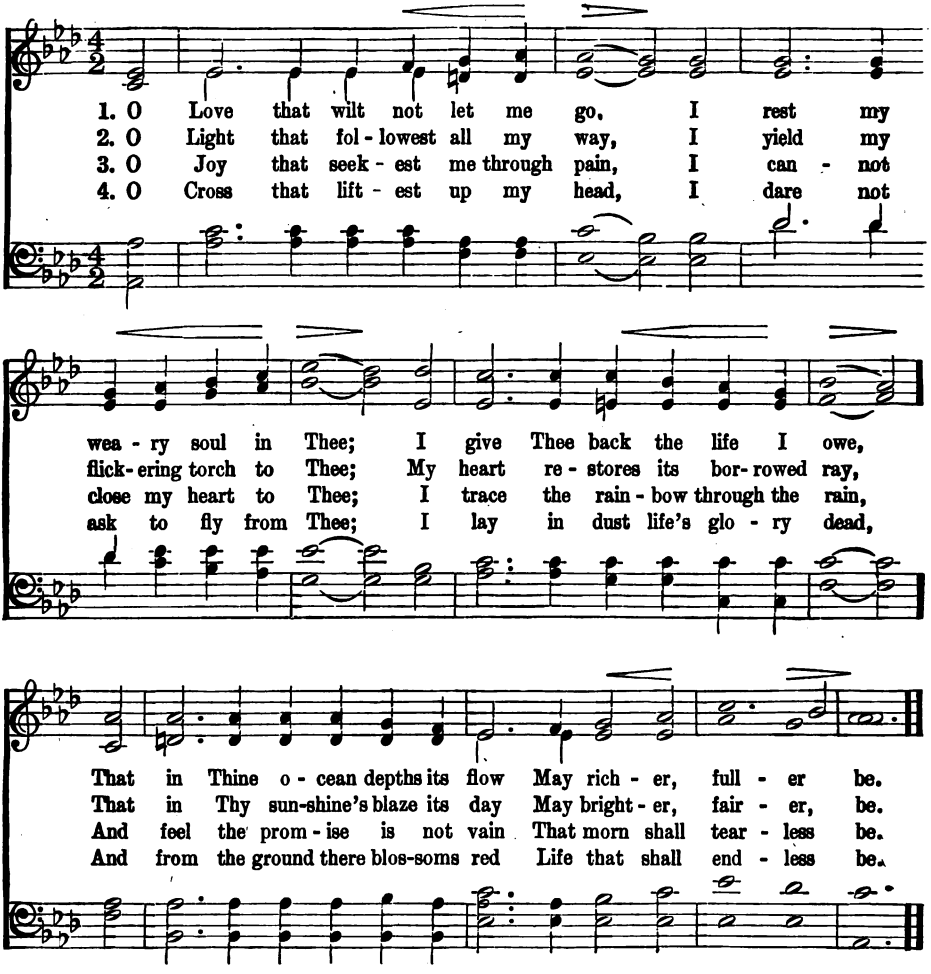
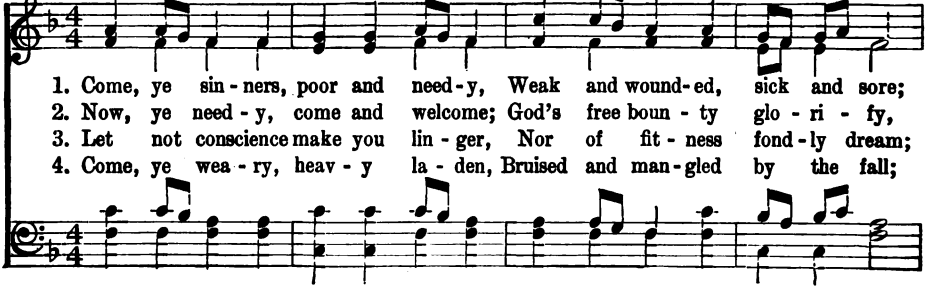
37 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

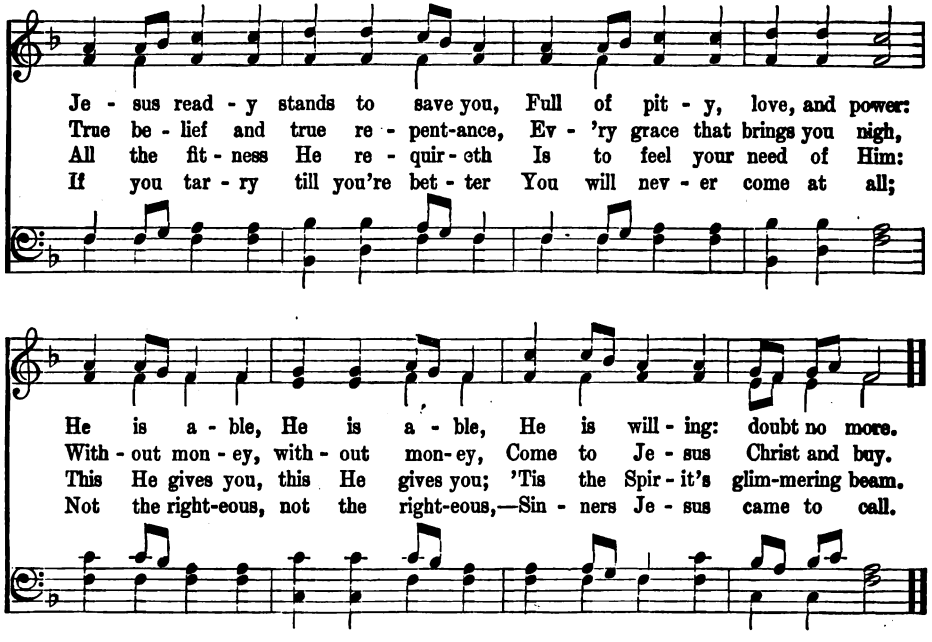
GEORGE MATHESON — ALBERT L. PEACE


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I yield my
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
flick - ering torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray,
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,
That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er, be.
And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
And from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end - less be.

38 Come, Ye Sinners

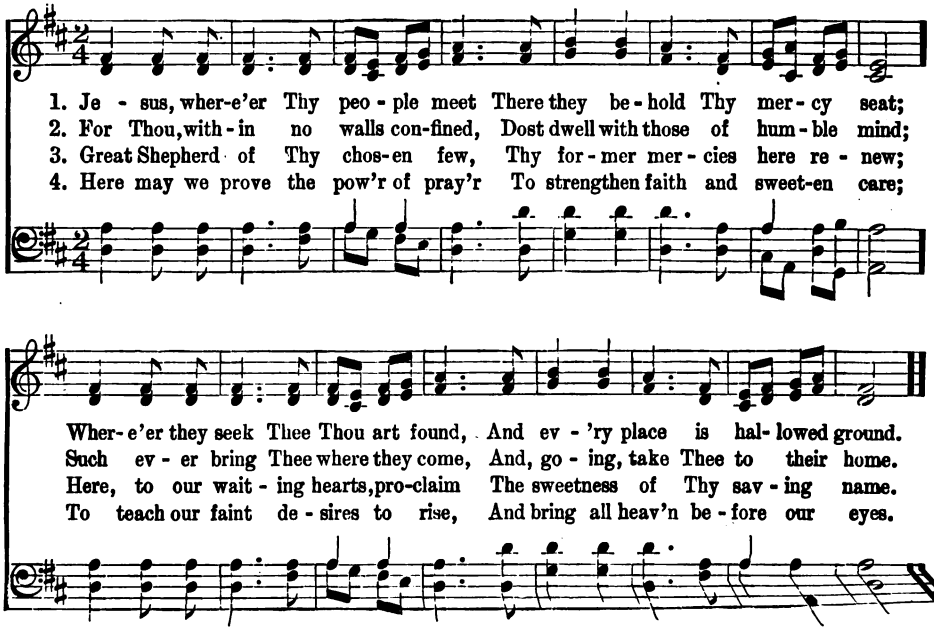
JOSEPH HART — JEAN J. ROUSSEAU


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy,
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall;


Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power:
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him:
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter You will nev - er come at all;
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.
With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's glim-mering beam.
Not the right-eous, not the right-eous,—Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.

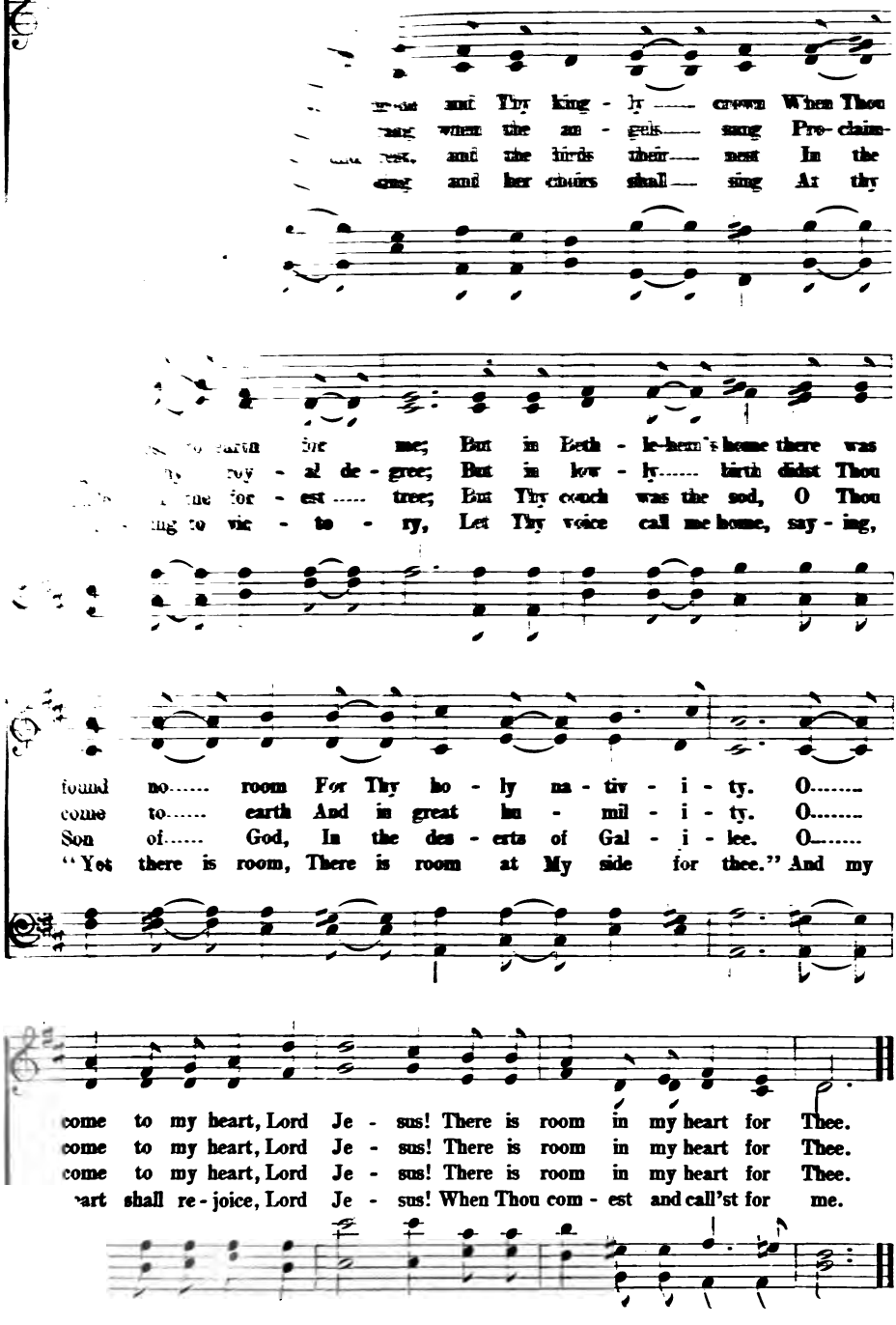
39 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON

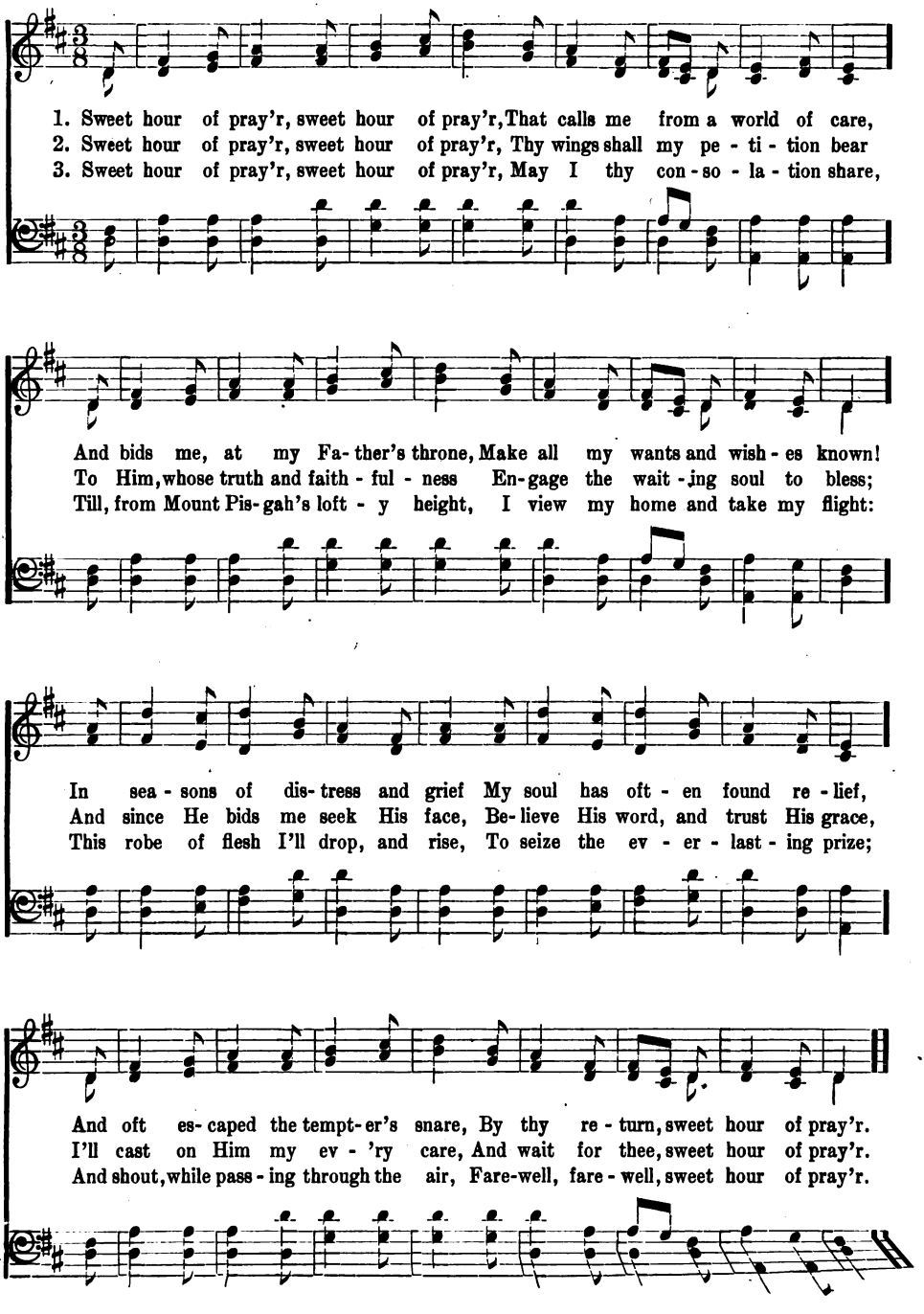

1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet There they be - hold Thy mer - cy seat;
2. For Thou, with - in no walls con-fined, Dost dwell with those of hum - ble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of Thy chos-en few, Thy for - mer mer - cies here re - new;
4. Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r To strengthen faith and sweet-en care;
Wher - e'er they seek Thee Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground.
Such ev - er bring Thee where they come, And, go - ing, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our wait - ing hearts, pro-claim The sweetness of Thy sav - ing name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n be - fore our eyes.

37

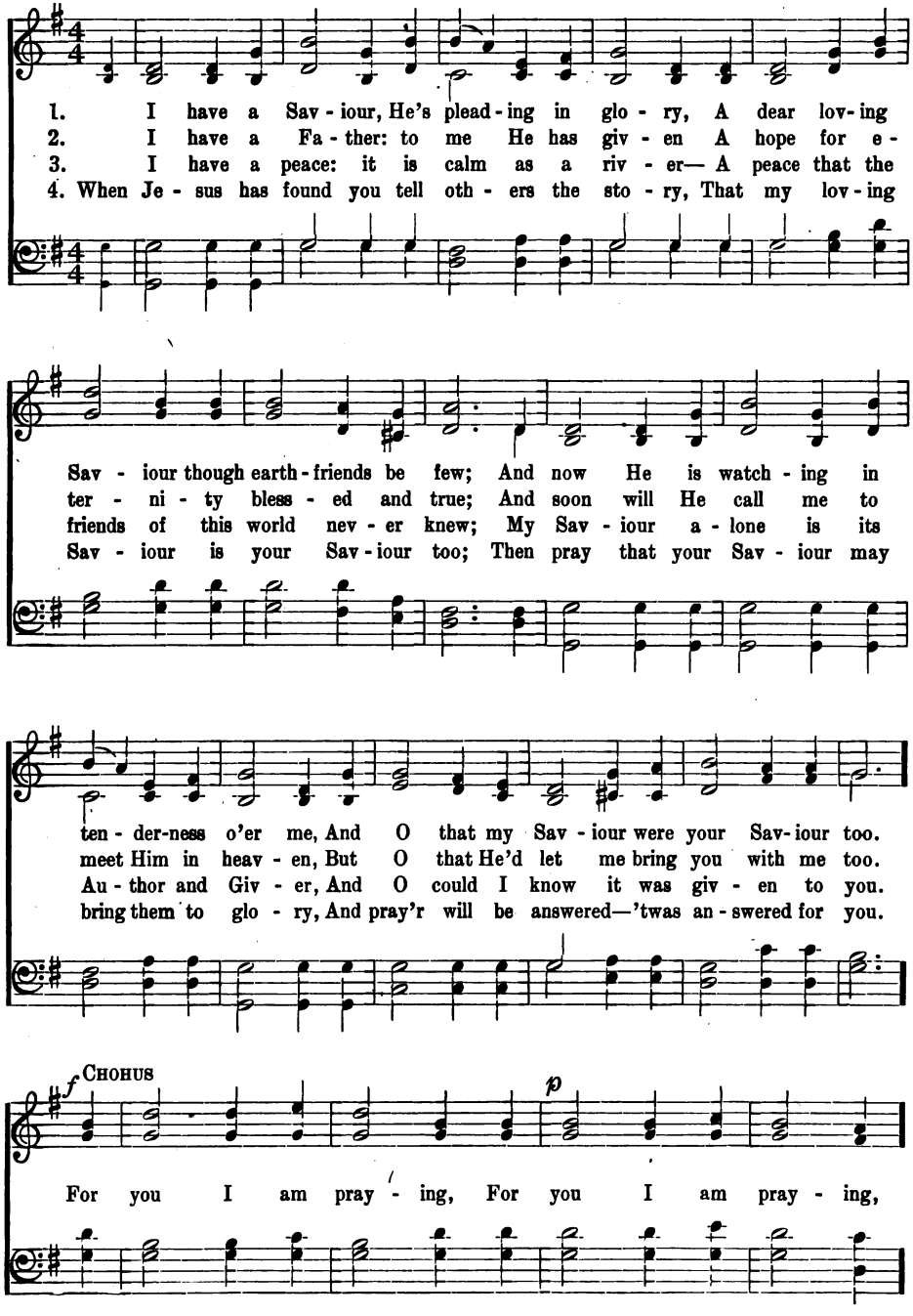
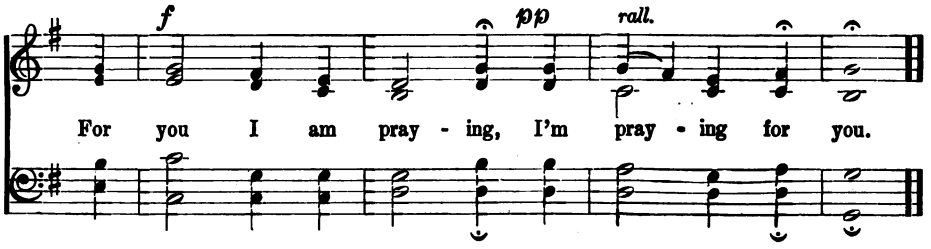
...heart, Lord Jesus!

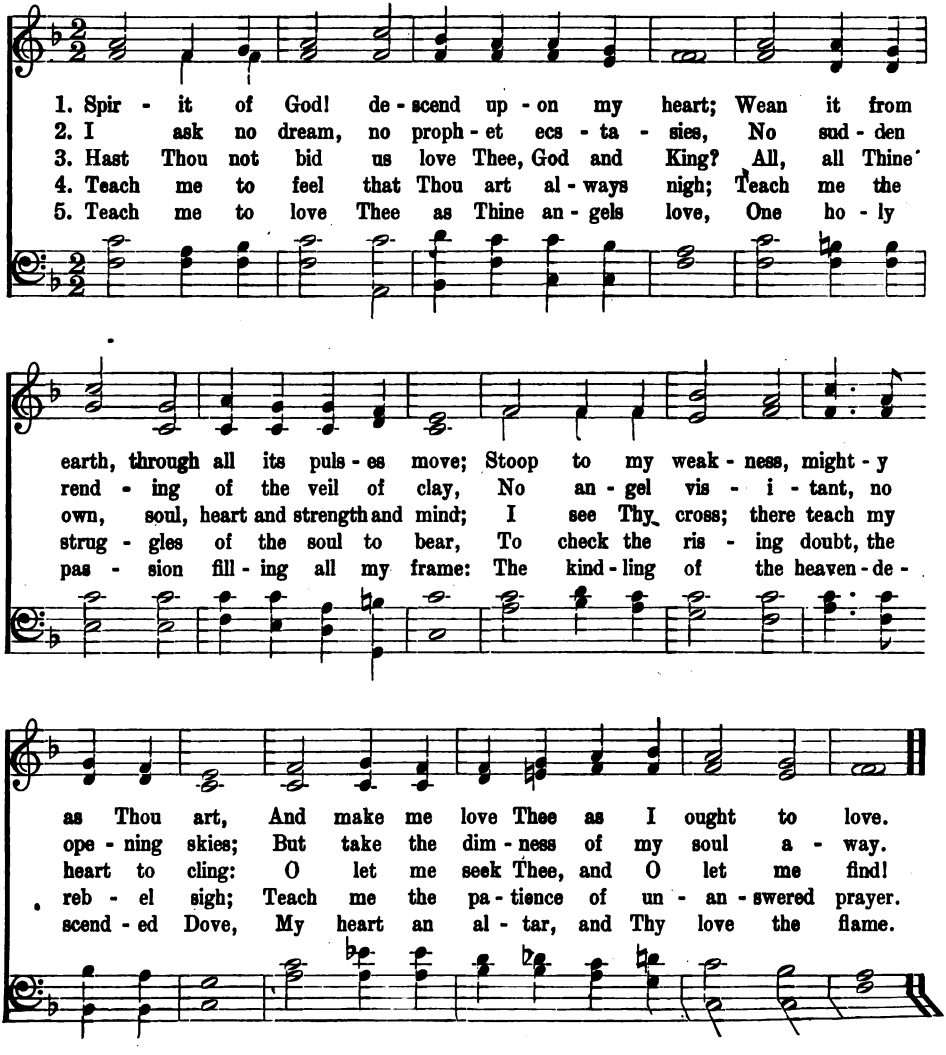
TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

...and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
...sang when the an - gels sang Pro- claim-
...rest, and the birds their nest In the
...sing and her choirs shall sing At thy
...to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
...by - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
...the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
...ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O
come to earth And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O
Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O
"Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee." And my
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
...art shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus! When Thou com - est and call'st for me.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

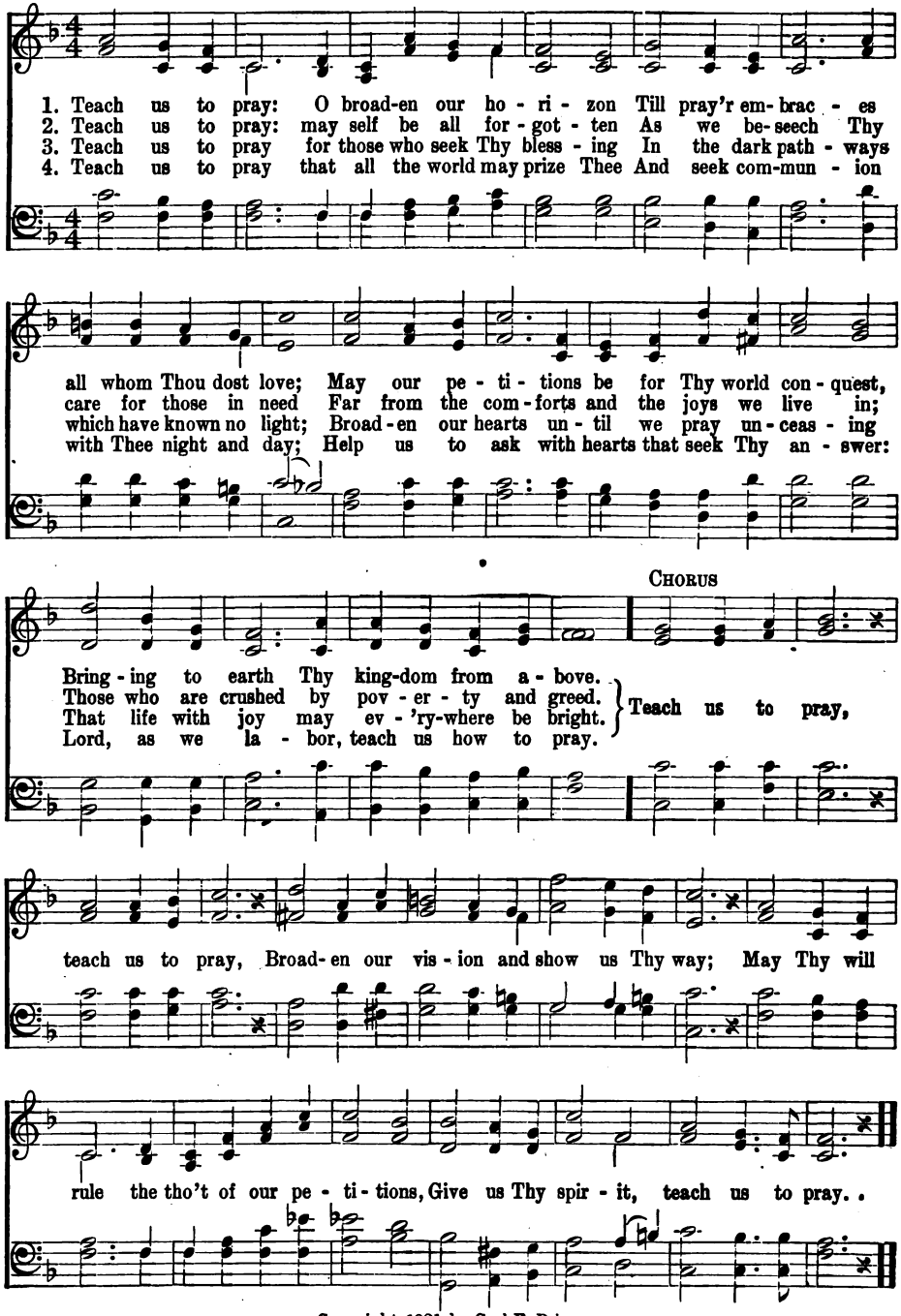
WILLIAM W. WALFORD — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me, at my Fa- ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
To Him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En- gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pis- gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis- tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be- lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es- caped the tempt- er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare- well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.

I Am Praying for You

S. O'MALEY CLUFF — IRA D. SANKEY

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
4. When Je - sus has found you tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - iour though earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to
friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may
ten - der - ness o'er me, And O that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too.
meet Him in heav - en, But O that He'd let me bring you with me too.
Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you.
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas an - swered for you.
f CHOHUS
p
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

43 Spirit of God! Descend Upon My Heart

GEORGE CROLY JAMES LANGRAN

1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ecs - ta - sies, No sud - den
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly
earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y
rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel vis - i - tant, no
own, soul, heart and strength and mind; I see Thy cross; there teach my
strug - gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the
pas - sion fill - ing all my frame: The kind - ling of the heaven - de -
as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
ope - ning skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
heart to cling: O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!
reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
scend - ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

Teach Us to Pray

RALPH WELLES KEELER — L. E. HAMPTON

1. Teach us to pray: O broad-en our ho - ri - zon Till pray'r em-brac - es
2. Teach us to pray: may self be all for-got - ten As we be-seech Thy
3. Teach us to pray for those who seek Thy bless - ing In the dark path - ways
4. Teach us to pray that all the world may prize Thee And seek com-mun - ion
all whom Thou dost love; May our pe - ti - tions be for Thy world con - quest,
care for those in need Far from the com-forts and the joys we live in;
which have known no light; Broad-en our hearts un - til we pray un-ceas - ing
with Thee night and day; Help us to ask with hearts that seek Thy an - swer:
CHORUS
Bring - ing to earth Thy king-dom from a - bove.
Those who are crushed by pov - er - ty and greed.
That life with joy may ev - 'ry-where be bright.
Lord, as we la - bor, teach us how to pray.
Teach us to pray,
teach us to pray, Broad-en our vis - ion and show us Thy way; May Thy will
rule the tho't of our pe - ti - tions, Give us Thy spir - it, teach us to pray.

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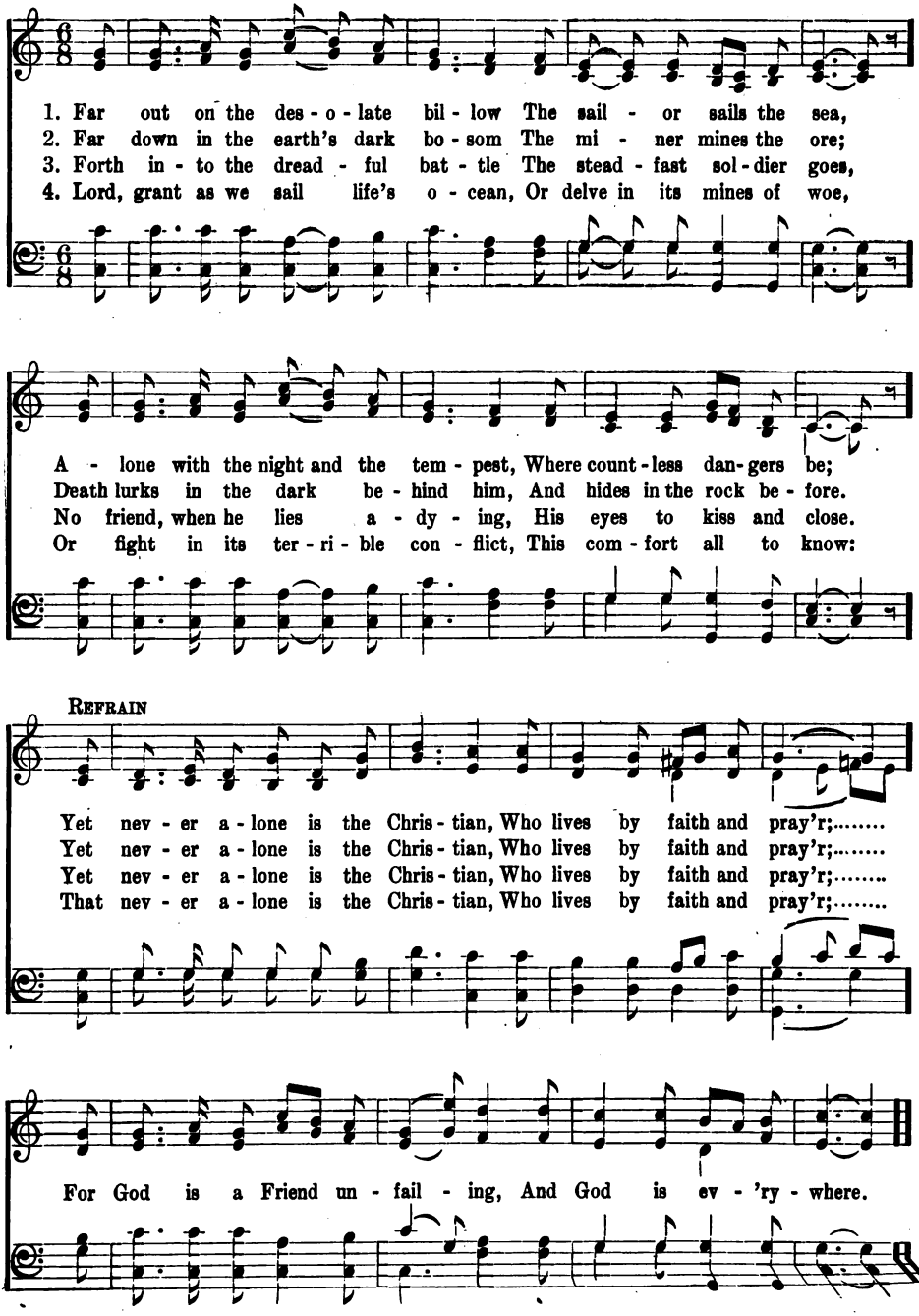
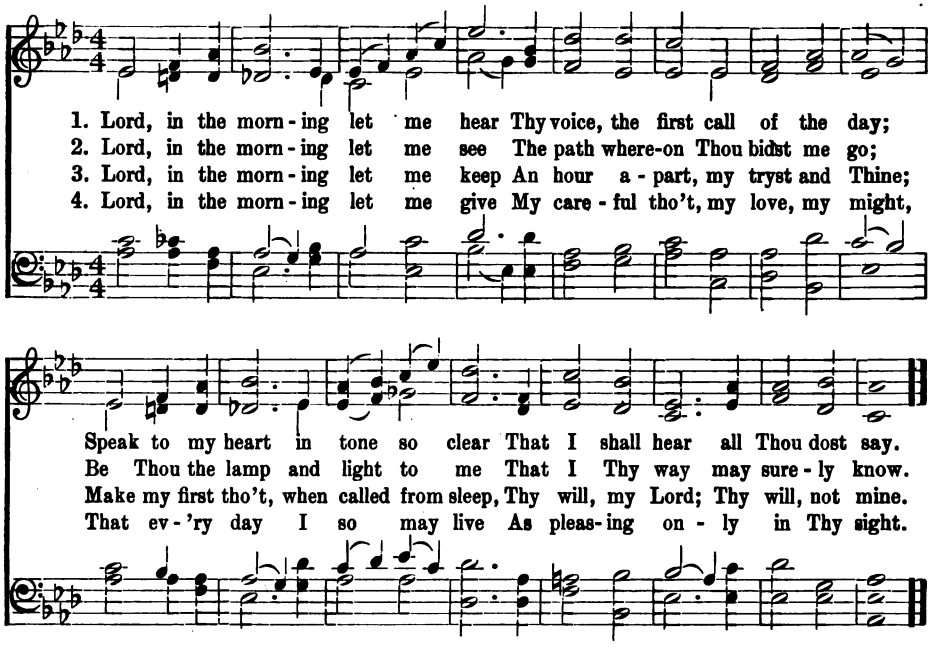
Far Out On the Desolate Billow

(Salutas)

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND FRIEDRICH SILCHER.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som The mi - ner mines the ore;
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead - fast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe,
A - lone with the night and the tem - pest, Where count - less dan - gers be;
Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore.
No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to kiss and close.
Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con - flict, This com - fort all to know:
REFRAIN
Yet nev - er a - lone is the Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and pray'r;.....
Yet nev - er a - lone is the Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and pray'r;.....
Yet nev - er a - lone is the Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and pray'r;.....
That nev - er a - lone is the Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and pray'r;.....
For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

46 The Morning Watch

WILLIAM B. OLIVER — CARL F. PRICE

1. Lord, in the morn - ing let me hear Thy voice, the first call of the day;
2. Lord, in the morn - ing let me see The path where-on Thou bidst me go;
3. Lord, in the morn - ing let me keep An hour a - part, my tryst and Thine;
4. Lord, in the morn - ing let me give My care - ful tho't, my love, my might,
Speak to my heart in tone so clear That I shall hear all Thou dost say.
Be Thou the lamp and light to me That I Thy way may sure - ly know.
Make my first tho't, when called from sleep, Thy will, my Lord; Thy will, not mine.
That ev - 'ry day I so may live As pleas - ing on - ly in Thy sight.

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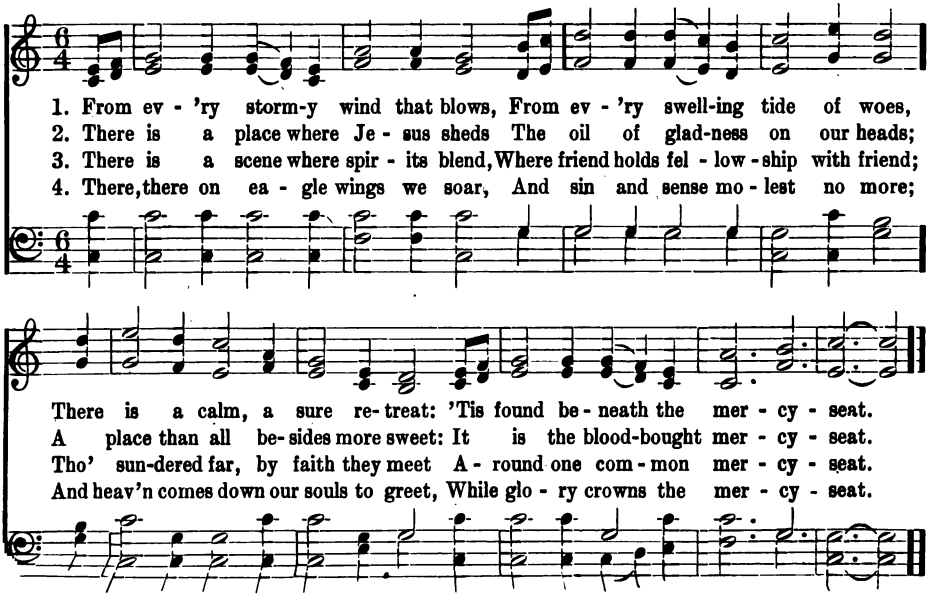
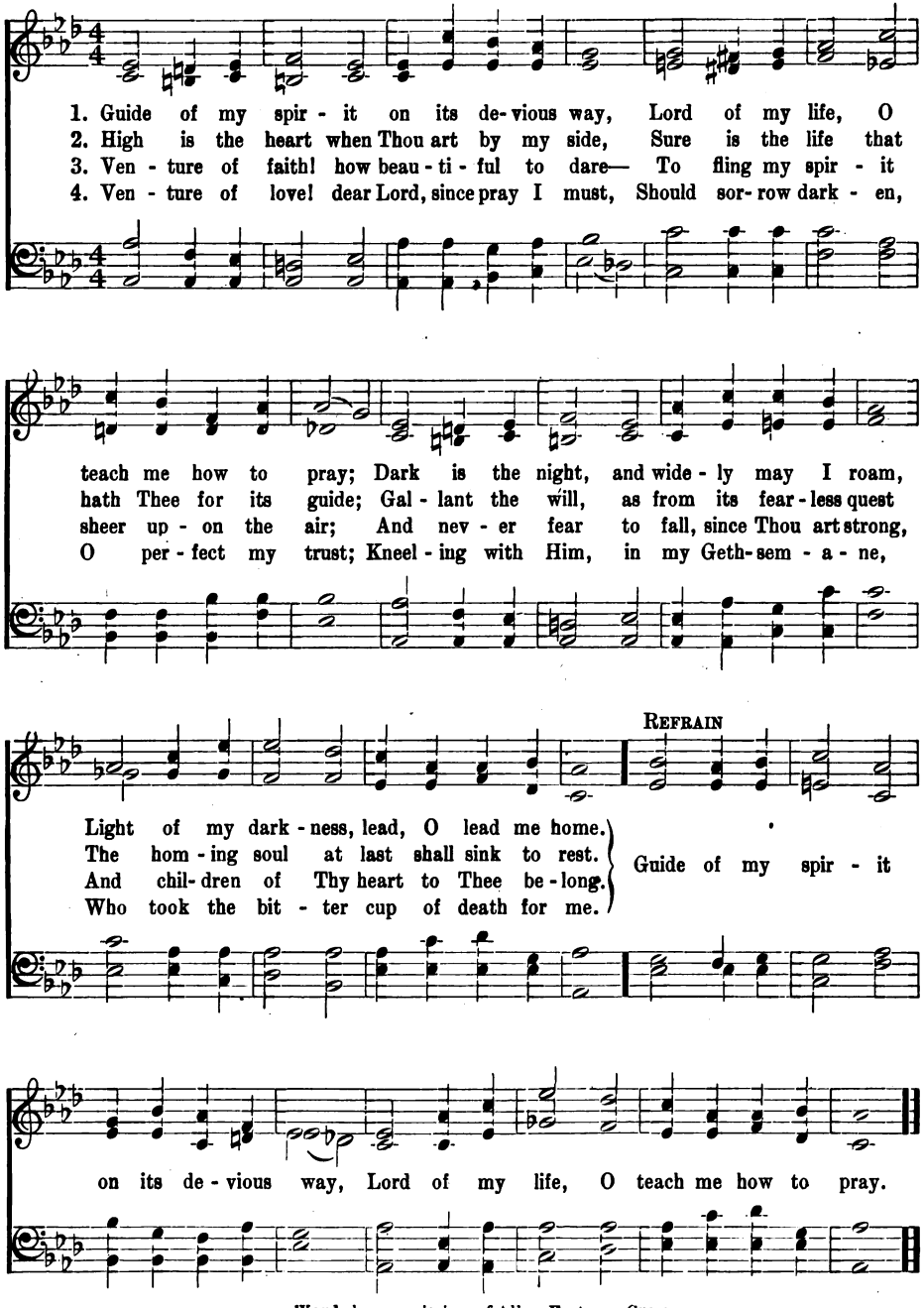
47 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

HUGH STOWELL — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

Hymn of Prayer

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS L. E. HAMPTON

1. Guide of my spir - it on its de-vious way, Lord of my life, O
2. High is the heart when Thou art by my side, Sure is the life that
3. Ven - ture of faith! how beau - ti - ful to dare— To fling my spir - it
4. Ven - ture of love! dear Lord, since pray I must, Should sor- row dark - en,
teach me how to pray; Dark is the night, and wide - ly may I roam,
hath Thee for its guide; Gal - lant the will, as from its fear - less quest
sheer up - on the air; And nev - er fear to fall, since Thou art strong,
O per - fect my trust; Kneel - ing with Him, in my Geth- sem - a - ne,
REFRAIN
Light of my dark - ness, lead, O lead me home.
The hom - ing soul at last shall sink to rest.
And chil- dren of Thy heart to Thee be - long.
Who took the bit - ter cup of death for me.
Guide of my spir - it
on its de - vious way, Lord of my life, O teach me how to pray.

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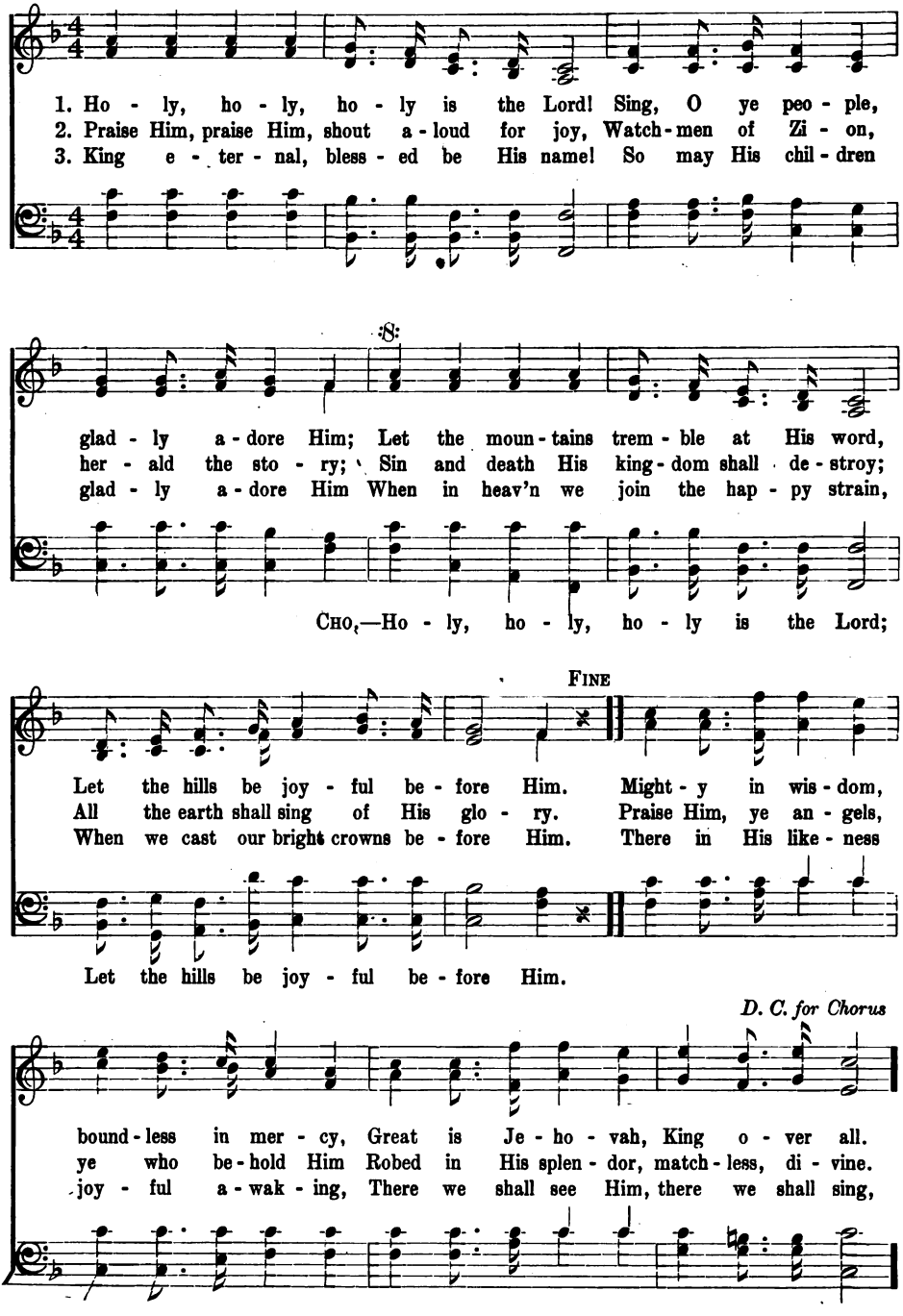
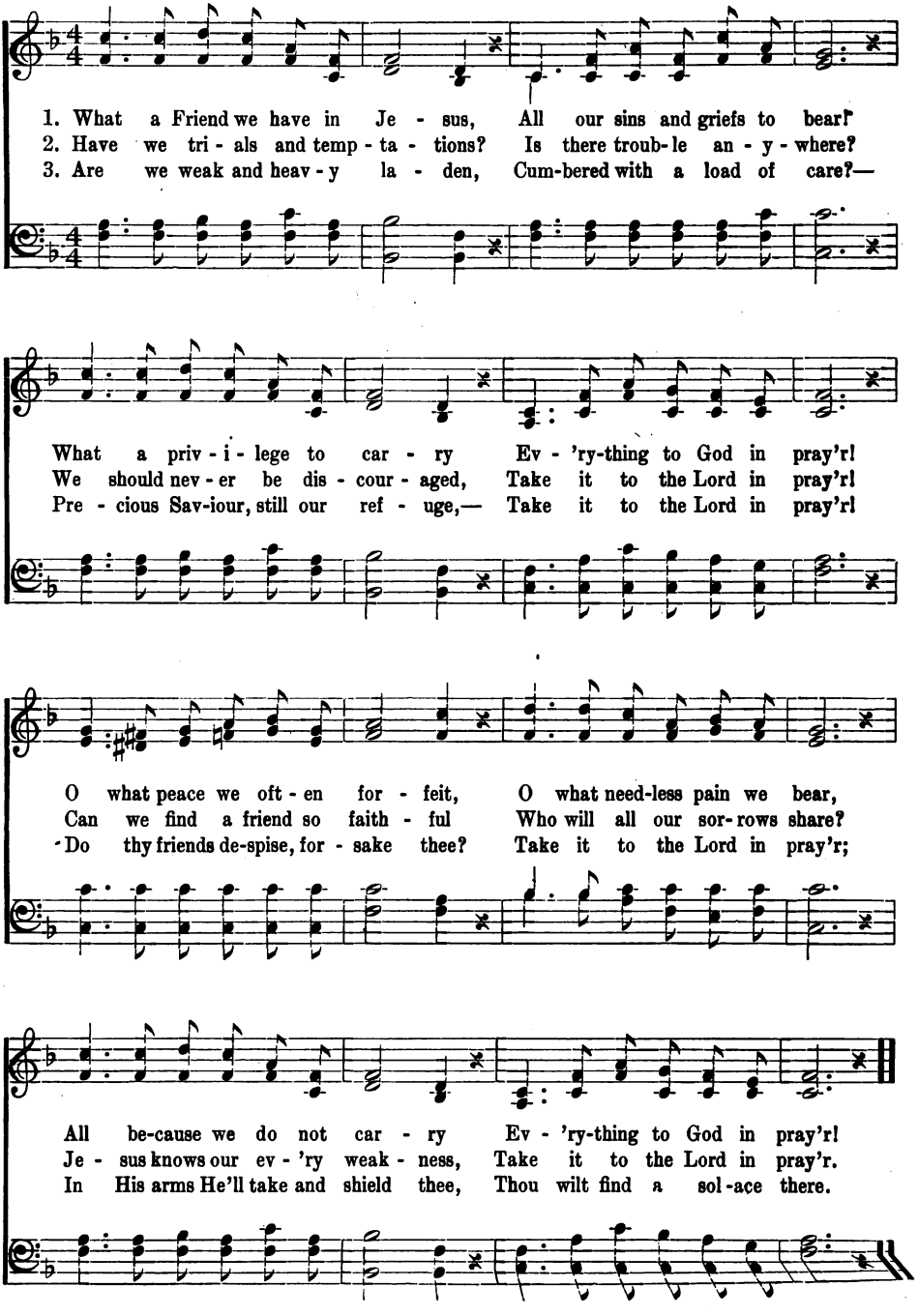
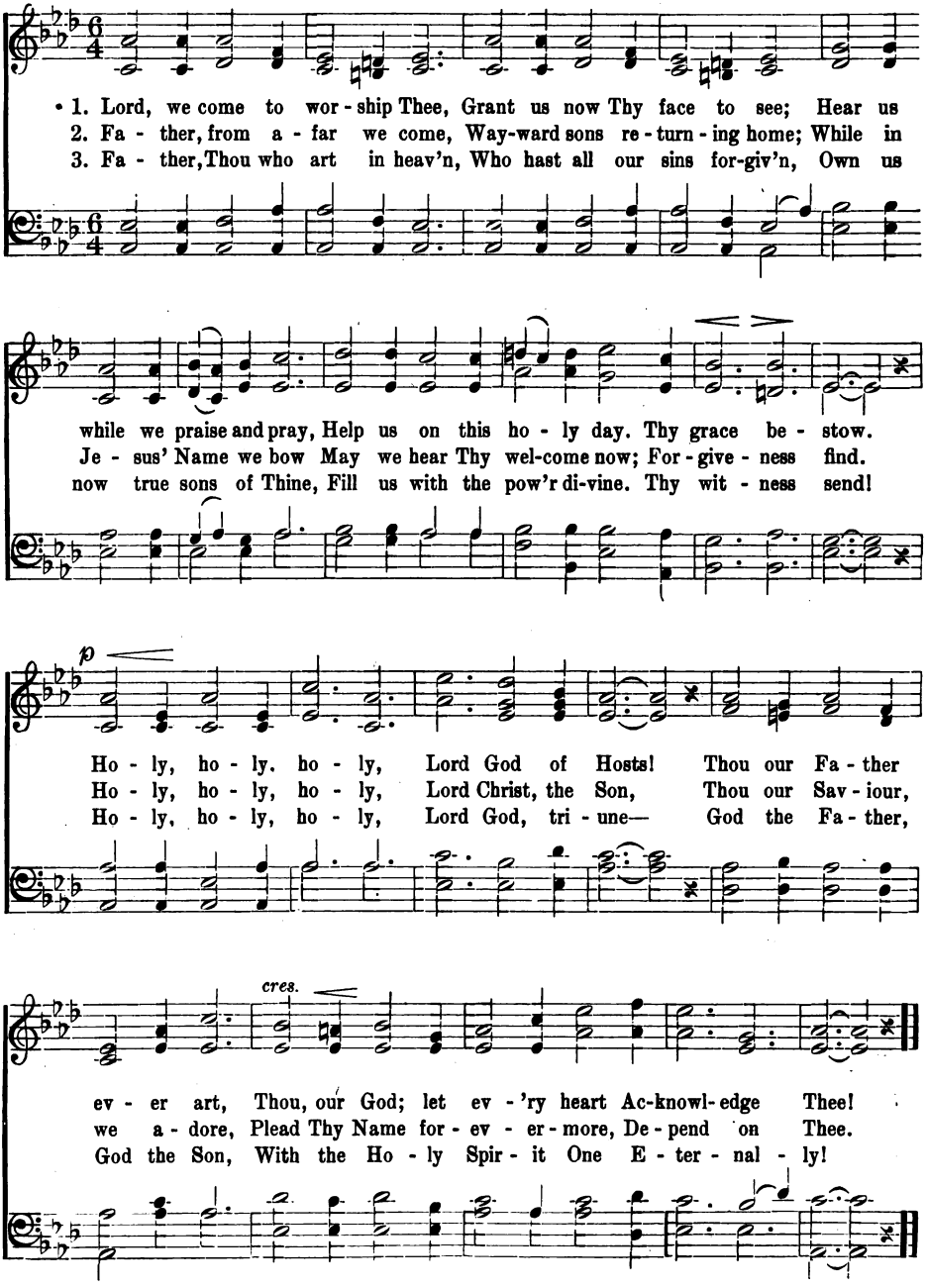
49 Holy Is the Lord

F. J. CROSBY — WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud for joy, Watch - men of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren
glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,
CHO.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord;
FINE
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him. Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry. Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him. There in His like - ness
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.
D. C. for Chorus
bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing,

50 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

JOSEPH SCRIVEN CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

51 Lord, We Come To Worship Thee.

E. E. BEAUCHAMP — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Lord, we come to wor - ship Thee, Grant us now Thy face to see; Hear us
2. Fa - ther, from a - far we come, Way-ward sons re - turn - ing home; While in
3. Fa - ther, Thou who art in heav'n, Who hast all our sins for-giv'n, Own us
while we praise and pray, Help us on this ho - ly day. Thy grace be - stow.
Je - sus' Name we bow May we hear Thy wel-come now; For - give - ness find.
now true sons of Thine, Fill us with the pow'r di-vine. Thy wit - ness send!
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Thou our Fa - ther
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord Christ, the Son, Thou our Sav - iour,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God, tri - une— God the Fa - ther,
cres.
ev - er art, Thou, our God; let ev - 'ry heart Ac-knowl-edge Thee!
we a - dore, Plead Thy Name for - ev - er - more, De - pend on Thee.
God the Son, With the Ho - ly Spir - it One E - ter - nal - ly!

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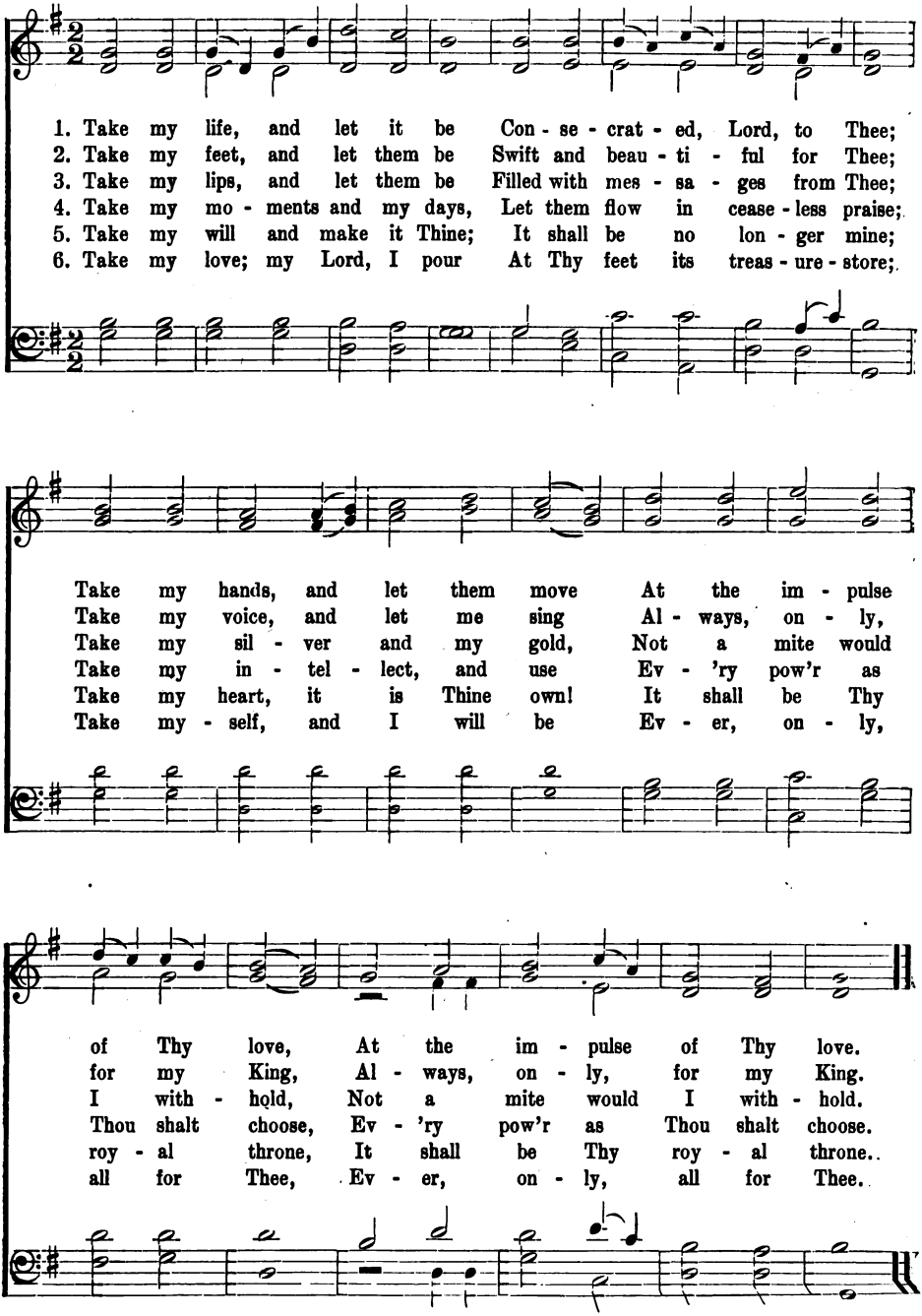
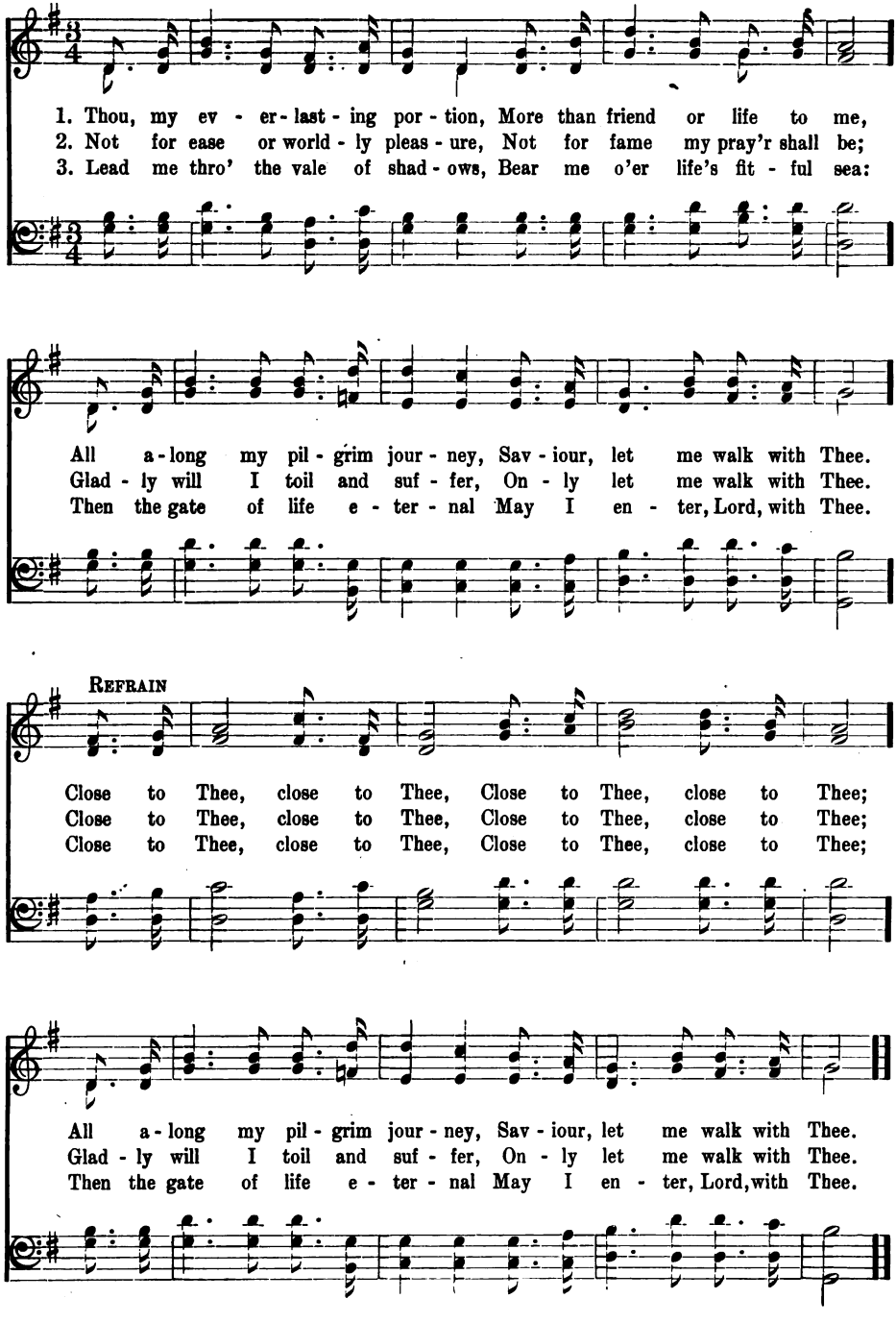
Consecration Hymn

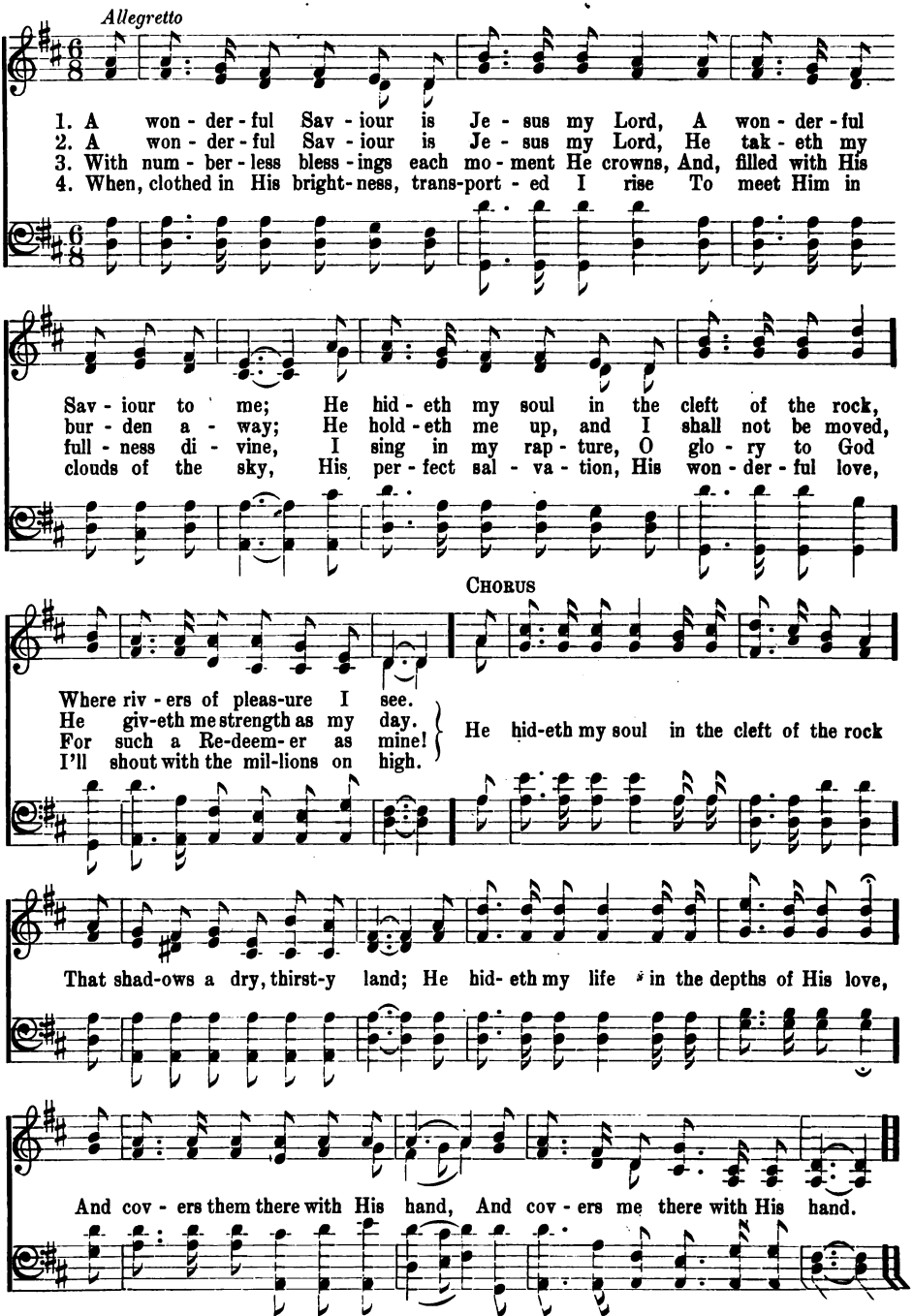
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL — ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly,
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as
Take my heart, it is Thine own! It shall be Thy
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly,
of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY — SILAS J. VAIL

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Not for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Allegretto

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And, filled with His
4. When, clothed in His bright - ness, trans-port - ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way; He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,
CHORUS
Where riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day.
For such a Re-deem- er as mine!
I'll shout with the mil-lions on high.
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid- eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov - ers them there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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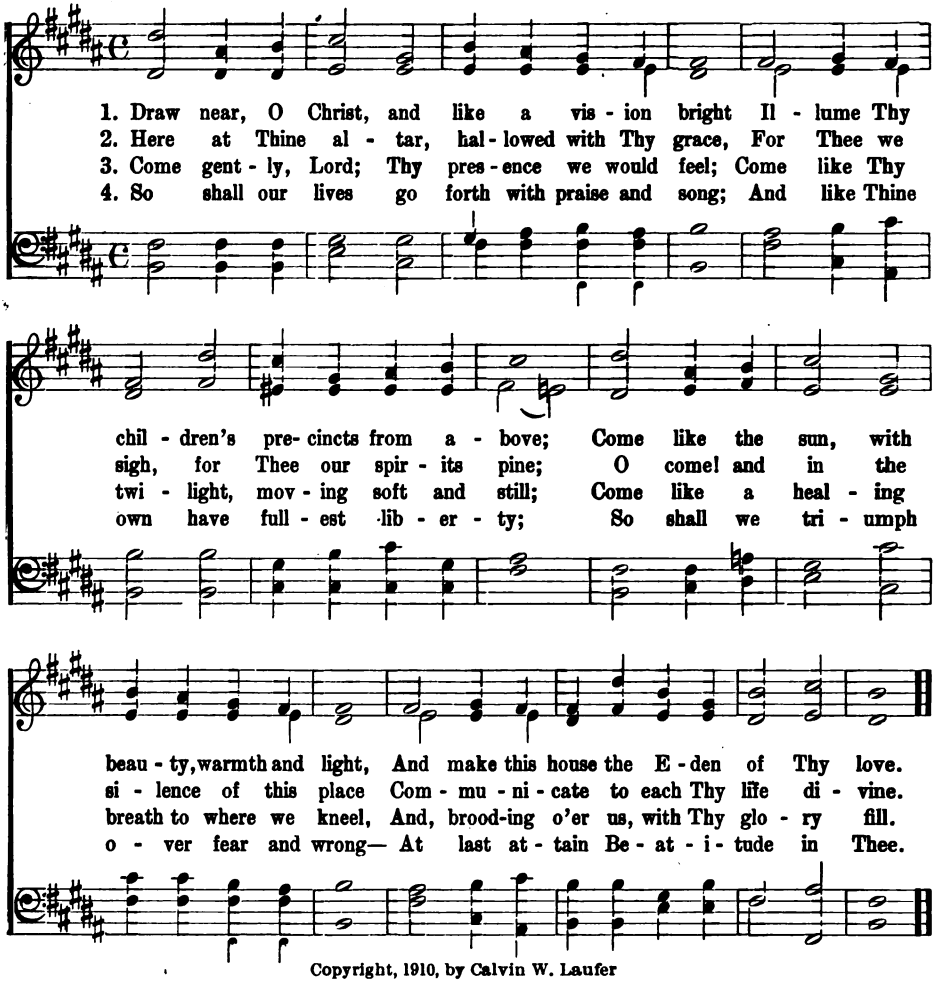
55 Draw Near, O Christ!

C. W. L. (Weston) CALVIN W. LAUFER

1. Draw near, O Christ, and like a vis - ion bright Il - lume Thy
2. Here at Thine al - tar, hal - lowed with Thy grace, For Thee we
3. Come gent - ly, Lord; Thy pres - ence we would feel; Come like Thy
4. So shall our lives go forth with praise and song; And like Thine
chil - dren's pre- cincts from a - bove; Come like the sun, with
sigh, for Thee our spir - its pine; O come! and in the
twi - light, mov - ing soft and still; Come like a heal - ing
own have full - est lib - er - ty; So shall we tri - umph
beau - ty, warmth and light, And make this house the E - den of Thy love.
si - lence of this place Com - mu - ni - cate to each Thy life di - vine.
breath to where we kneel, And, brood-ing o'er us, with Thy glo - ry fill.
o - ver fear and wrong— At last at - tain Be - at - i - tude in Thee.

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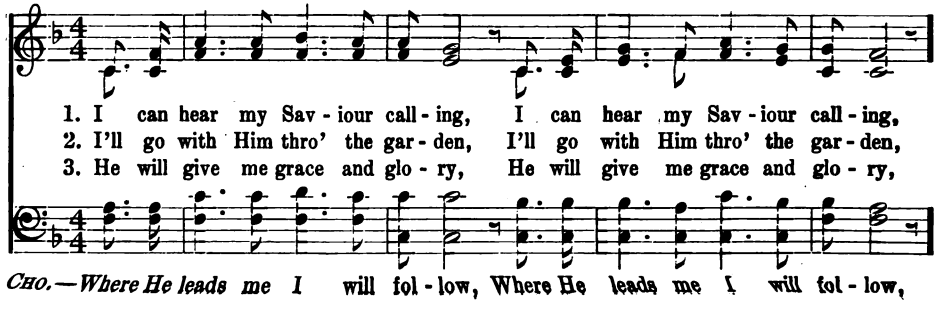
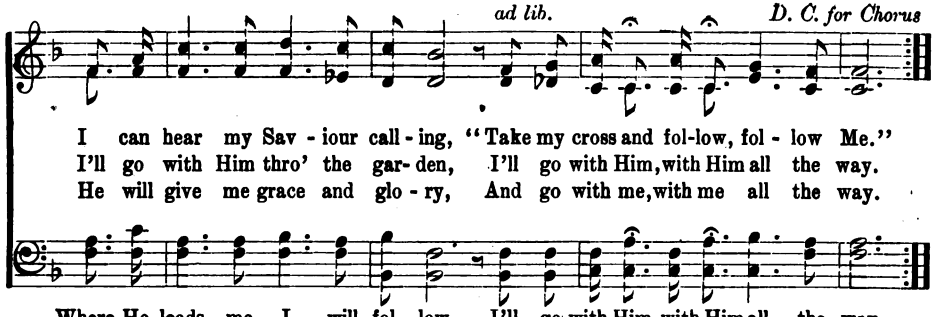
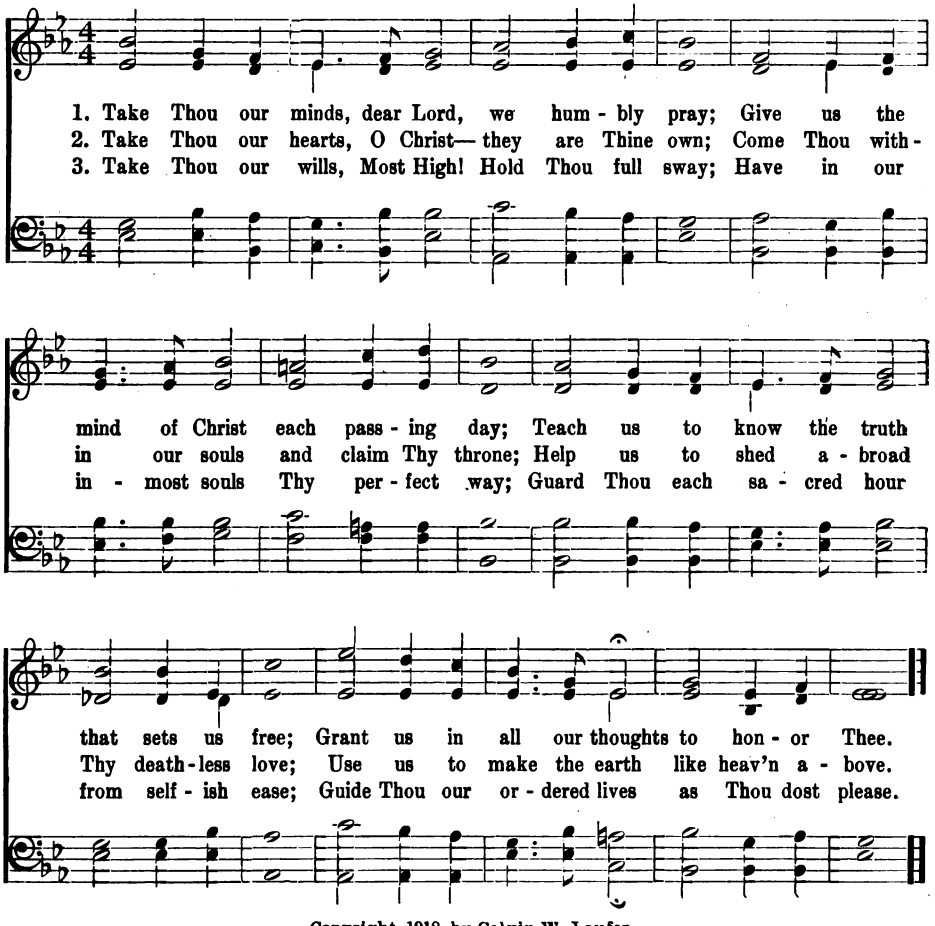
56 Where He Leads Me

EDWARD W. BLANDY Arr. from P. P. BLISS


1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,


ad lib.
D. C. for Chorus
I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take my cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

57 Take Thou Our Minds, Dear Lord

WM. H. FOULKES (Hall) CALVIN W. LAUFER

1. Take Thou our minds, dear Lord, we hum - bly pray; Give us the
2. Take Thou our hearts, O Christ— they are Thine own; Come Thou with -
3. Take Thou our wills, Most High! Hold Thou full sway; Have in our
mind of Christ each pass - ing day; Teach us to know the truth
in our souls and claim Thy throne; Help us to shed a - broad
in - most souls Thy per - fect way; Guard Thou each sa - cred hour
that sets us free; Grant us in all our thoughts to hon - or Thee.
Thy death-less love; Use us to make the earth like heav'n a - bove.
from self - ish ease; Guide Thou our or - dered lives as Thou dost please.

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55

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt

C. W. L. (Jewett)

WEBER

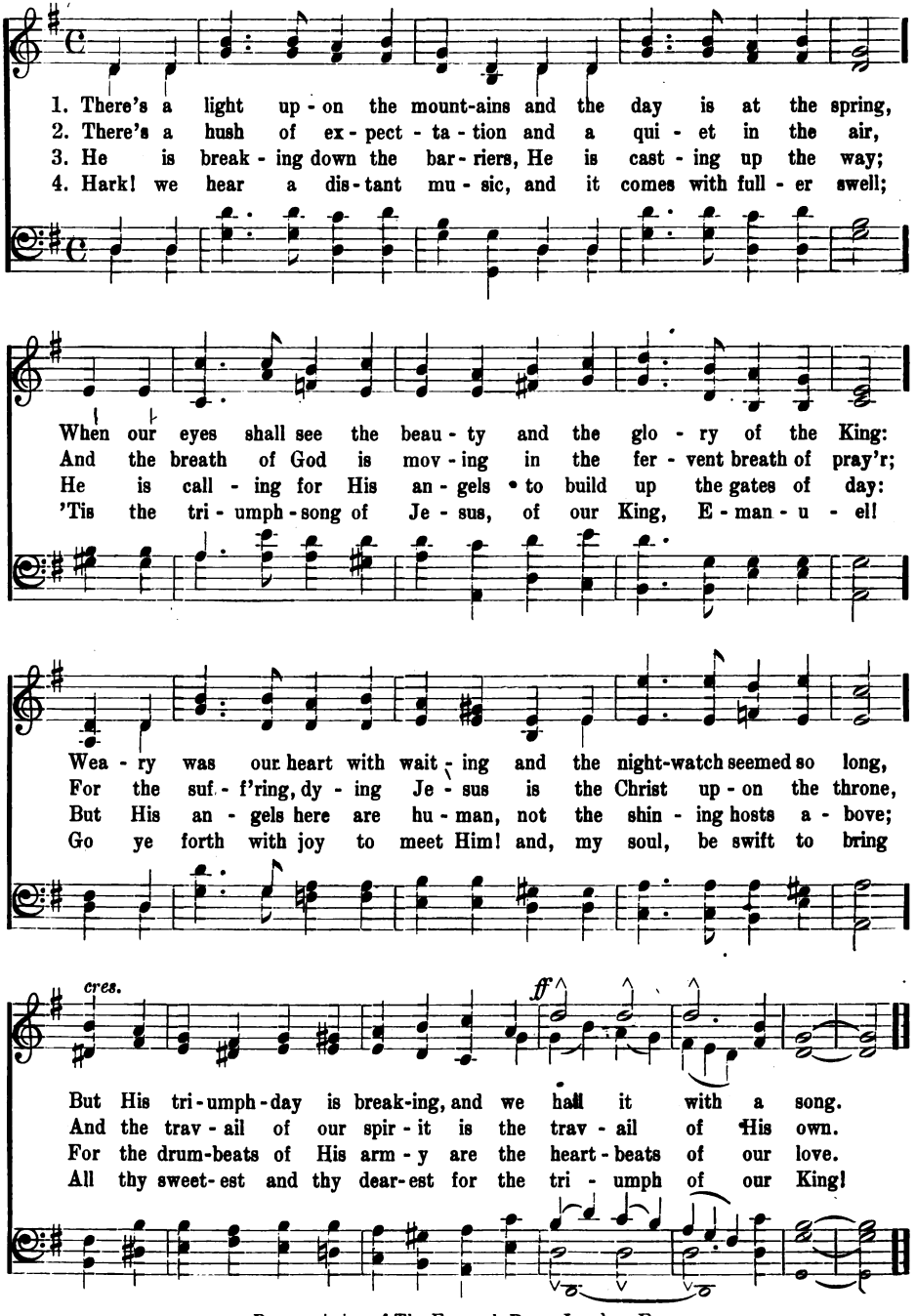
1. Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine;
2. Thou wilt; Though seen through many a tear,
3. Thou wilt; All shall be well for me;
4. Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:
   my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
   ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee:
   - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,
   on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
   my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

56

Rit.

help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
sing, in life or death,— My Lord, Thy will be done.

59 There's a Light Upon the Mountains

HENRY BURTON M. L. WOSTENHOLM

1. There's a light up - on the mount-ains and the day is at the spring,
2. There's a hush of ex - pect - ta - tion and a qui - et in the air,
3. He is break - ing down the bar - riers, He is cast - ing up the way;
4. Hark! we hear a dis - tant mu - sic, and it comes with full - er swell;
When our eyes shall see the beau - ty and the glo - ry of the King:
And the breath of God is mov - ing in the fer - vent breath of pray'r;
He is call - ing for His an - gels to build up the gates of day:
'Tis the tri - umph - song of Je - sus, of our King, E - man - u - el!
Wea - ry was our heart with wait - ing and the night-watch seemed so long,
For the suf - f'ring, dy - ing Je - sus is the Christ up - on the throne,
But His an - gels here are hu - man, not the shin - ing hosts a - bove;
Go ye forth with joy to meet Him! and, my soul, be swift to bring
cres.
ff
But His tri - umph - day is break-ing, and we hail it with a song.
And the trav - ail of our spir - it is the trav - ail of His own.
For the drum-beats of His arm - y are the heart - beats of our love.
All thy sweet - est and thy dear - est for the tri - umph of our King!

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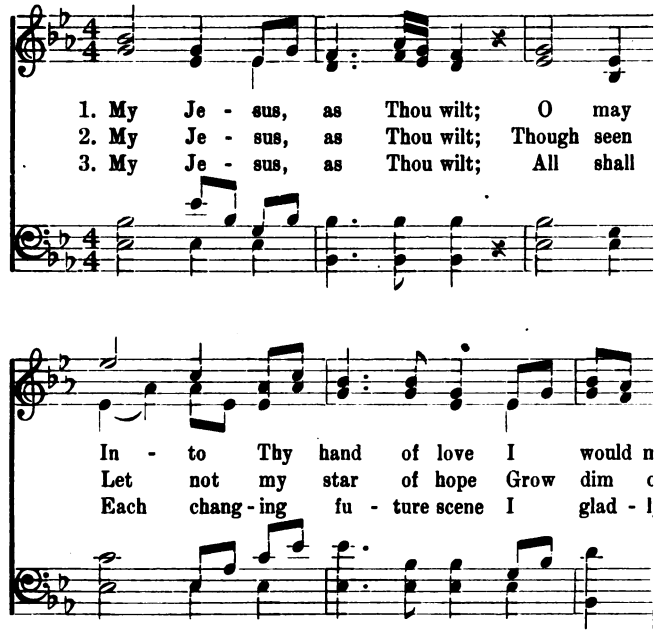
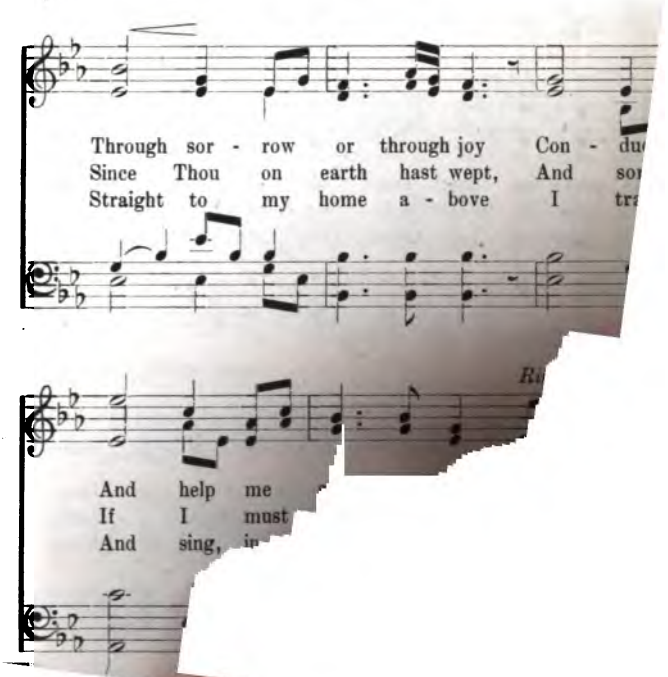
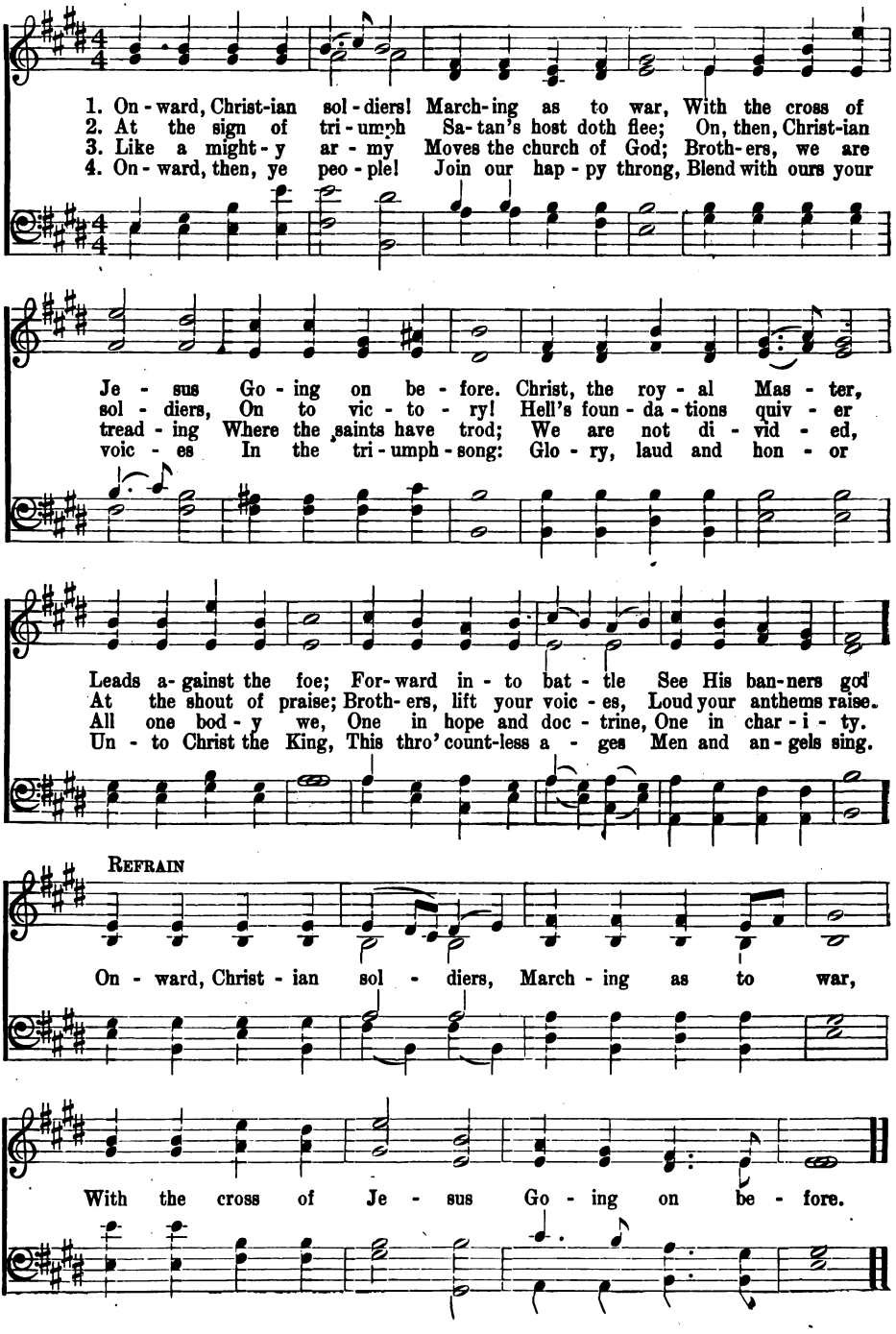
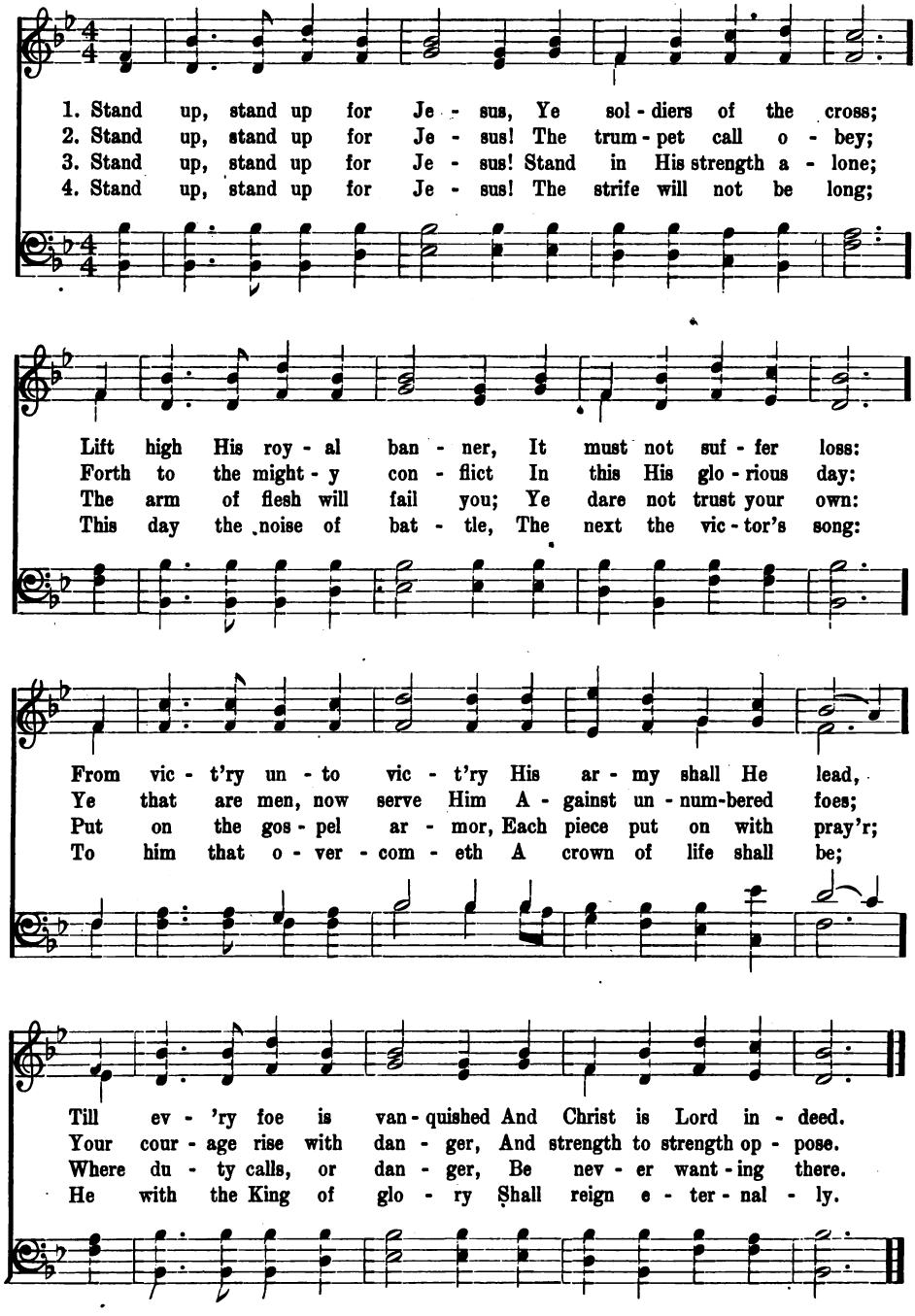
(Jewett)

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; O may
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Though seen
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall
In - to Thy hand of love I would n
Let not my star of hope Grow dim
Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - l

Through sor - row or through joy Con - du
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And so
Straight to my home a - bove I tra
And help me
If I must
And sing, in

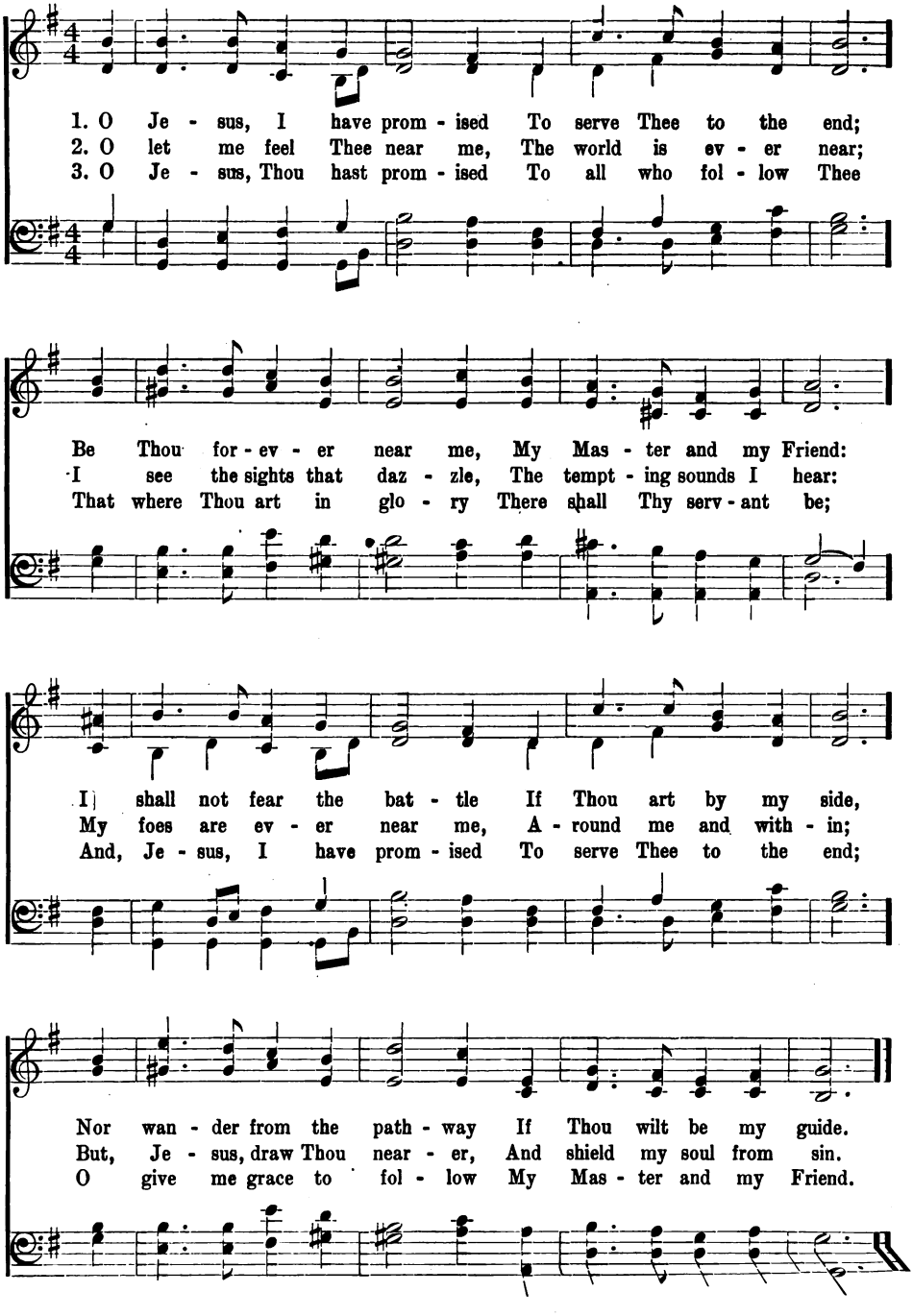
61 Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christ-ian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christ-ian
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
sol-diers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
voic-es In the tri-umph-song: Glo-ry, laud and hon-or
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle See His ban-ners go!
At the shout of praise; Broth-ers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
Un-to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a-ges Men and an-gels sing.
REFRAIN
On-ward, Christ-ian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

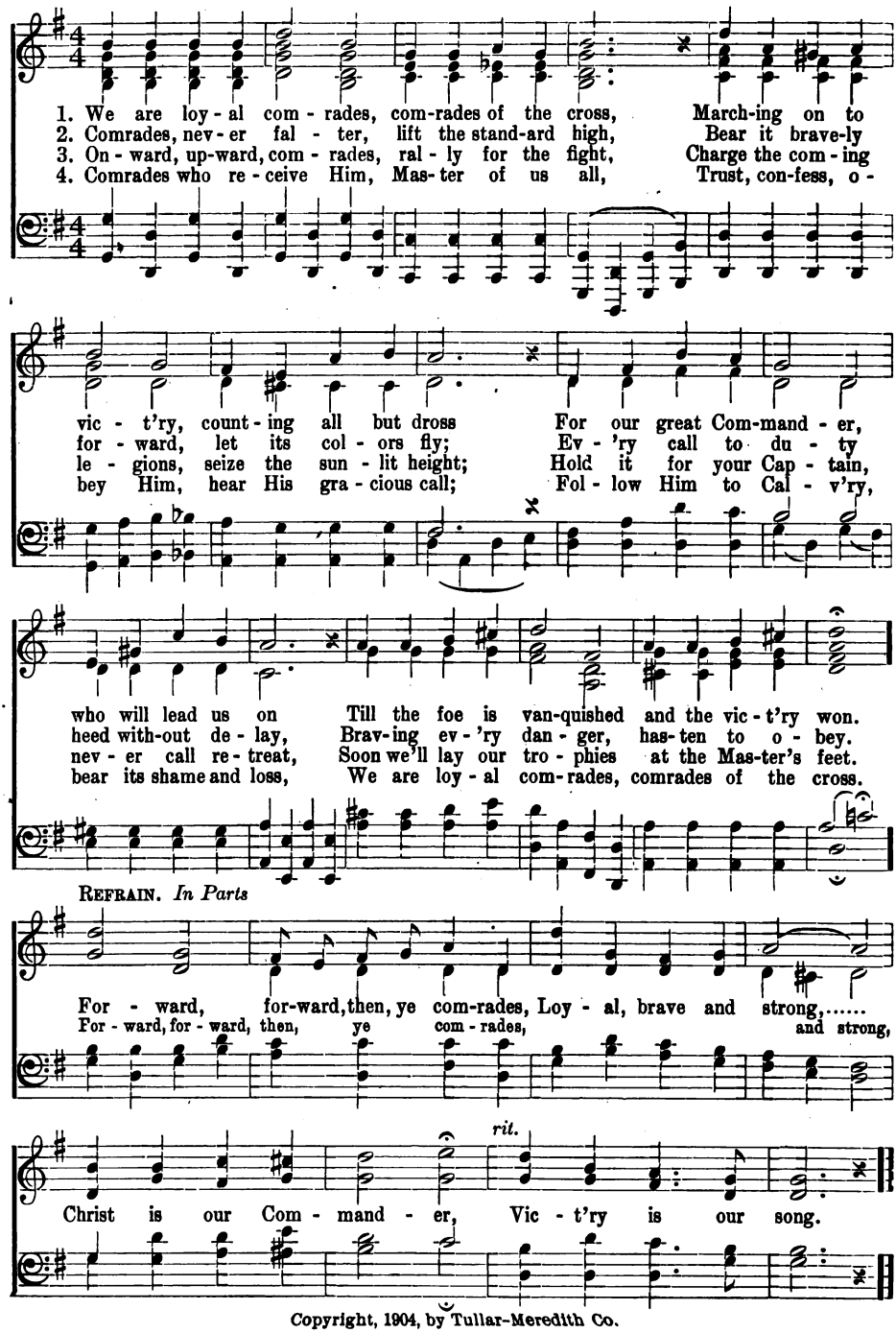
Stand Up for Jesus

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. GEORGE J. WEBB

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

63 O Jesus, I Have Promised

JOHN E. BODE ARTHUR H. MANN

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

Comrades of the Cross

F. Watson Hannan (*Dedicated to Bishop Theodore S. Henderson*) I. H. Meredith

1. We are loy - al com - rades, com-rades of the cross, March-ing on to
2. Comrades, nev - er fal - ter, lift the stand-ard high, Bear it brave-ly
3. On - ward, up-ward, com - rades, ral - ly for the fight, Charge the com - ing
4. Comrades who re - ceive Him, Mas-ter of us all, Trust, con-fess, o -
vic - t'ry, count - ing all but dross For our great Com-mand - er,
for - ward, let its col - ors fly; Ev - 'ry call to du - ty
le - gions, seize the sun - lit height; Hold it for your Cap - tain,
bey Him, hear His gra - cious call; Fol - low Him to Cal - v'ry,
who will lead us on Till the foe is van-quished and the vic - t'ry won.
heed with-out de - lay, Brav-ing ev - 'ry dan - ger, has-ten to o - bey.
nev - er call re - treat, Soon we'll lay our tro - phies at the Mas-ter's feet.
bear its shame and loss, We are loy - al com-rades, comrades of the cross.
Refrain. *In Parts*
For - ward, for-ward, then, ye com-rades, Loy - al, brave and strong,.....
For - ward, for - ward, then, ye com - rades, and strong,
rit.
Christ is our Com - mand - er, Vic - t'ry is our song.

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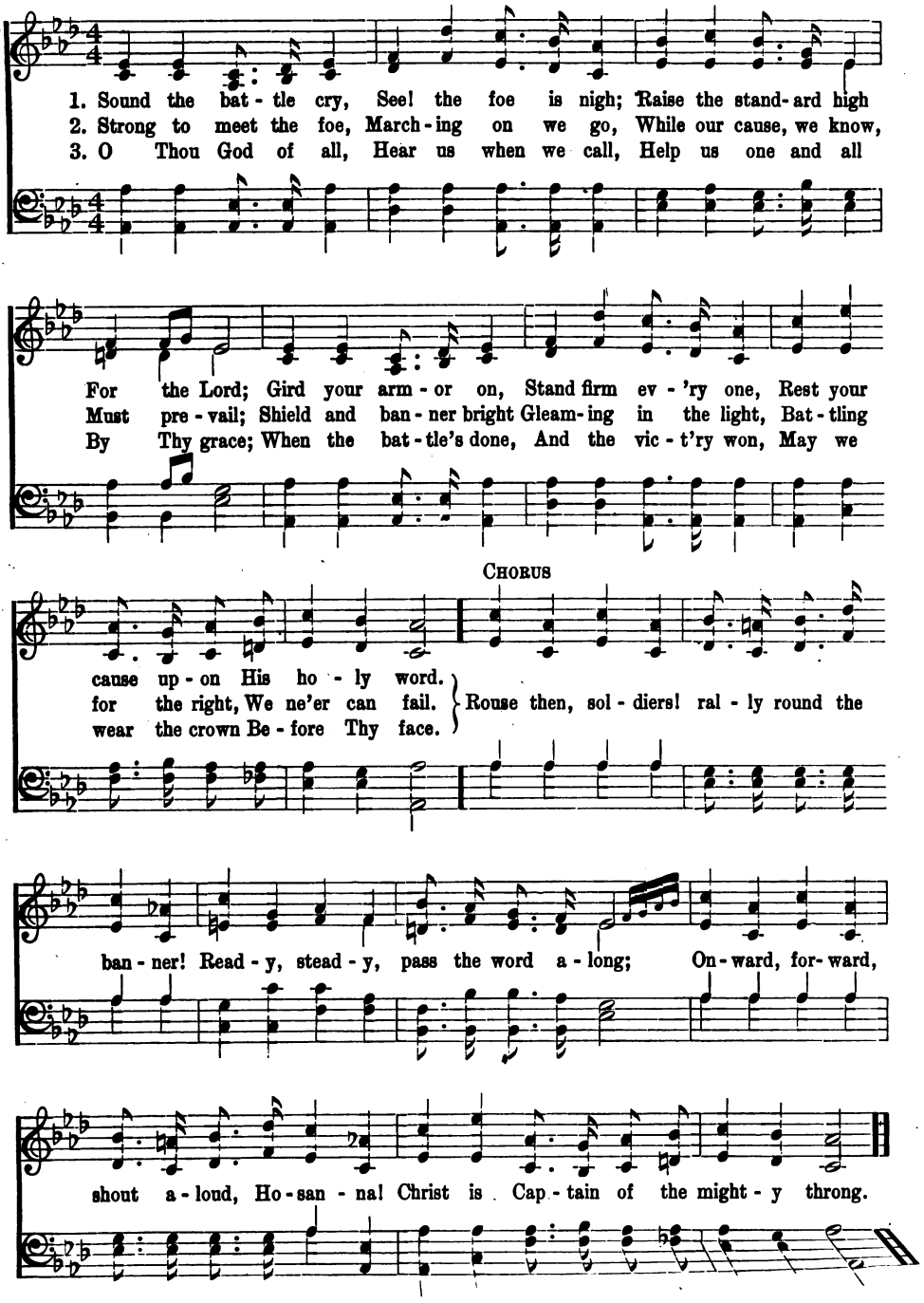
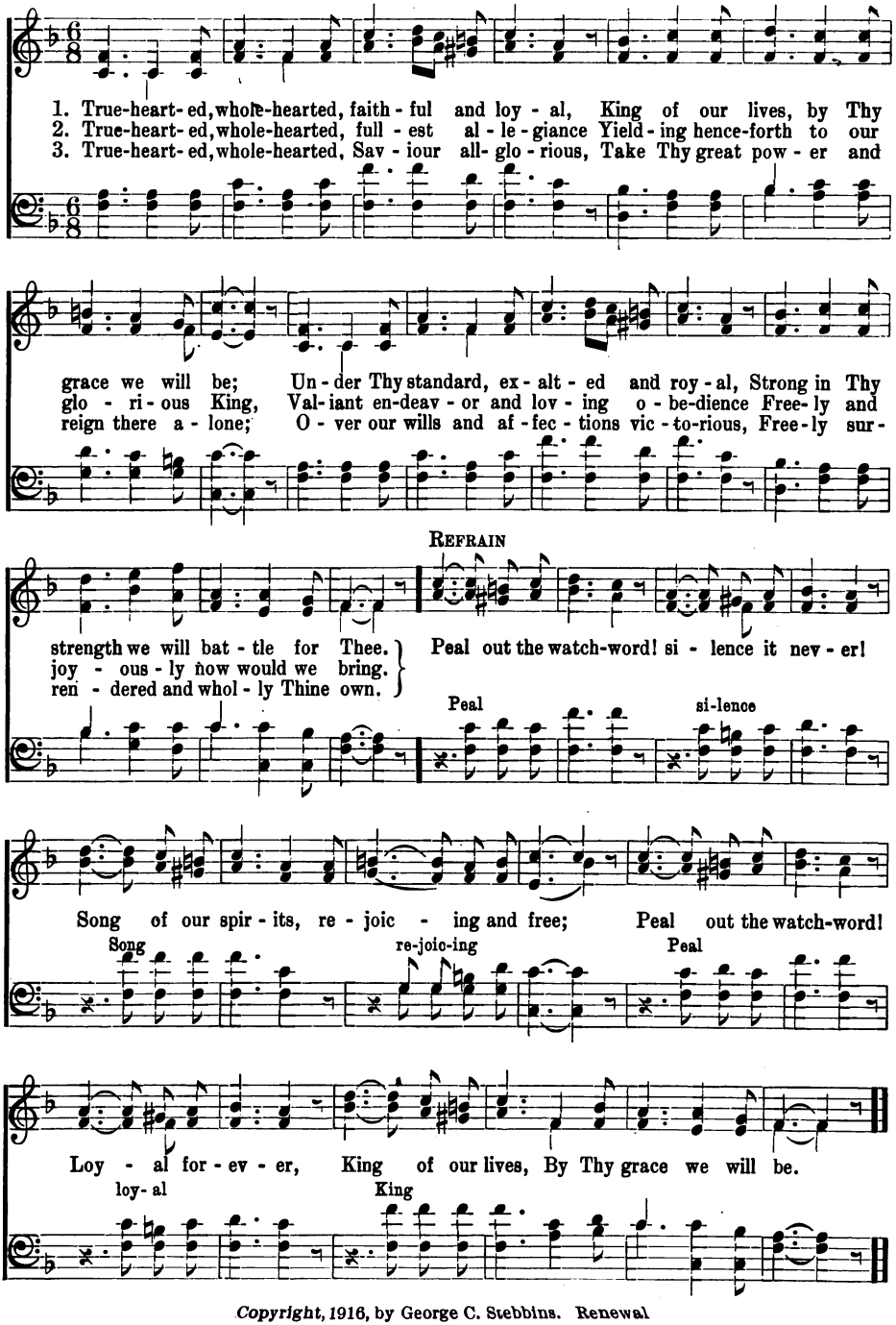
65 Sound the Battle Cry

W. F. S. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand - ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. O Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your arm - or on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one, Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam - ing in the light, Bat - tling
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we
CHORUS
cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right, We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.
Rouse then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the
ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,
shout a - loud, Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

66 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance Yield-ing hence-forth to our
3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all-glo-rious, Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un-der Thy standard, ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
glo-ri-ous King, Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience Free-ly and
reign there a-lone; O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-
REFRAIN
strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.
Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
Peal
si-lence
Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song
re-joic-ing
Peal
Loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, By Thy grace we will be.
loy-al
King

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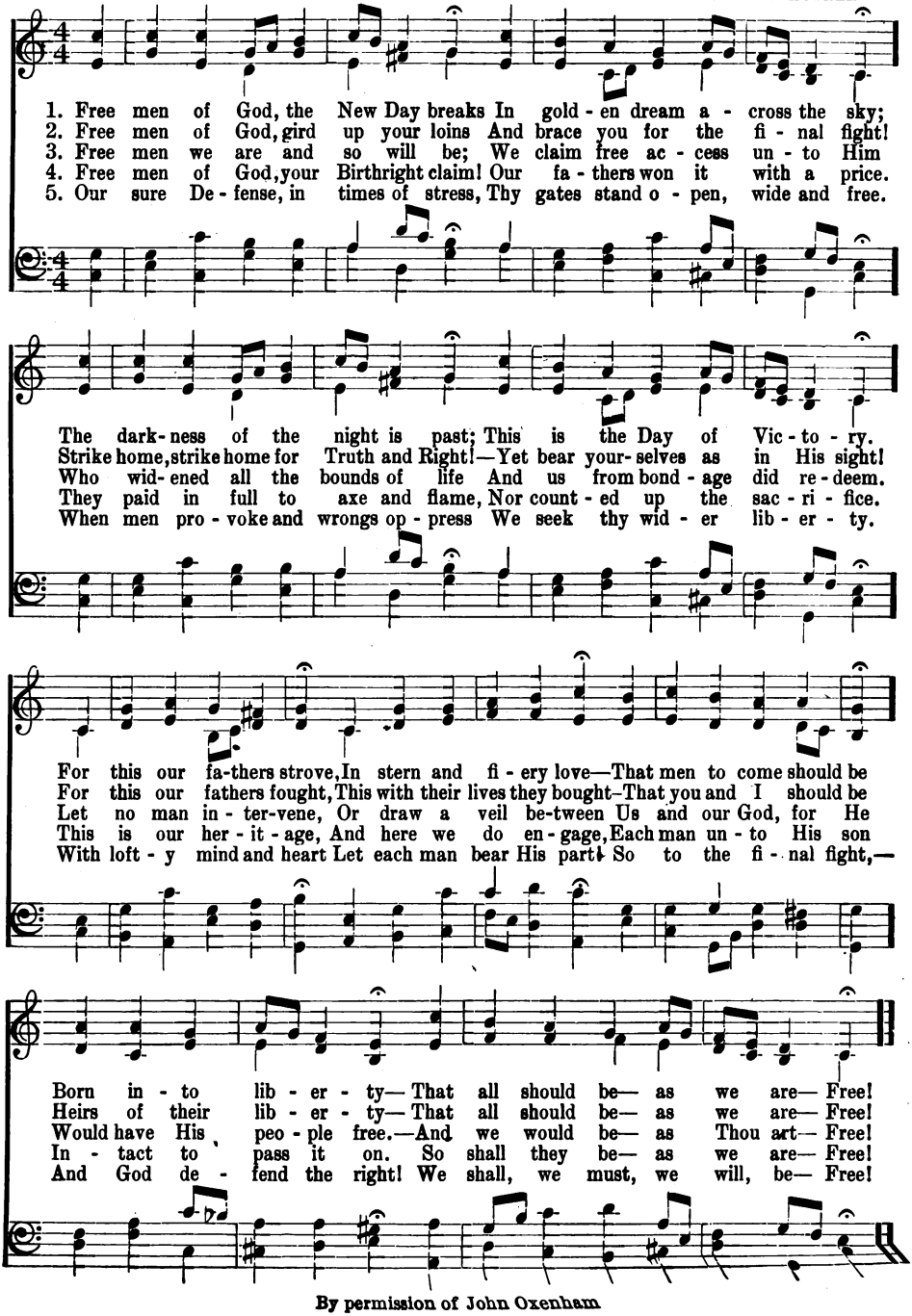
67 Free Men of God

(A Mighty Fortress)

JOHN OXENHAM — MARTIN LUTHER

1. Free men of God, the New Day breaks In gold - en dream a - cross the sky;
2. Free men of God, gird up your loins And brace you for the fi - nal fight!
3. Free men we are and so will be; We claim free ac - cess un - to Him
4. Free men of God, your Birthright claim! Our fa - thers won it with a price.
5. Our sure De - fense, in times of stress, Thy gates stand o - pen, wide and free.
The dark - ness of the night is past; This is the Day of Vic - to - ry.
Strike home, strike home for Truth and Right!—Yet bear your - selves as in His sight!
Who wid - ened all the bounds of life And us from bond - age did re - deem.
They paid in full to axe and flame, Nor count - ed up the sac - ri - fice.
When men pro - voke and wrongs op - press We seek thy wid - er lib - er - ty.
For this our fa-thers strove, In stern and fi - ery love—That men to come should be
For this our fathers fought, This with their lives they bought—That you and I should be
Let no man in - ter-vene, Or draw a veil be-tween Us and our God, for He
This is our her - it - age, And here we do en - gage, Each man un - to His son
With loft - y mind and heart Let each man bear His part! So to the fi - nal fight,—
Born in - to lib - er - ty— That all should be— as we are— Free!
Heirs of their lib - er - ty— That all should be— as we are— Free!
Would have His peo - ple free.—And we would be— as Thou art— Free!
In - tact to pass it on. So shall they be— as we are— Free!
And God de - fend the right! We shall, we must, we will, be— Free!

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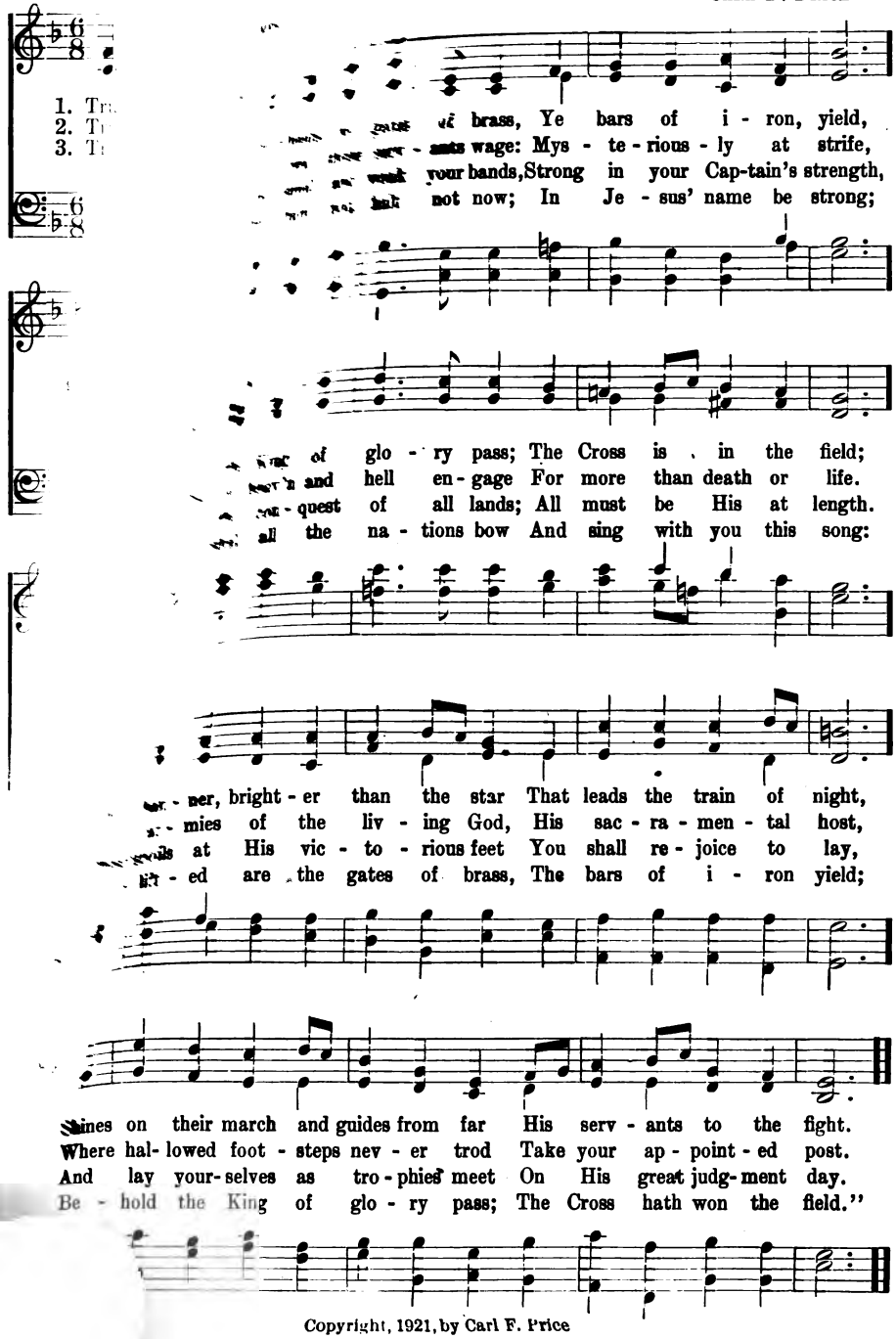
Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates

FRANCES

CARL F. PRICE

1. Tr
2. T
3. T
brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
wage: Mys - te - rious - ly at strife,
your bands, Strong in your Cap-tain's strength,
not now; In Je - sus' name be strong;
of glo - ry pass; The Cross is in the field;
and hell en - gage For more than death or life.
quest of all lands; All must be His at length.
all the na - tions bow And sing with you this song:
ner, bright - er than the star That leads the train of night,
mies of the liv - ing God, His sac - ra - men - tal host,
at His vic - to - rious feet You shall re - joice to lay,
ed are the gates of brass, The bars of i - ron yield;
shines on their march and guides from far His serv - ants to the fight.
Where hal - lowed foot - steps nev - er trod Take your ap - point - ed post.
And lay your - selves as tro - phies meet On His great judg - ment day.
Be - hold the King of glo - ry pass; The Cross hath won the field."

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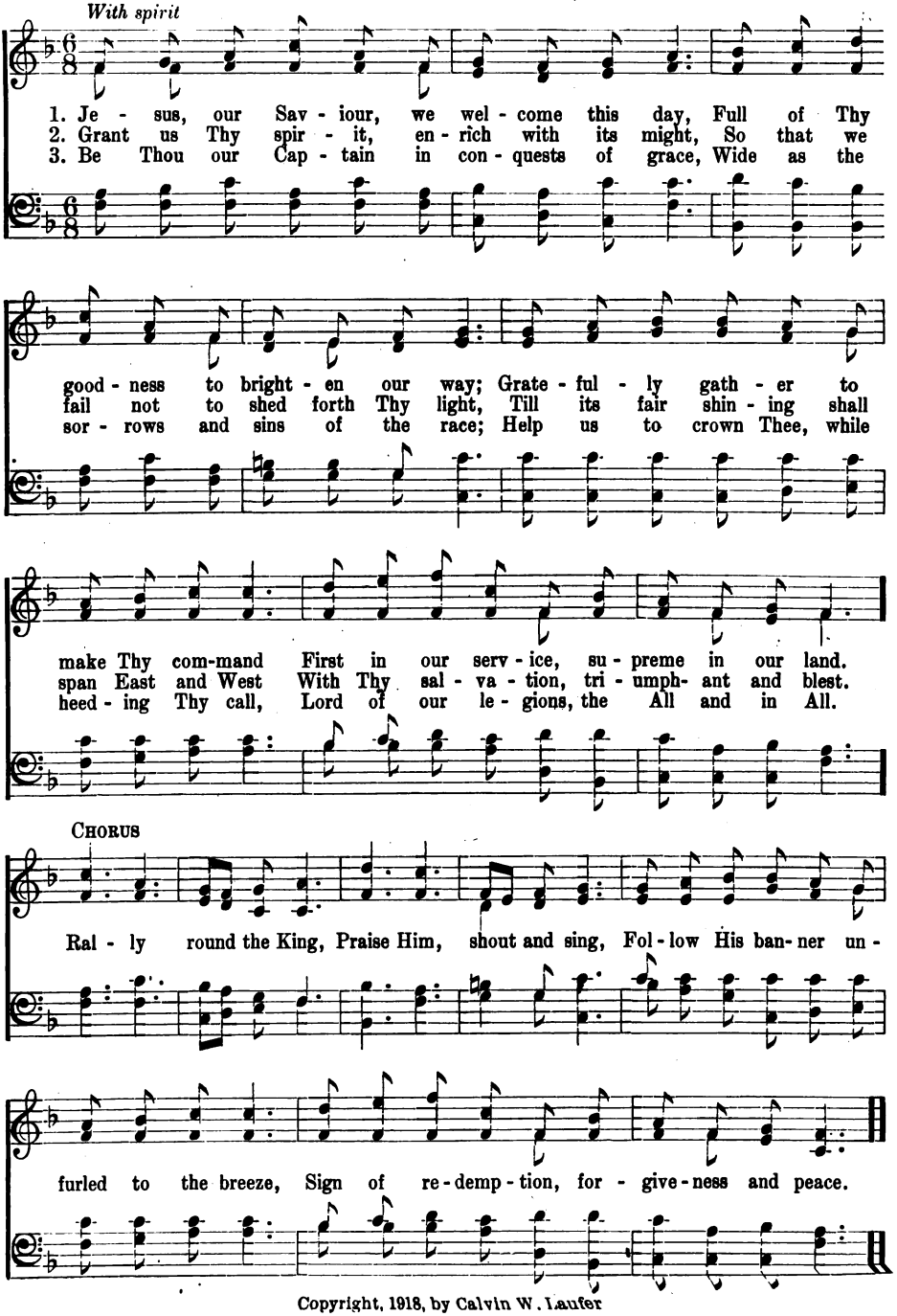
69 Rally Round the King

C. W. L. CALVIN W. LAUFER

With spirit

1. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, we wel - come this day, Full of Thy
2. Grant us Thy spir - it, en - rich with its might, So that we
3. Be Thou our Cap - tain in con - quests of grace, Wide as the
good - ness to bright - en our way; Grate - ful - ly gath - er to
fail not to shed forth Thy light, Till its fair shin - ing shall
sor - rows and sins of the race; Help us to crown Thee, while
make Thy com-mand First in our serv - ice, su - preme in our land.
span East and West With Thy sal - va - tion, tri - umph- ant and blest.
heed - ing Thy call, Lord of our le - gions, the All and in All.
CHORUS
Ral - ly round the King, Praise Him, shout and sing, Fol - low His ban- ner un -
furled to the breeze, Sign of re - demp - tion, for - give - ness and peace.

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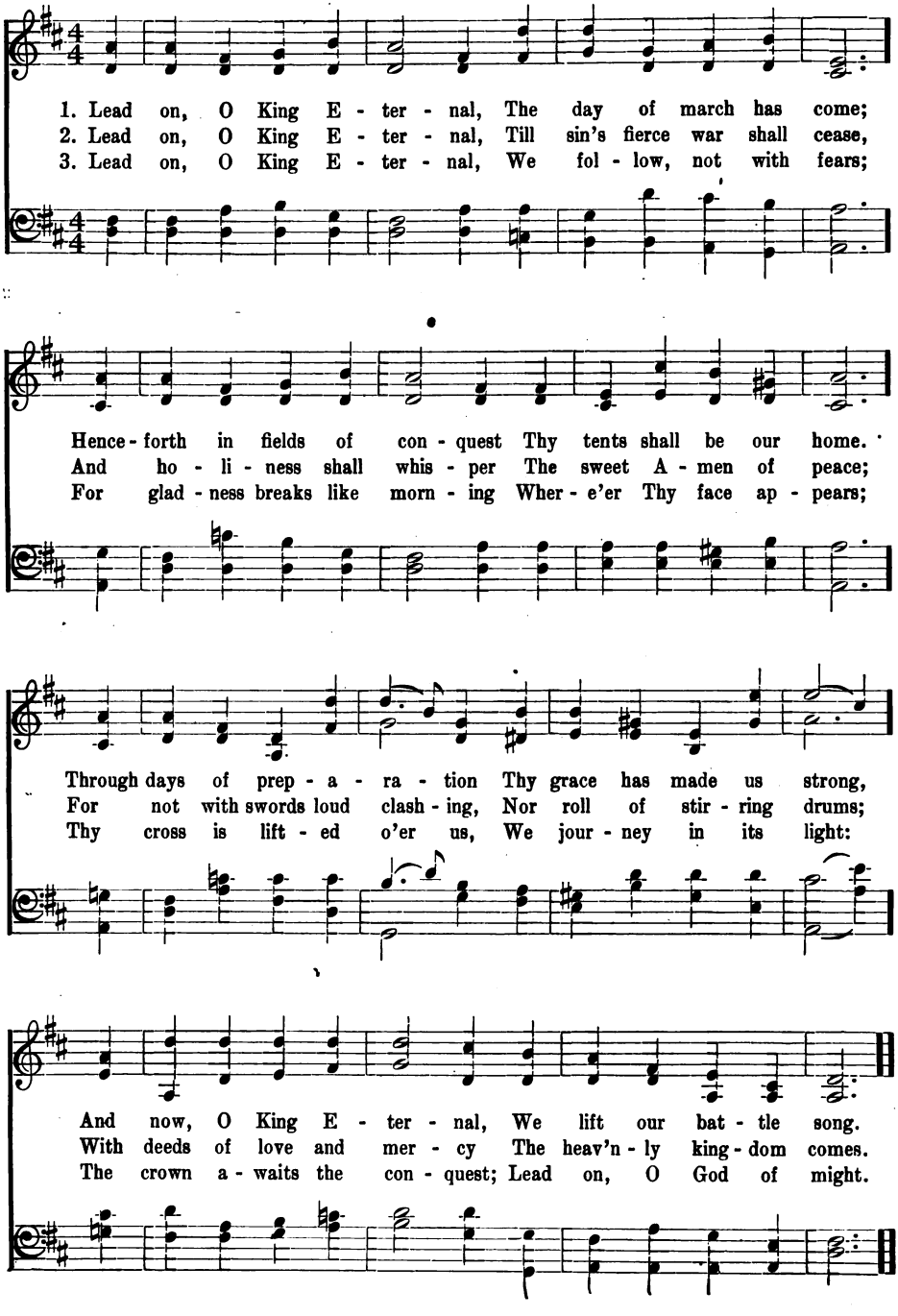
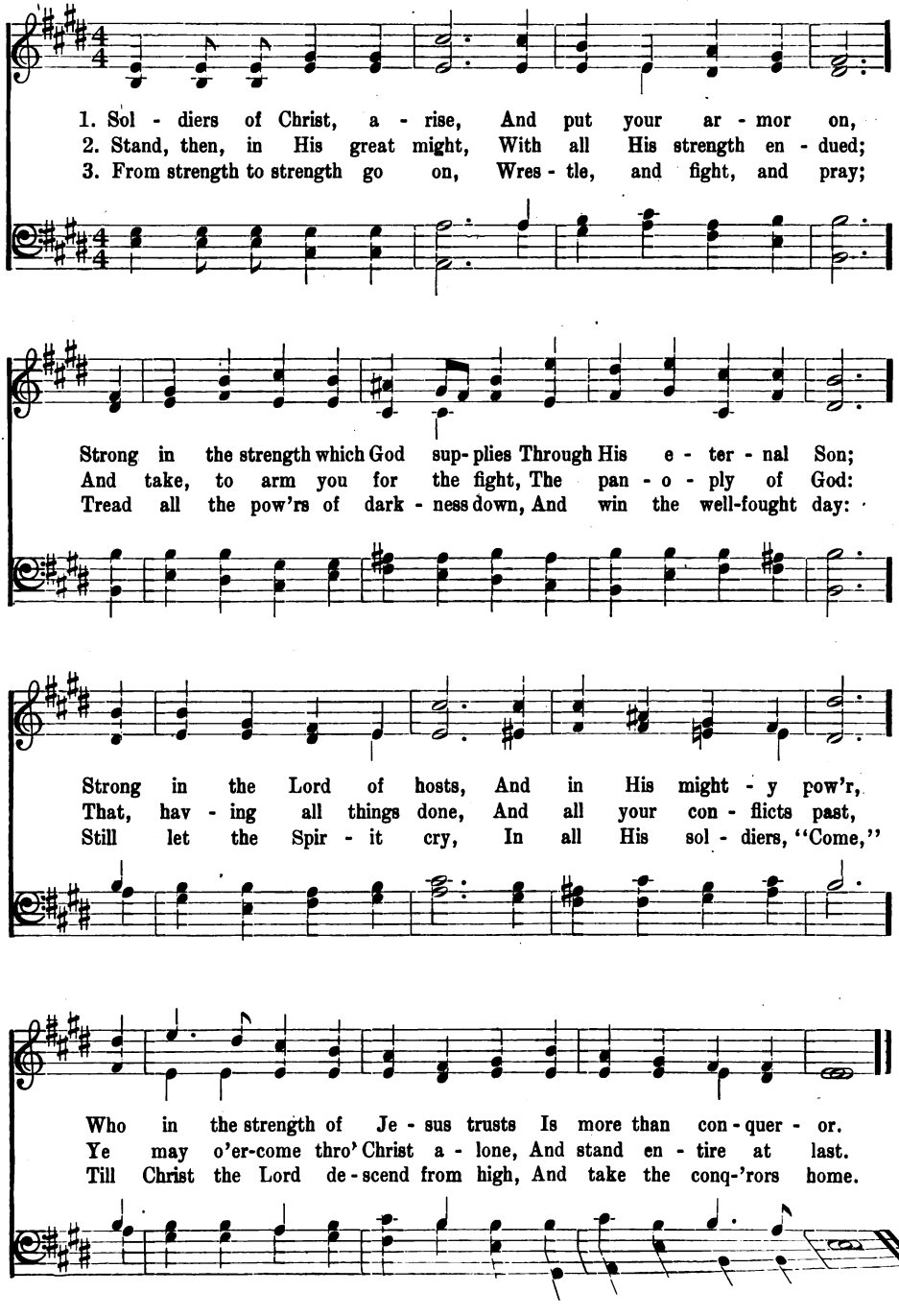
Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — HENRY SMART

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;
Hence - forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney in its light:
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n - ly king - dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

CHARLES WESLEY — GEORGE J. ELVEY


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
3. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
Strong in the strength which God sup- plies Through His e - ter - nal Son;
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day:
Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,
Still let the Spir - it cry, In all His sol - diers, "Come,"
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
Till Christ the Lord de - scend from high, And take the conq-'rors home.

72 In the Secret of His Presence

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India — GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet - ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly

O how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, neith-er tri - als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And a Sav - iour rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
Oh how pa-tient - ly He list - ens and my droop-ing soul He cheers. Do you think He ne'er re-proves me? what a false friend He would be If He nev- er, nev- er
Go and hide be-neath His shad - ow: this shall then be your re - ward. And when - e'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet- ing place You must mind and bear the

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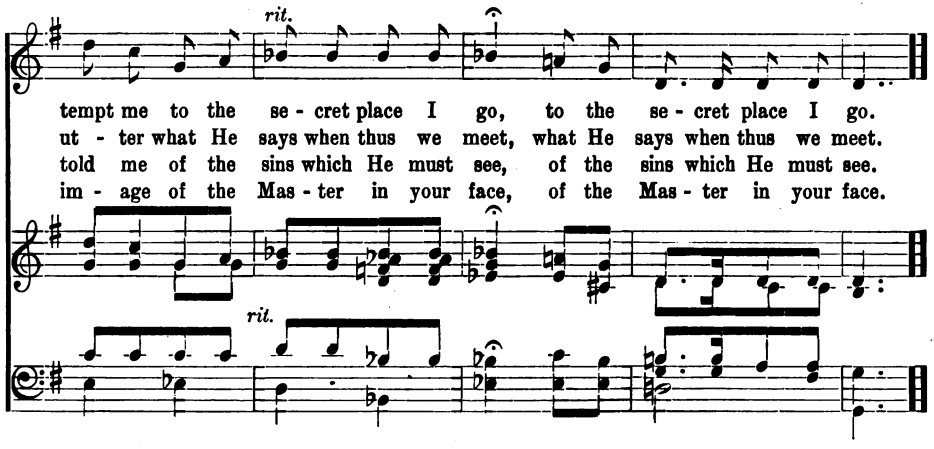
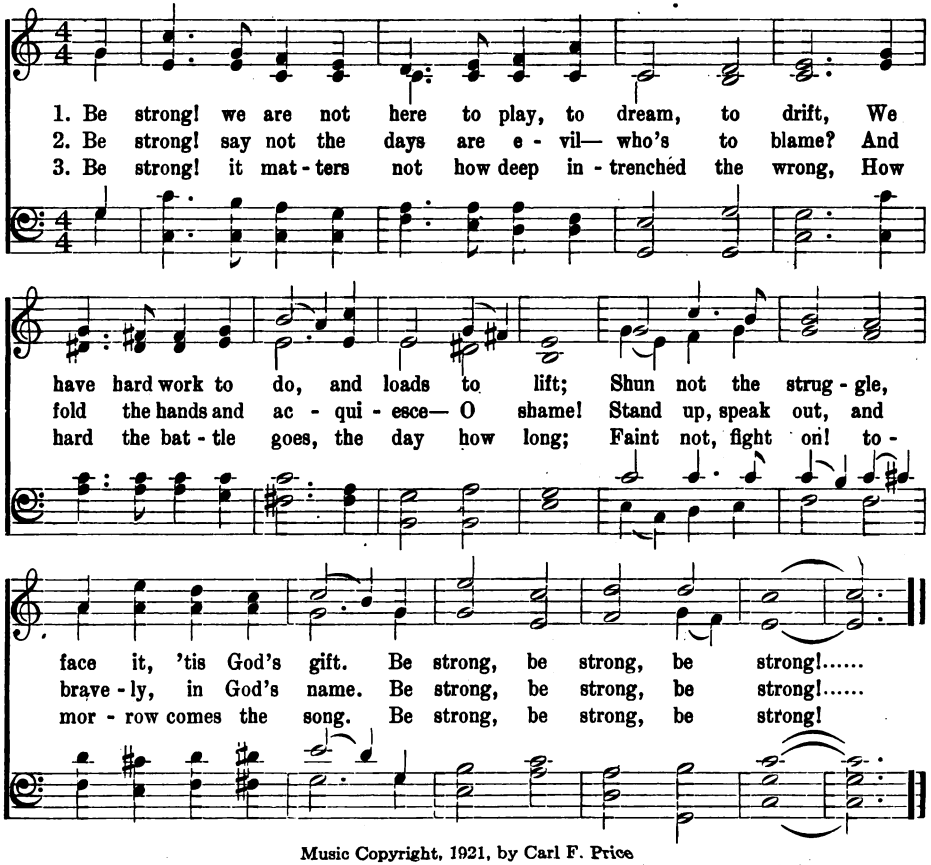

rit.
tempt me to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.
rit.

73 Be Strong

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK — CARL F. PRICE

1. Be strong! we are not here to play, to dream, to drift, We
2. Be strong! say not the days are e - vil— who's to blame? And
3. Be strong! it mat - ters not how deep in - trenched the wrong, How
have hard work to do, and loads to lift; Shun not the strug - gle,
fold the hands and ac - qui - esce— O shame! Stand up, speak out, and
hard the bat - tle goes, the day how long; Faint not, fight on! to -
face it, 'tis God's gift. Be strong, be strong, be strong!.....
brave - ly, in God's name. Be strong, be strong, be strong!.....
mor - row comes the song. Be strong, be strong, be strong!

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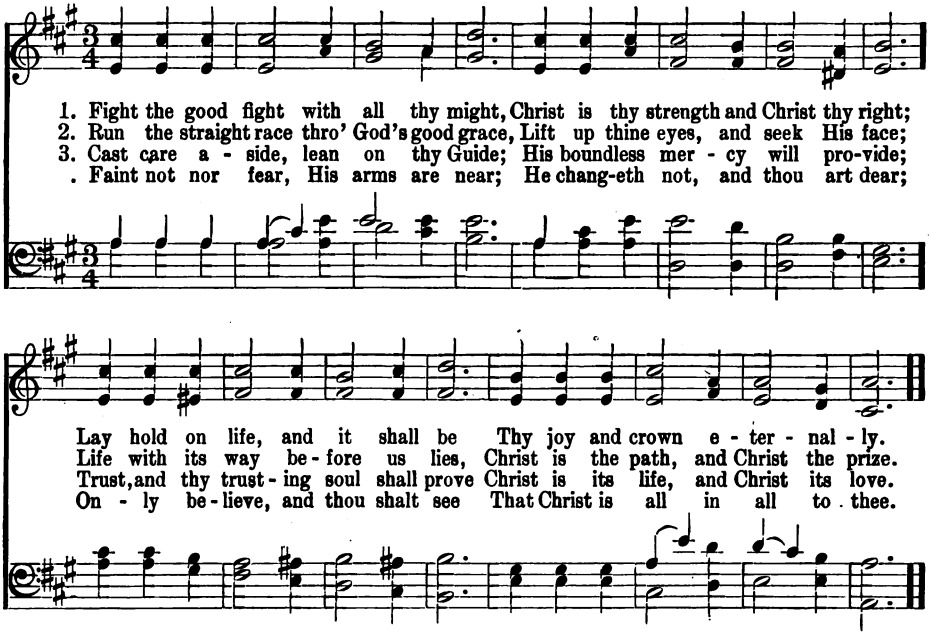
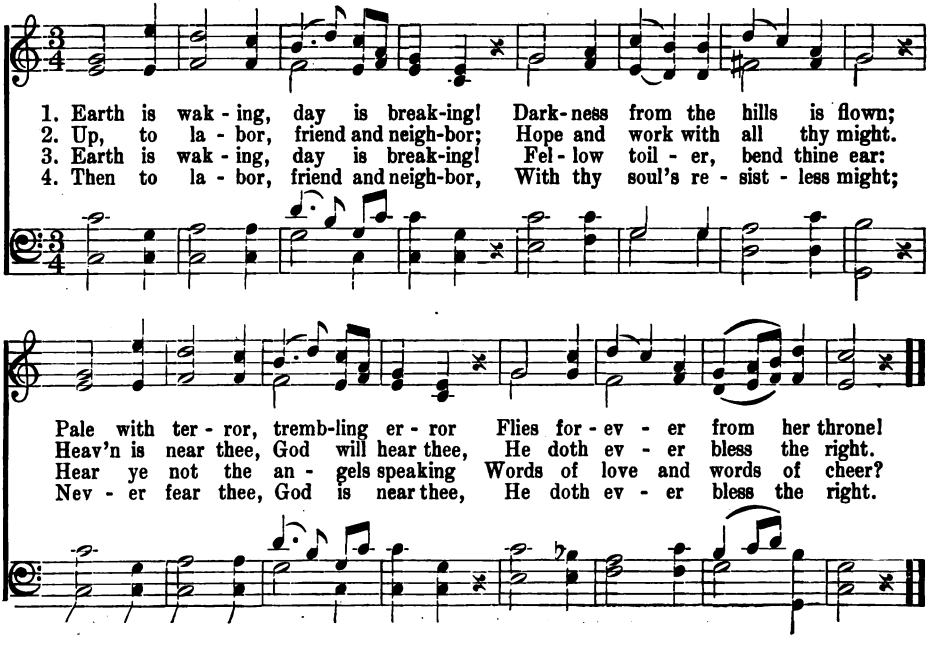
74 Fight the Good Fight

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — WILLIAM BOYD

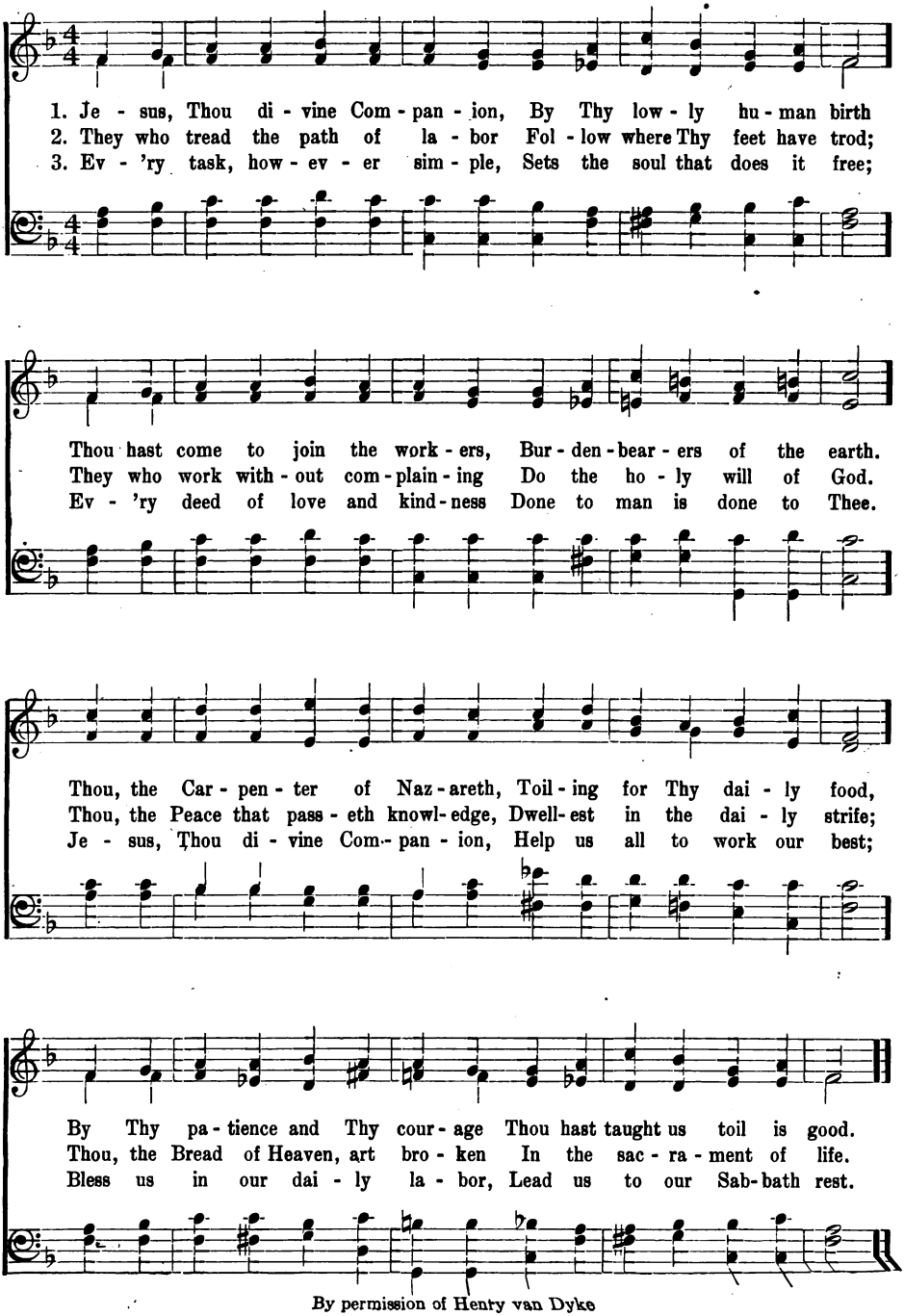

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mer - cy will pro-vide;
. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He chang-eth not, and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trust - ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

75 Earth Is Waking

Anon. — From MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah"

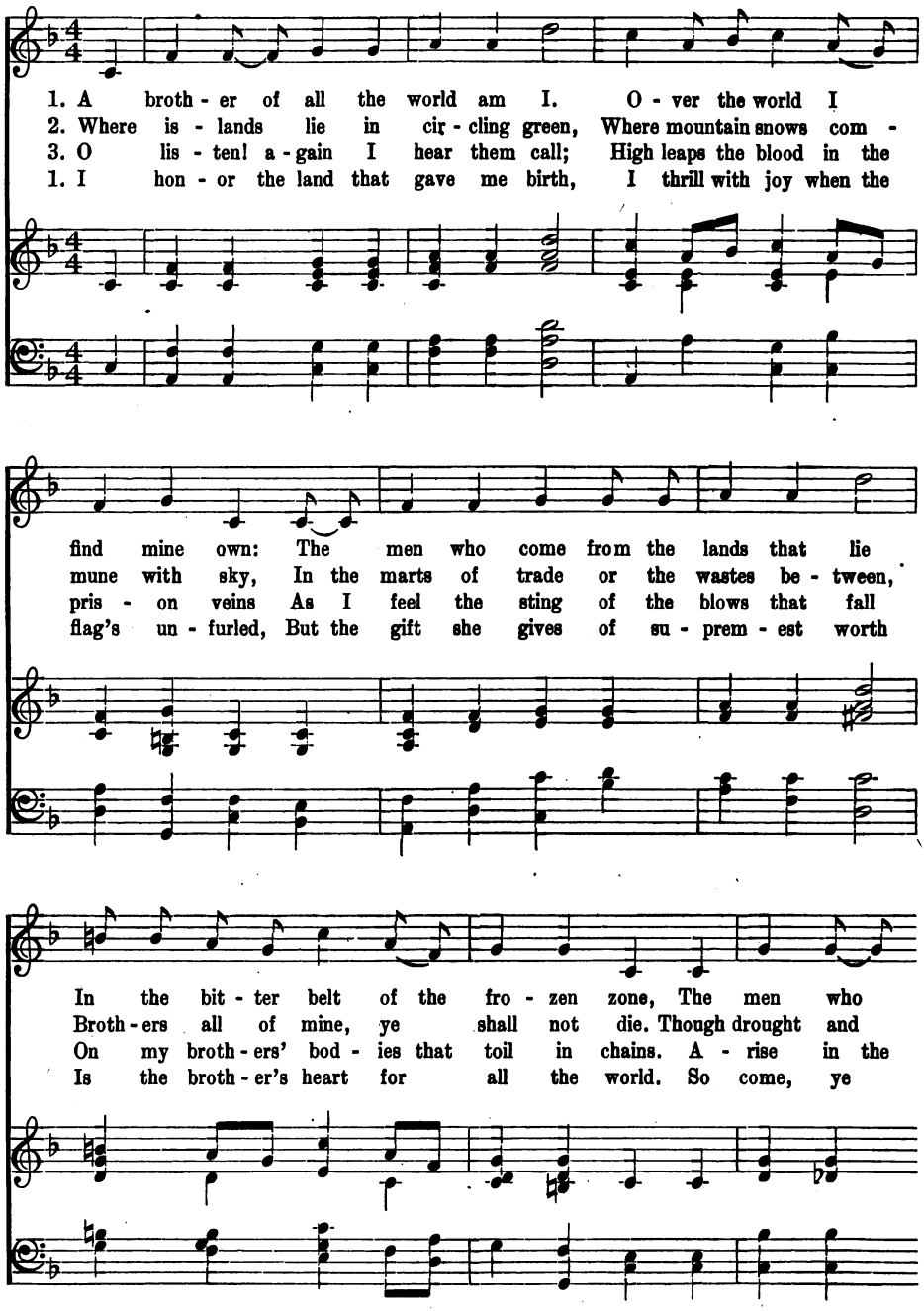

1. Earth is wak - ing, day is break-ing! Dark-ness from the hills is flown;
2. Up, to la - bor, friend and neigh-bor; Hope and work with all thy might.
3. Earth is wak - ing, day is break-ing! Fel - low toil - er, bend thine ear:
4. Then to la - bor, friend and neigh-bor, With thy soul's re - sist - less might;
Pale with ter - ror, tremb-ling er - ror Flies for - ev - er from her throne!
Heav'n is near thee, God will hear thee, He doth ev - er bless the right.
Hear ye not the an - gels speaking Words of love and words of cheer?
Nev - er fear thee, God is near thee, He doth ev - er bless the right.

76 Jesus, Thou Divine Companion

HENRY VAN DYKE — GEORGE F. LE JEUNE

1. Je - sus, Thou di - vine Com - pan - ion, By Thy low - ly hu - man birth
2. They who tread the path of la - bor Fol - low where Thy feet have trod;
3. Ev - 'ry task, how - ev - er sim - ple, Sets the soul that does it free;
Thou hast come to join the work - ers, Bur - den - bear - ers of the earth.
They who work with - out com - plain - ing Do the ho - ly will of God.
Ev - 'ry deed of love and kind - ness Done to man is done to Thee.
Thou, the Car - pen - ter of Naz - areth, Toil - ing for Thy dai - ly food,
Thou, the Peace that pass - eth knowl - edge, Dwell - est in the dai - ly strife;
Je - sus, Thou di - vine Com - pan - ion, Help us all to work our best;
By Thy pa - tience and Thy cour - age Thou hast taught us toil is good.
Thou, the Bread of Heaven, art bro - ken In the sac - ra - ment of life.
Bless us in our dai - ly la - bor, Lead us to our Sab - bath rest.

By permission of Henry van Dyke

77 A Brother of All the World Am I

GEORGE E. DAY CARL F. PRICE

1. A broth - er of all the world am I. O - ver the world I
2. Where is - lands lie in cir - cling green, Where mountain snows com -
3. O lis - ten! a - gain I hear them call; High leaps the blood in the
1. I hon - or the land that gave me birth, I thrill with joy when the
find mine own: The men who come from the lands that lie
mune with sky, In the marts of trade or the wastes be - tween,
pris - on veins As I feel the sting of the blows that fall
flag's un - furled, But the gift she gives of su - prem - est worth
In the bit - ter belt of the fro - zen zone, The men who
Broth - ers all of mine, ye shall not die. Though drought and
On my broth - ers' bod - ies that toil in chains. A - rise in the
Is the broth - er's heart for all the world. So come, ye

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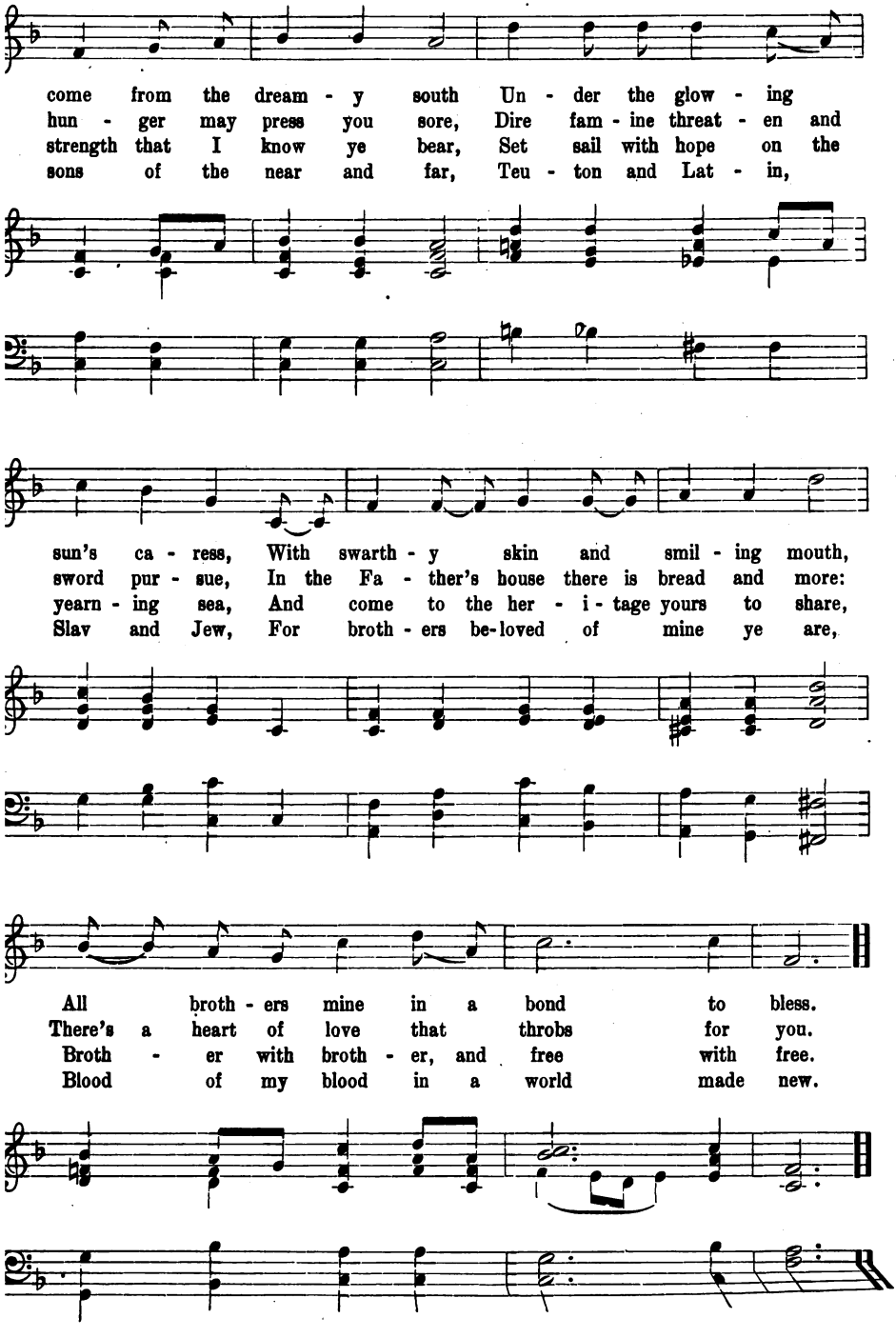
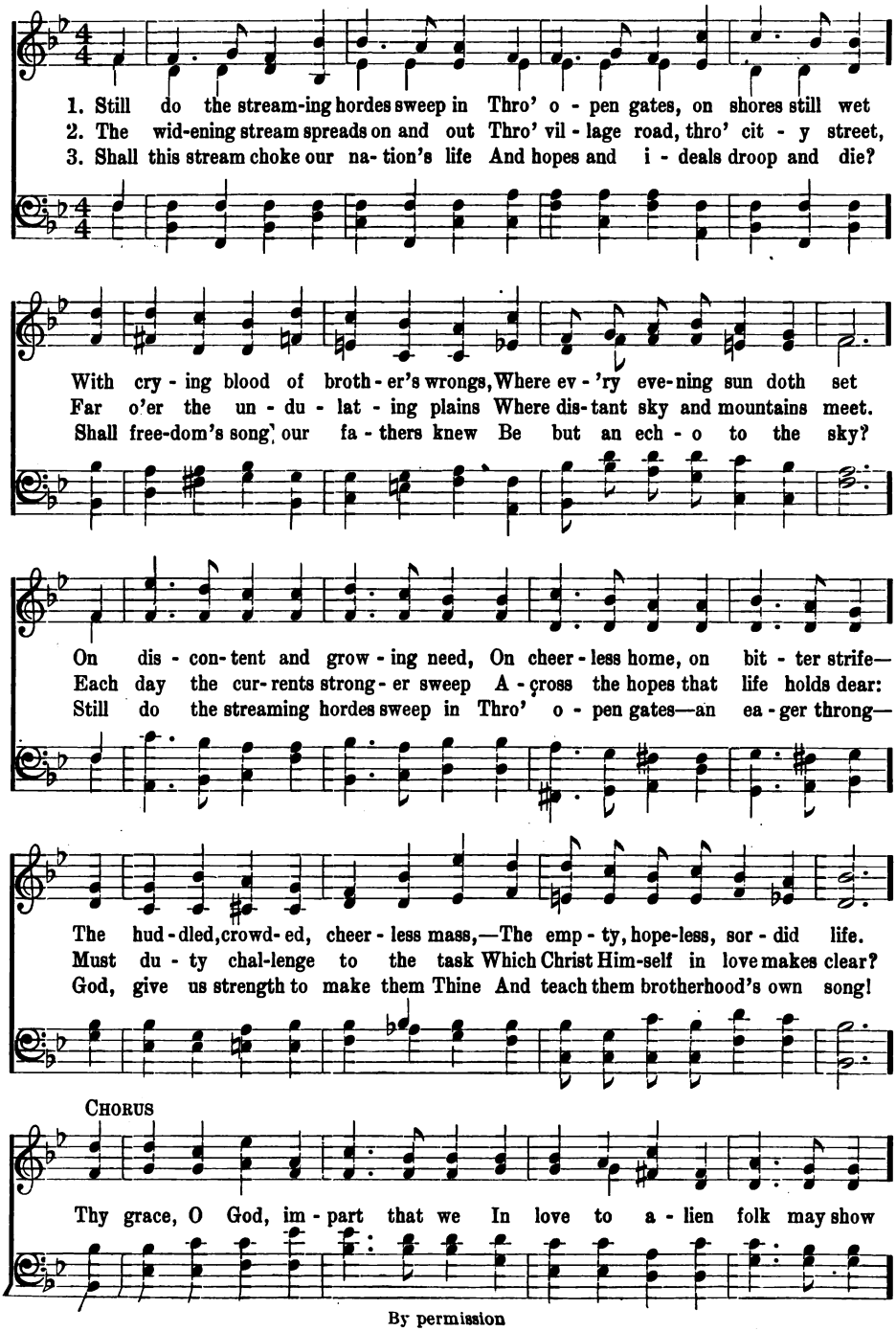
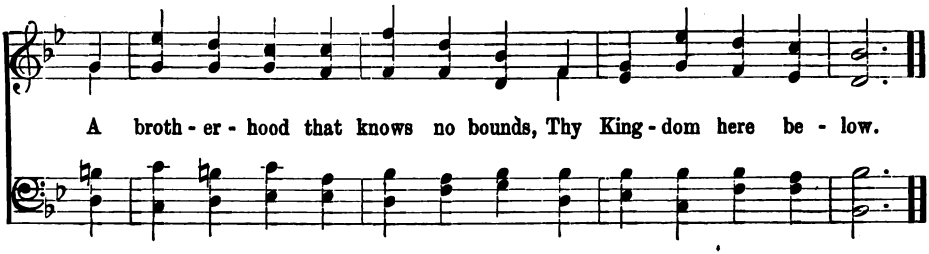
A Brother of All the World Am I—Concluded

come from the dream - y south Un - der the glow - ing
hun - ger may press you sore, Dire fam - ine threat - en and
strength that I know ye bear, Set sail with hope on the
sons of the near and far, Teu - ton and Lat - in,
sun's ca - ress, With swarth - y skin and smil - ing mouth,
sword pur - sue, In the Fa - ther's house there is bread and more:
yearn - ing sea, And come to the her - i - tage yours to share,
Slav and Jew, For broth - ers be-loved of mine ye are,
All broth - ers mine in a bond to bless.
There's a heart of love that throbs for you.
Broth - er with broth - er, and free with free.
Blood of my blood in a world made new.

The Streaming Hordes

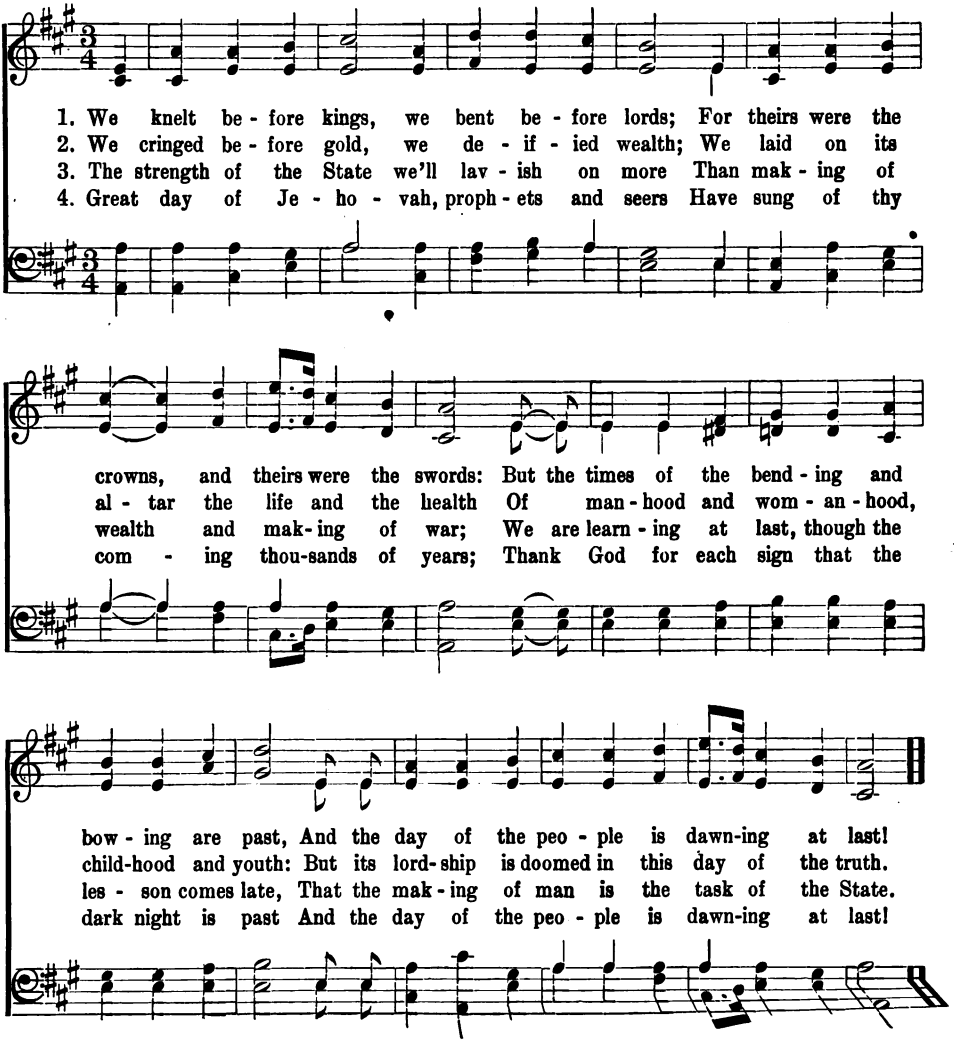
RALPH WELLES KEELER — L. E. HAMPTON


1. Still do the stream-ing hordes sweep in Thro' o - pen gates, on shores still wet
2. The wid-ening stream spreads on and out Thro' vil - lage road, thro' cit - y street,
3. Shall this stream choke our na-tion's life And hopes and i - deals droop and die?
With cry - ing blood of broth - er's wrongs, Where ev - 'ry eve-ning sun doth set
Far o'er the un - du - lat - ing plains Where dis-tant sky and mountains meet.
Shall free-dom's song our fa - thers knew Be but an ech - o to the sky?
On dis - con-tent and grow - ing need, On cheer - less home, on bit - ter strife—
Each day the cur-rents strong - er sweep A - cross the hopes that life holds dear:
Still do the streaming hordes sweep in Thro' o - pen gates—an ea - ger throng—
The hud - dled, crowd- ed, cheer - less mass,—The emp - ty, hope-less, sor - did life.
Must du - ty chal-lenge to the task Which Christ Him-self in love makes clear?
God, give us strength to make them Thine And teach them brotherhood's own song!
CHORUS
Thy grace, O God, im - part that we In love to a - lien folk may show

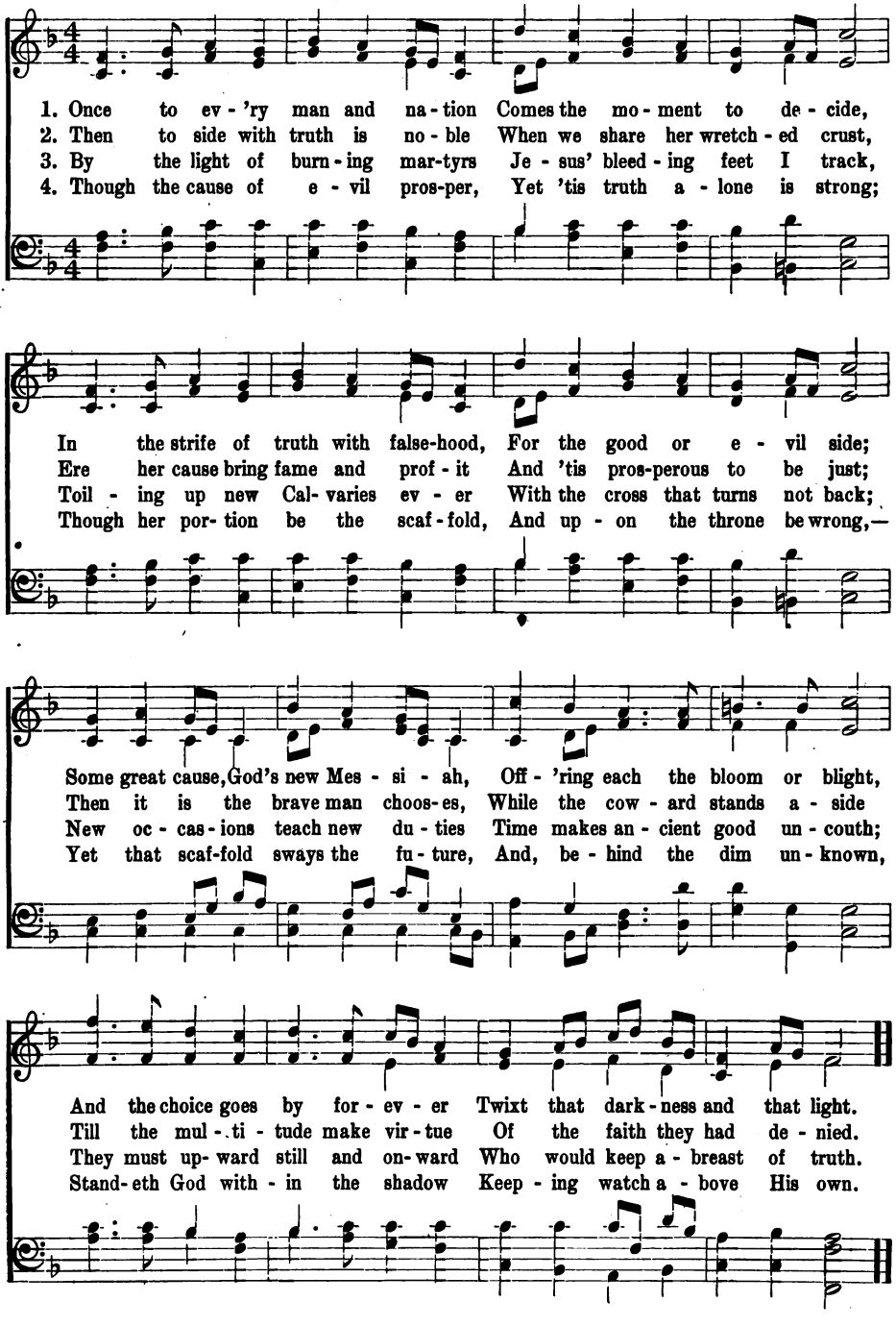
By permission



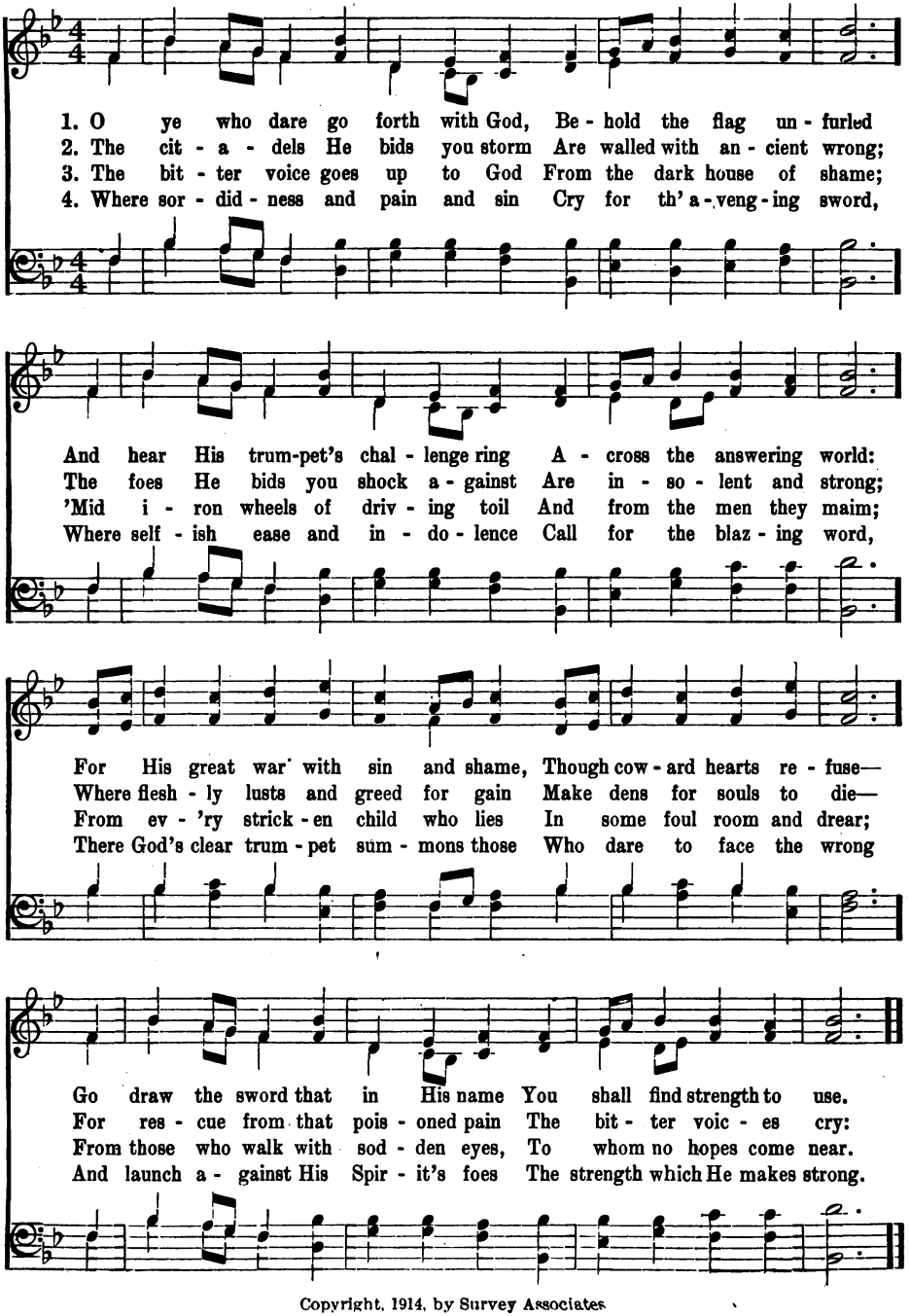
79 We Knelt Before Kings

WILLIAM PEARSON MERRILL MICHAEL HAYDN

1. We knelt be - fore kings, we bent be - fore lords; For theirs were the
2. We cringed be - fore gold, we de - if - ied wealth; We laid on its
3. The strength of the State we'll lav - ish on more Than mak - ing of
4. Great day of Je - ho - vah, proph - ets and seers Have sung of thy
crowns, and theirs were the swords: But the times of the bend - ing and
al - tar the life and the health Of man - hood and wom - an - hood,
wealth and mak - ing of war; We are learn - ing at last, though the
com - ing thou-sands of years; Thank God for each sign that the
bow - ing are past, And the day of the peo - ple is dawn-ing at last!
child-hood and youth: But its lord-ship is doomed in this day of the truth.
les - son comes late, That the mak - ing of man is the task of the State.
dark night is past And the day of the peo - ple is dawn-ing at last!

80 Once To Every Man and Nation

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL — FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,
2. Then to side with truth is no - ble When we share her wretch - ed crust,
3. By the light of burn - ing mar-tyrs Je - sus' bleed - ing feet I track,
4. Though the cause of e - vil pros-per, Yet 'tis truth a - lone is strong;
In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side;
Ere her cause bring fame and prof - it And 'tis pros-perous to be just;
Toil - ing up new Cal- varies ev - er With the cross that turns not back;
Though her por- tion be the scaf - fold, And up - on the throne be wrong,—
Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Off - 'ring each the bloom or blight,
Then it is the brave man choos - es, While the cow - ard stands a - side
New oc - cas - ions teach new du - ties Time makes an - cient good un - couth;
Yet that scaf-fold sways the fu - ture, And, be - hind the dim un - known,
And the choice goes by for - ev - er Twixt that dark - ness and that light.
Till the mul - ti - tude make vir - tue Of the faith they had de - nied.
They must up- ward still and on- ward Who would keep a - breast of truth.
Stand - eth God with - in the shadow Keep - ing watch a - bove His own.

81 O Ye Who Dare Go Forth With God

W. Russell Bowie "Ellacombe"

1. O ye who dare go forth with God, Be - hold the flag un - furled
2. The cit - a - dels He bids you storm Are walled with an - cient wrong;
3. The bit - ter voice goes up to God From the dark house of shame;
4. Where sor - did - ness and pain and sin Cry for th' a - veng - ing sword,
And hear His trum-pet's chal - lenge ring A - cross the answering world:
The foes He bids you shock a - gainst Are in - so - lent and strong;
'Mid i - ron wheels of driv - ing toil And from the men they maim;
Where self - ish ease and in - do - lence Call for the blaz - ing word,
For His great war with sin and shame, Though cow - ard hearts re - fuse—
Where flesh - ly lusts and greed for gain Make dens for souls to die—
From ev - 'ry strick - en child who lies In some foul room and drear;
There God's clear trum - pet sum - mons those Who dare to face the wrong
Go draw the sword that in His name You shall find strength to use.
For res - cue from that pois - oned pain The bit - ter voic - es cry:
From those who walk with sod - den eyes, To whom no hopes come near.
And launch a - gainst His Spir - it's foes The strength which He makes strong.

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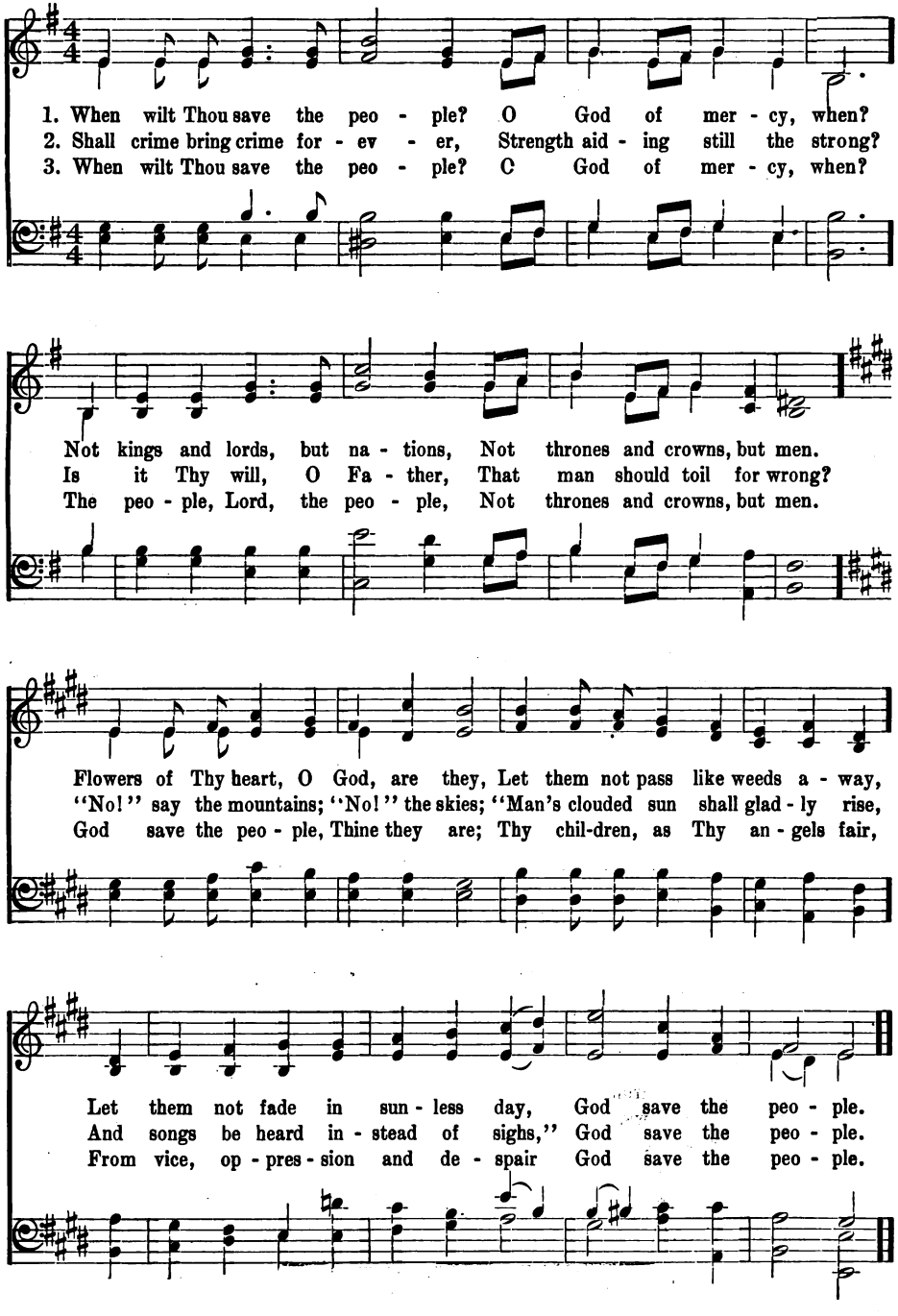
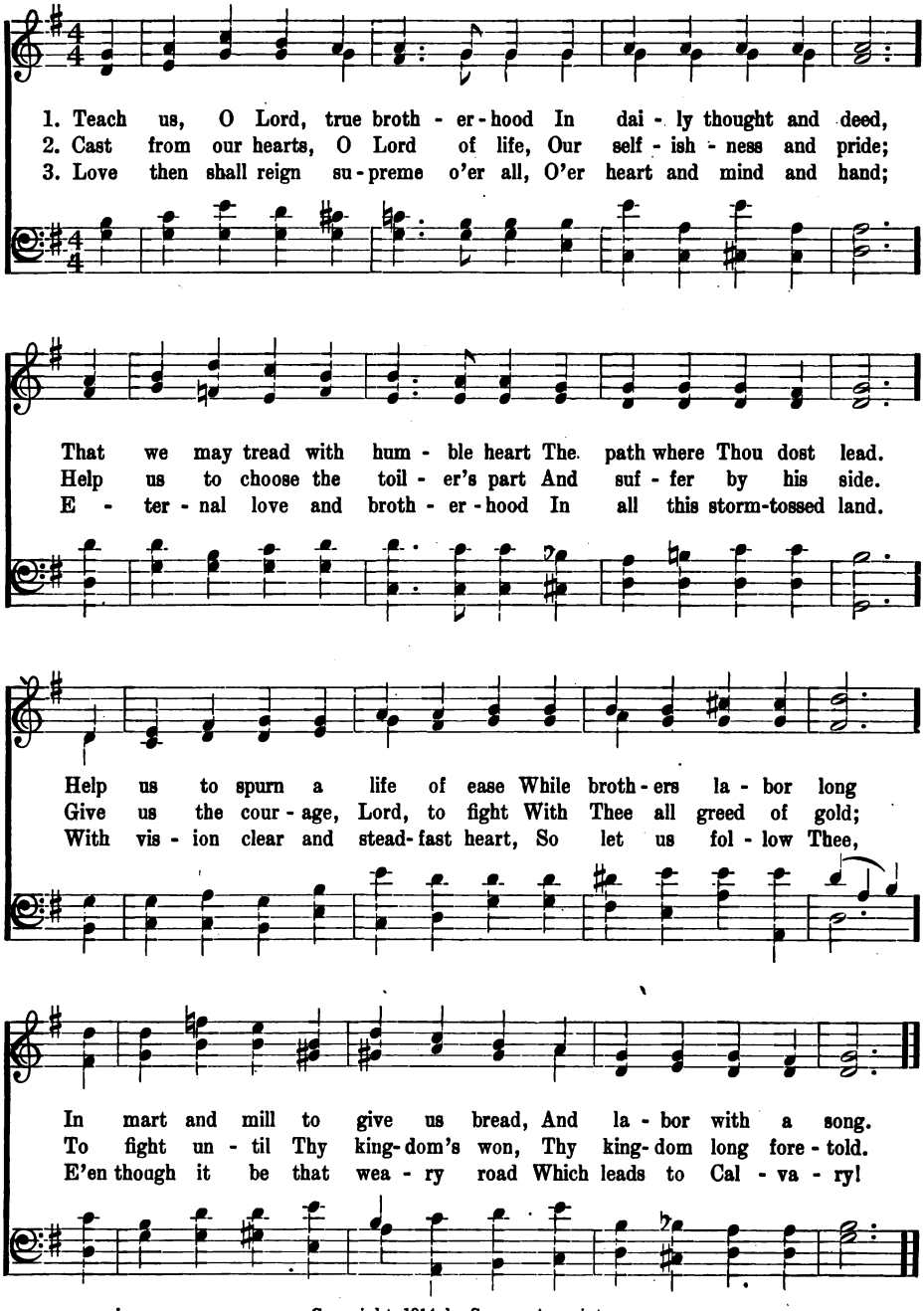
82 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT JOSIAH BOOTH


1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That man should toil for wrong?
The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass like weeds a - way,
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies; "Man's clouded sun shall glad - ly rise,
God save the peo - ple, Thine they are; Thy chil-dren, as Thy an - gels fair,
Let them not fade in sun - less day, God save the peo - ple.
And songs be heard in - stead of sighs," God save the peo - ple.
From vice, op - pres - sion and de - spair God save the peo - ple.

83 Teach Us, O Lord, True Brotherhood

MARION DUTTON SAVAGE — HENRY HILES

1. Teach us, O Lord, true broth - er - hood In dai - ly thought and deed,
2. Cast from our hearts, O Lord of life, Our self - ish - ness and pride;
3. Love then shall reign su - preme o'er all, O'er heart and mind and hand;
That we may tread with hum - ble heart The path where Thou dost lead.
Help us to choose the toil - er's part And suf - fer by his side.
E - ter - nal love and broth - er - hood In all this storm-tossed land.
Help us to spurn a life of ease While broth - ers la - bor long
Give us the cour - age, Lord, to fight With Thee all greed of gold;
With vis - ion clear and stead - fast heart, So let us fol - low Thee,
In mart and mill to give us bread, And la - bor with a song.
To fight un - til Thy king - dom's won, Thy king - dom long fore - told.
E'en though it be that wea - ry road Which leads to Cal - va - ry!

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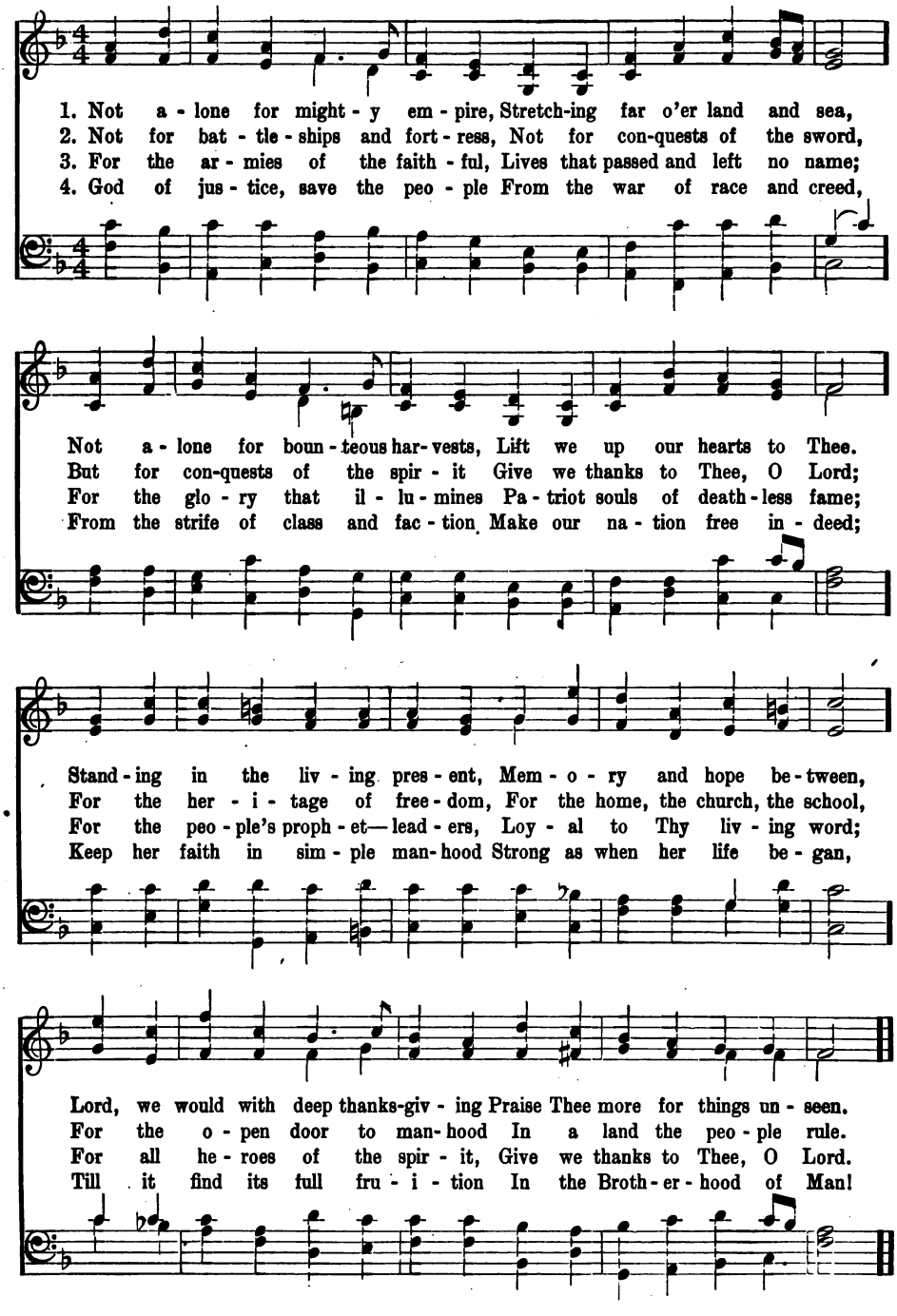
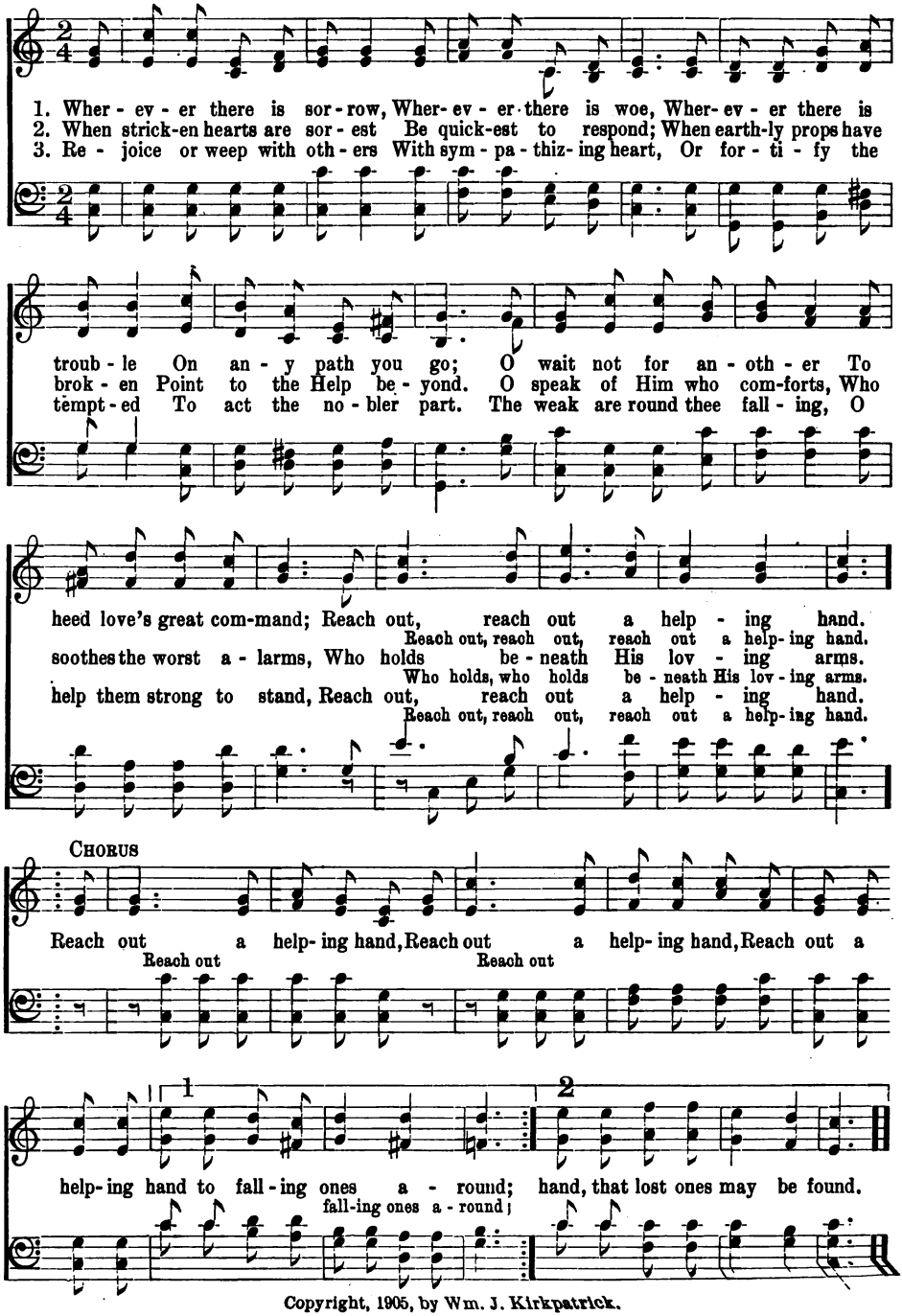
84 Not Alone For Mighty Empire

WILLIAM P. MERRILL — HENRY SMART

1. Not a - lone for might - y em - pire, Stretch-ing far o'er land and sea,
2. Not for bat - tle - ships and fort - ress, Not for con-quests of the sword,
3. For the ar - mies of the faith - ful, Lives that passed and left no name;
4. God of jus - tice, save the peo - ple From the war of race and creed,
Not a - lone for boun - teous har- vests, Lift we up our hearts to Thee.
But for con-quests of the spir - it Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord;
For the glo - ry that il - lu - mines Pa - triot souls of death - less fame;
From the strife of class and fac - tion Make our na - tion free in - deed;
Stand - ing in the liv - ing pres - ent, Mem - o - ry and hope be - tween,
For the her - i - tage of free - dom, For the home, the church, the school,
For the peo - ple's proph - et— lead - ers, Loy - al to Thy liv - ing word;
Keep her faith in sim - ple man - hood Strong as when her life be - gan,
Lord, we would with deep thanks-giv - ing Praise Thee more for things un - seen.
For the o - pen door to man - hood In a land the peo - ple rule.
For all he - roes of the spir - it, Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.
Till it find its full fru - i - tion In the Broth - er - hood of Man!

85 Reach Out a Helping Hand

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Wher - ev - er there is sor - row, Wher- ev - er there is woe, Wher- ev - er there is
2. When strick-en hearts are sor - est Be quick-est to respond; When earth-ly props have
3. Re - joice or weep with oth - ers With sym - pa - thiz- ing heart, Or for - ti - fy the
troub - le On an - y path you go; O wait not for an - oth - er To
brok - en Point to the Help be - yond. O speak of Him who com-forts, Who
tempt - ed To act the no - bler part. The weak are round thee fall - ing, O
heed love's great com-mand; Reach out, reach out a help - ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
soothes the worst a - larms, Who holds be - neath His lov - ing arms.
Who holds, who holds be - neath His lov - ing arms.
help them strong to stand, Reach out, reach out a help - ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
Chorus
Reach out a help- ing hand, Reach out a help- ing hand, Reach out a
Reach out
Reach out
1
2
help- ing hand to fall - ing ones a - round; hand, that lost ones may be found.
fall-ing ones a - round;

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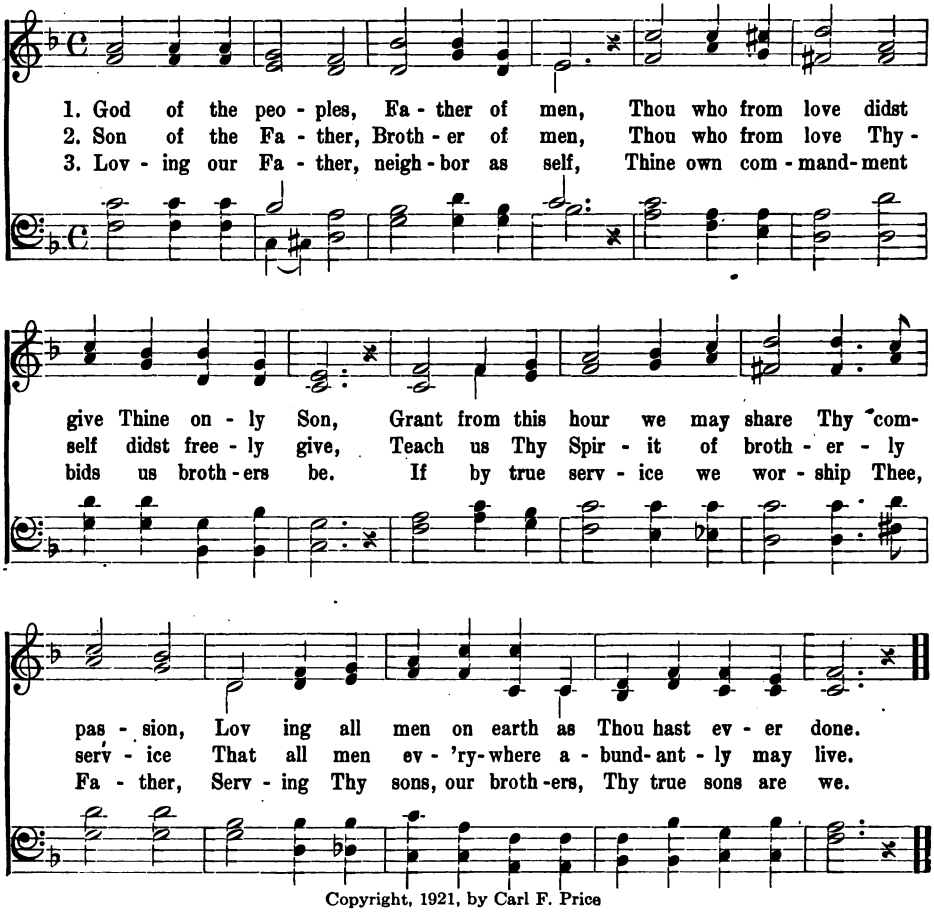
86 Hymn of Brotherhood

G. L. GILBERT LOVELAND

1. God of the peo - ples, Fa - ther of men, Thou who from love didst
2. Son of the Fa - ther, Broth - er of men, Thou who from love Thy -
3. Lov - ing our Fa - ther, neigh - bor as self, Thine own com - mand - ment
give Thine on - ly Son, Grant from this hour we may share Thy com-
self didst free - ly give, Teach us Thy Spir - it of broth - er - ly
bids us broth - ers be. If by true serv - ice we wor - ship Thee,
pas - sion, Lov ing all men on earth as Thou hast ev - er done.
serv - ice That all men ev - 'ry - where a - bund - ant - ly may live.
Fa - ther, Serv - ing Thy sons, our broth - ers, Thy true sons are we.

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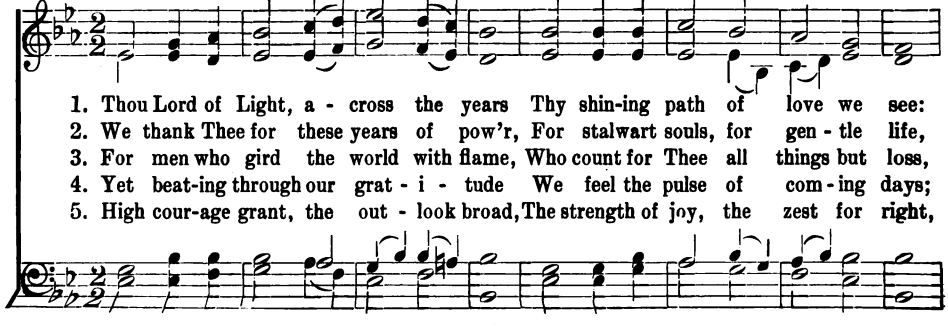
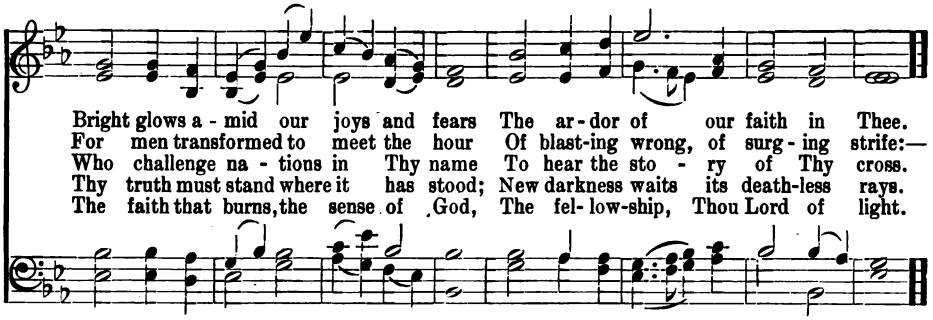
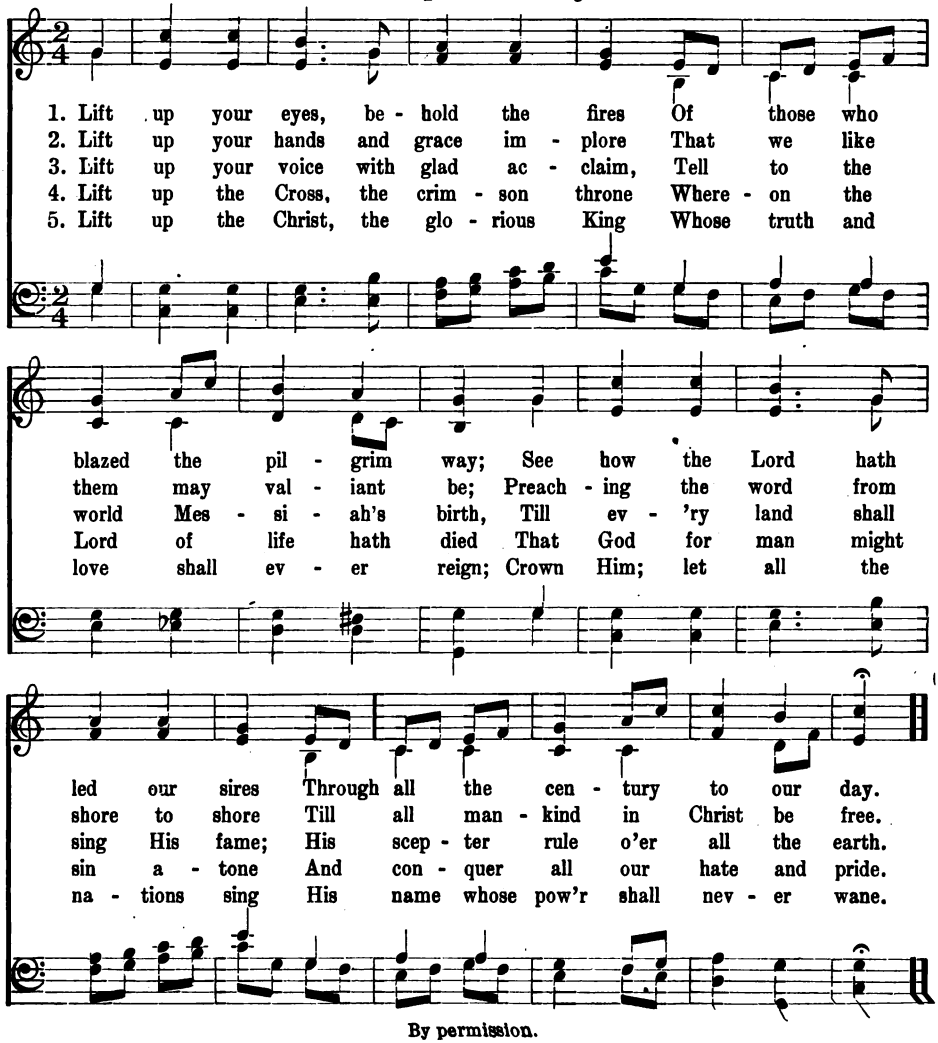
87 Thou Lord of Light, Across the Years

FRANK MASON NORTH JOHN HATTON


1. Thou Lord of Light, a - cross the years Thy shin-ing path of love we see:
2. We thank Thee for these years of pow'r, For stalwart souls, for gen - tle life,
3. For men who gird the world with flame, Who count for Thee all things but loss,
4. Yet beat-ing through our grat - i - tude We feel the pulse of com - ing days;
5. High cour-age grant, the out - look broad, The strength of joy, the zest for right,

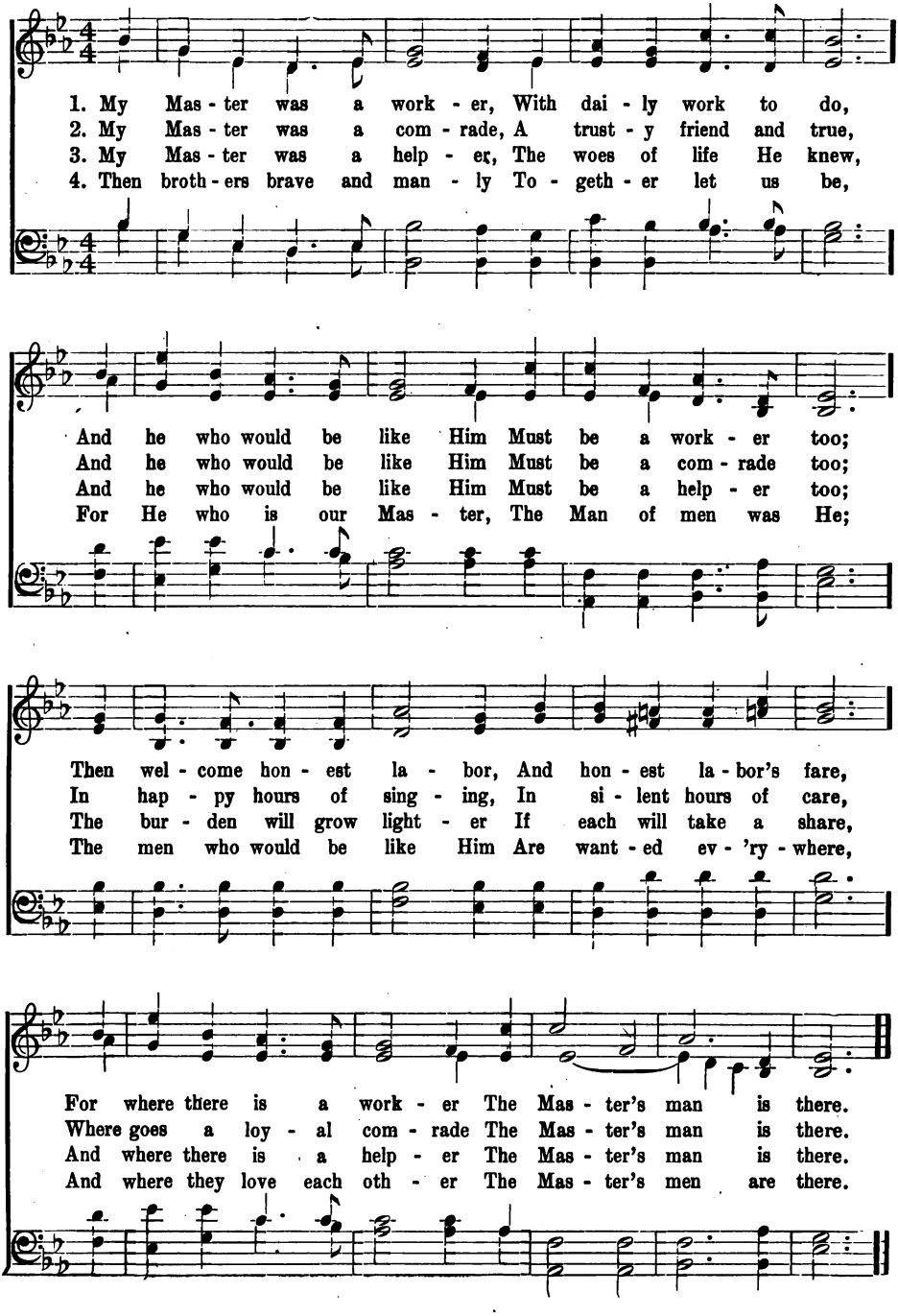
Thou Lord of Light, Across the Years—Concluded


Bright glows a - mid our joys and fears The ar - dor of our faith in Thee.
For men transformed to meet the hour Of blast-ing wrong, of surg - ing strife:—
Who challenge na - tions in Thy name To hear the sto - ry of Thy cross.
Thy truth must stand where it has stood; New darkness waits its death-less rays.
The faith that burns, the sense of God, The fel - low-ship, Thou Lord of light.

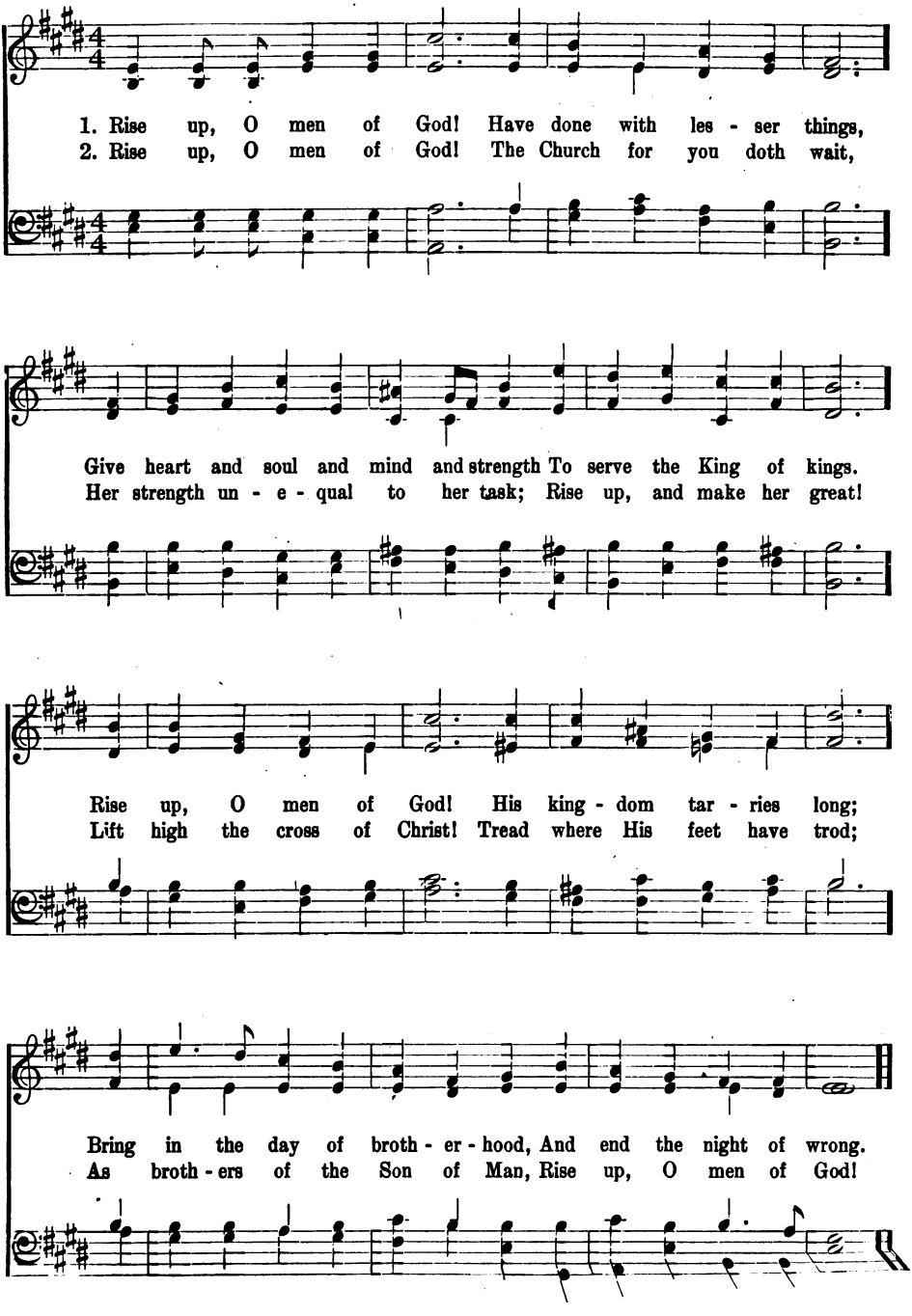
88 J. E. CROWTHER — Lift Up Your Eyes — WILLIAM J. KRAFT

1. Lift up your eyes, be - hold the fires Of those who
2. Lift up your hands and grace im - plore That we like
3. Lift up your voice with glad ac - claim, Tell to the
4. Lift up the Cross, the crim - son throne Where - on the
5. Lift up the Christ, the glo - rious King Whose truth and
blazed the pil - grim way; See how the Lord hath
them may val - iant be; Preach - ing the word from
world Mes - si - ah's birth, Till ev - 'ry land shall
Lord of life hath died That God for man might
love shall ev - er reign; Crown Him; let all the
led our sires Through all the cen - tury to our day.
shore to shore Till all man - kind in Christ be free.
sing His fame; His scep - ter rule o'er all the earth.
sin a - tone And con - quer all our hate and pride.
na - tions sing His name whose pow'r shall nev - er wane.

By permission.

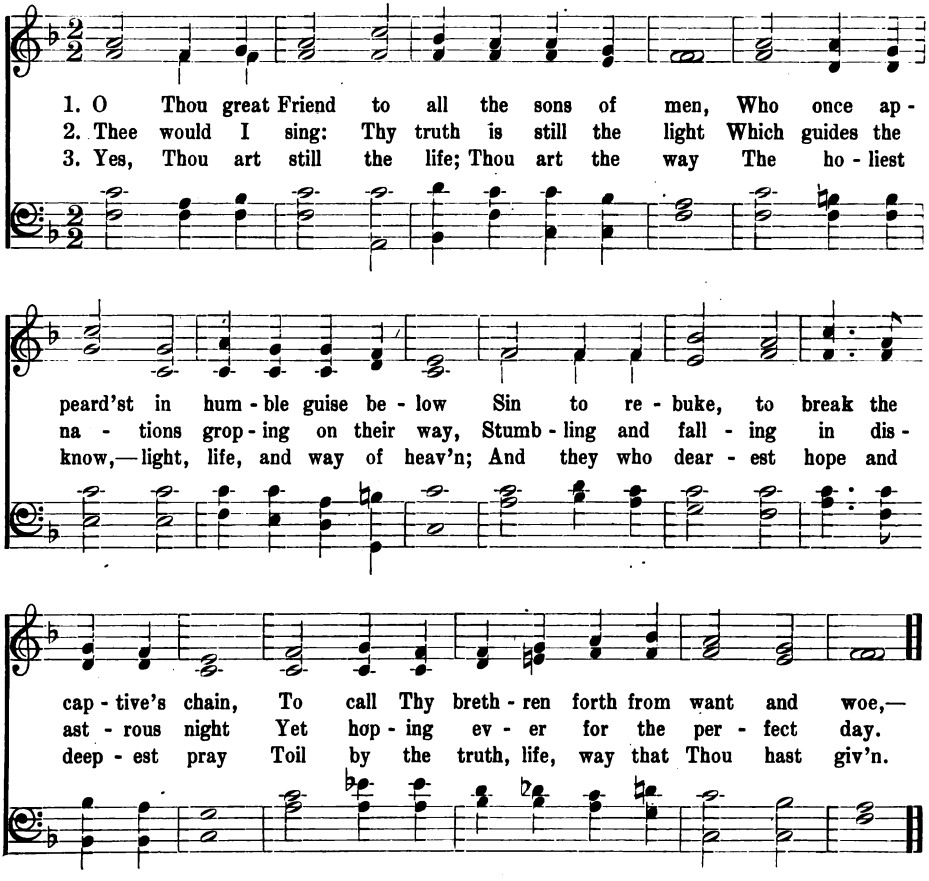
89 My Master Was a Worker

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT — Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN

1. My Mas - ter was a work - er, With dai - ly work to do,
2. My Mas - ter was a com - rade, A trust - y friend and true,
3. My Mas - ter was a help - er, The woes of life He knew,
4. Then broth - ers brave and man - ly To - geth - er let us be,
And he who would be like Him Must be a work - er too;
And he who would be like Him Must be a com - rade too;
And he who would be like Him Must be a help - er too;
For He who is our Mas - ter, The Man of men was He;
Then wel - come hon - est la - bor, And hon - est la - bor's fare,
In hap - py hours of sing - ing, In si - lent hours of care,
The bur - den will grow light - er If each will take a share,
The men who would be like Him Are want - ed ev - 'ry - where,
For where there is a work - er The Mas - ter's man is there.
Where goes a loy - al com - rade The Mas - ter's man is there.
And where there is a help - er The Mas - ter's man is there.
And where they love each oth - er The Mas - ter's men are there.

Rise Up, O Men of God!

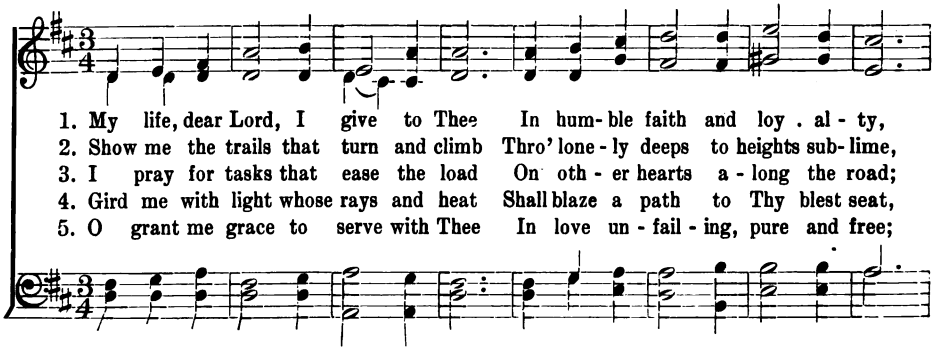
WILLIAM P. MERRILL — GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with les - ser things,
2. Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings.
Her strength un - e - qual to her task; Rise up, and make her great!
Rise up, O men of God! His king - dom tar - ries long;
Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where His feet have trod;
Bring in the day of broth - er - hood, And end the night of wrong.
As broth - ers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O men of God!

91 O Thou Great Friend

THEODORE PARKER — JAMES LANGRAN

1. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-
2. Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light Which guides the
3. Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way The ho-liest
peard'st in hum-ble guise be-low Sin to re-buke, to break the
na-tions grop-ing on their way, Stumb-ling and fall-ing in dis-
know,—light, life, and way of heav'n; And they who dear-est hope and
cap-tive's chain, To call Thy breth-ren forth from want and woe,—
ast-rous night Yet hop-ing ev-er for the per-fect day.
deep-est pray Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast giv'n.

92 My Life, Dear Lord, I Give to Thee

C. W. L. — CALVIN W. LAUFER


1. My life, dear Lord, I give to Thee In hum-ble faith and loy-al-ty,
2. Show me the trails that turn and climb Thro' lone-ly deeps to heights sub-lime,
3. I pray for tasks that ease the load On oth-er hearts a-long the road;
4. Gird me with light whose rays and heat Shall blaze a path to Thy blest seat,
5. O grant me grace to serve with Thee In love un-fail-ing, pure and free;

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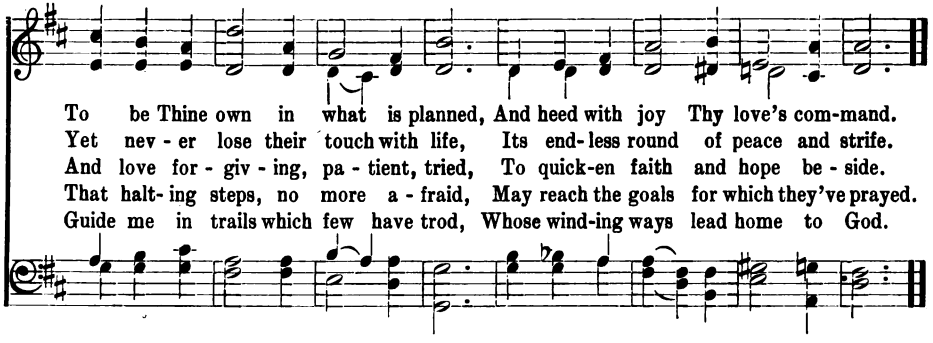
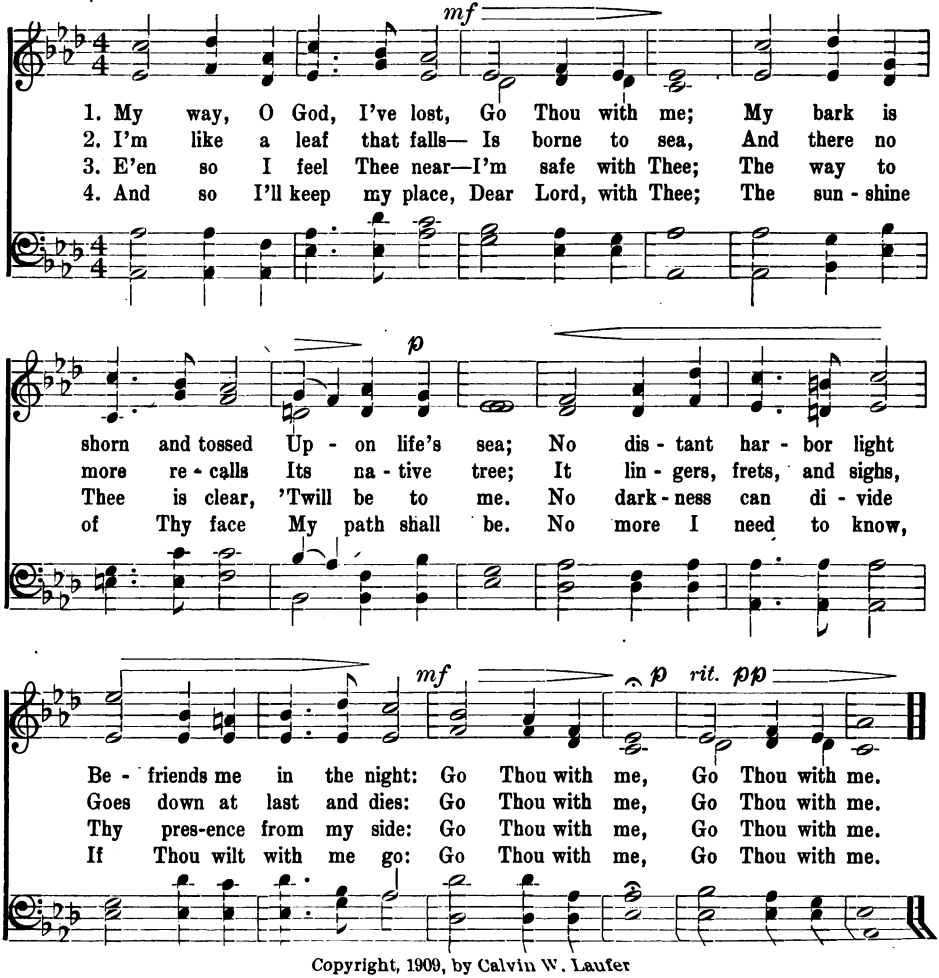

To be Thine own in what is planned, And heed with joy Thy love's com-mand.
Yet nev - er lose their touch with life, Its end- less round of peace and strife.
And love for - giv - ing, pa - tient, tried, To quick-en faith and hope be - side.
That halt- ing steps, no more a - fraid, May reach the goals for which they've prayed.
Guide me in trails which few have trod, Whose wind-ing ways lead home to God.

93 Go Thou With Me

C. W. L. CALVIN W. LAUFER

mf
1. My way, O God, I've lost, Go Thou with me; My bark is
2. I'm like a leaf that falls— Is borne to sea, And there no
3. E'en so I feel Thee near—I'm safe with Thee; The way to
4. And so I'll keep my place, Dear Lord, with Thee; The sun - shine
p
shorn and tossed Up - on life's sea; No dis - tant har - bor light
more re - calls Its na - tive tree; It lin - gers, frets, and sighs,
Thee is clear, 'Twill be to me. No dark - ness can di - vide
of Thy face My path shall be. No more I need to know,
mf
p rit. pp
Be - friends me in the night: Go Thou with me, Go Thou with me.
Goes down at last and dies: Go Thou with me, Go Thou with me.
Thy pres-ence from my side: Go Thou with me, Go Thou with me.
If Thou wilt with me go: Go Thou with me, Go Thou with me.

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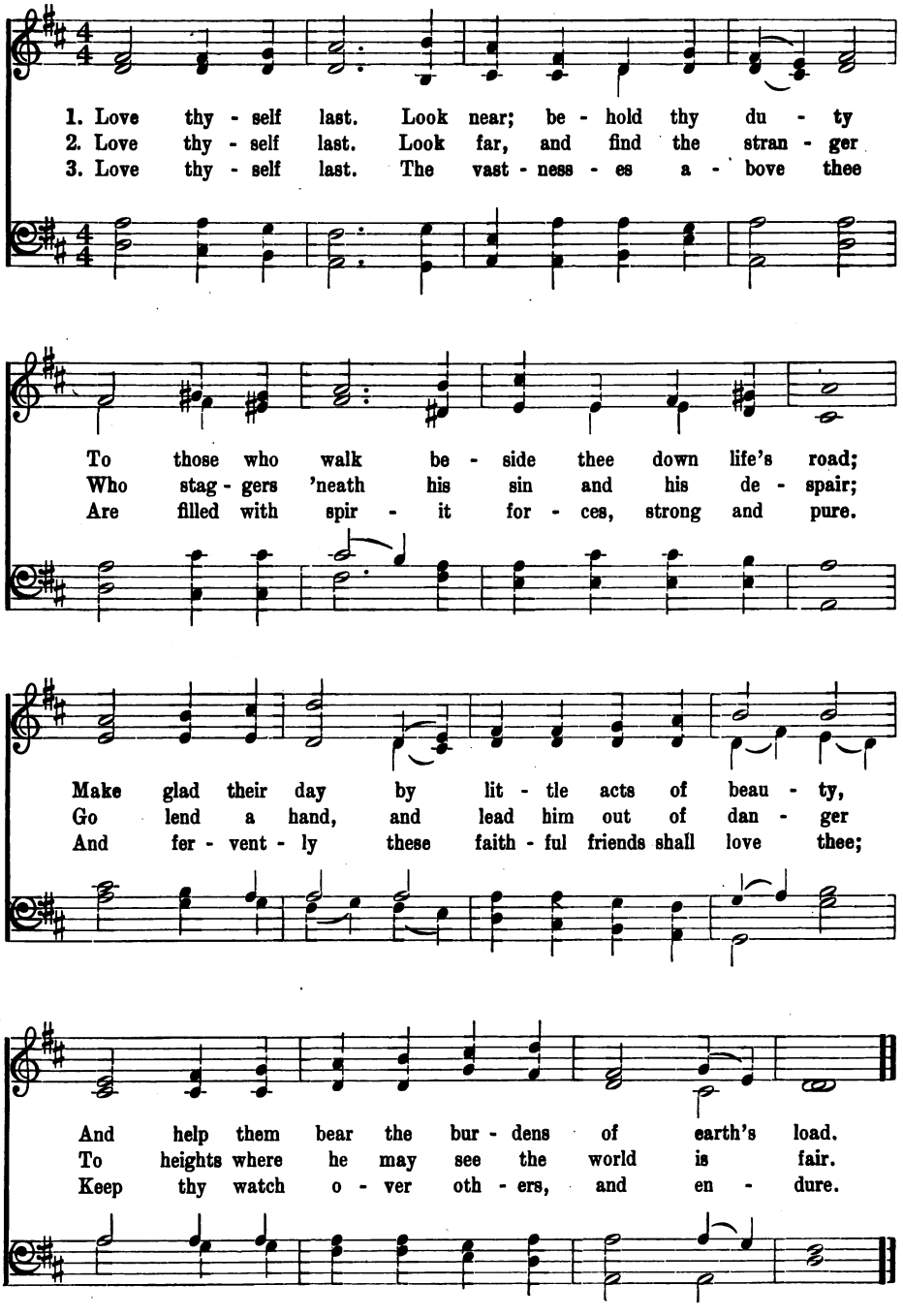
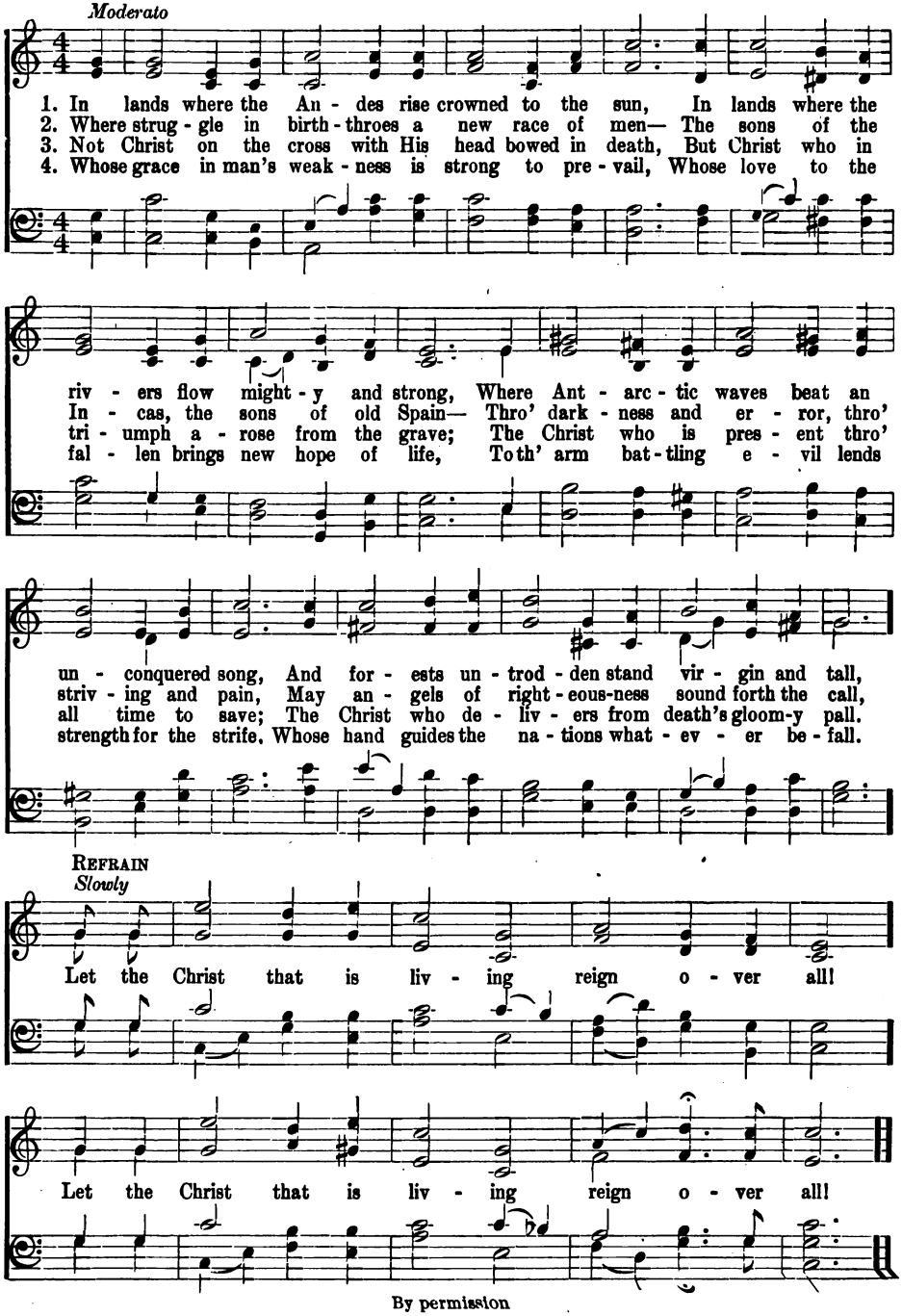
Love Thyself Last

Anon. JOHN B. DYKES

1. Love thy - self last. Look near; be - hold thy du - ty
2. Love thy - self last. Look far, and find the stran - ger
3. Love thy - self last. The vast - ness - es a - bove thee
To those who walk be - side thee down life's road;
Who stag - gers 'neath his sin and his de - spair;
Are filled with spir - it for - ces, strong and pure.
Make glad their day by lit - tle acts of beau - ty,
Go lend a hand, and lead him out of dan - ger
And fer - vent - ly these faith - ful friends shall love thee;
And help them bear the bur - dens of earth's load.
To heights where he may see the world is fair.
Keep thy watch o - ver oth - ers, and en - dure.

95 Let the Christ That Is Living Reign Over All

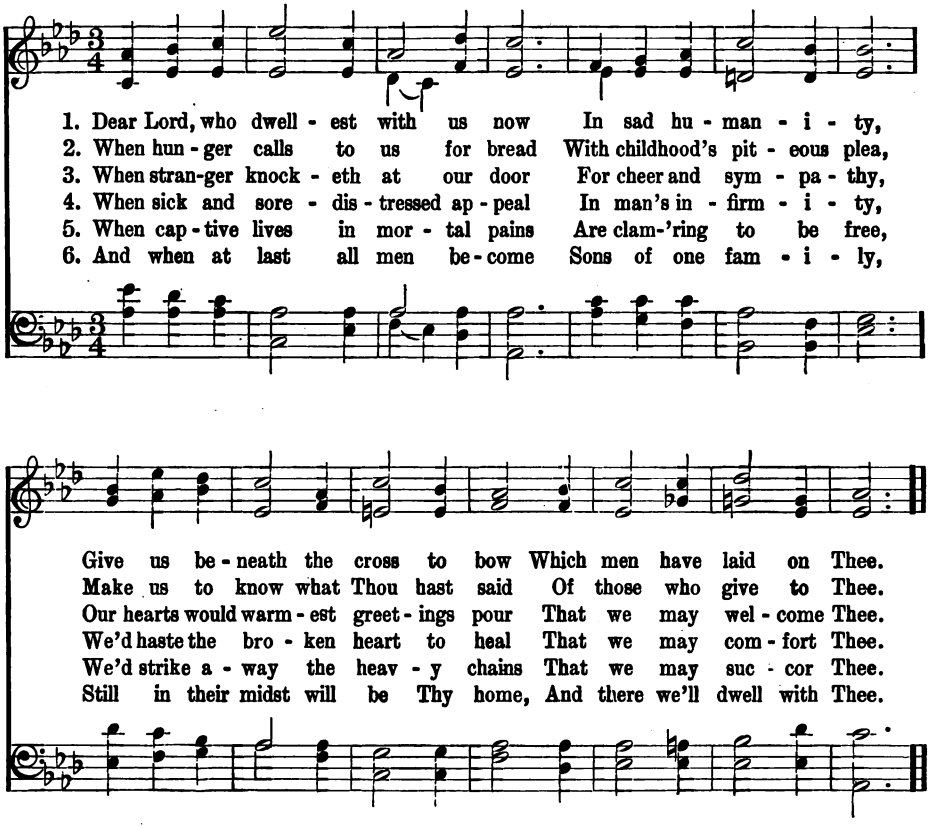
ANITA B. FERRIS — CARL F. PRICE

Moderato

1. In lands where the An - des rise crowned to the sun, In lands where the riv - ers flow might - y and strong, Where Ant - arc - tic waves beat an un - conquered song, And for - ests un - trod - den stand vir - gin and tall,
2. Where strug - gle in birth - throes a new race of men— The sons of the In - cas, the sons of old Spain— Thro' dark - ness and er - ror, thro' striv - ing and pain, May an - gels of right - eous-ness sound forth the call,
3. Not Christ on the cross with His head bowed in death, But Christ who in tri - umph a - rose from the grave; The Christ who is pres - ent thro' all time to save; The Christ who de - liv - ers from death's gloom-y pall.
4. Whose grace in man's weak - ness is strong to pre - vail, Whose love to the fal - len brings new hope of life, To th' arm bat - tling e - vil lends strength for the strife, Whose hand guides the na - tions what - ev - er be - fall.
REFRAIN
Slowly
Let the Christ that is liv - ing reign o - ver all!
Let the Christ that is liv - ing reign o - ver all!

By permission

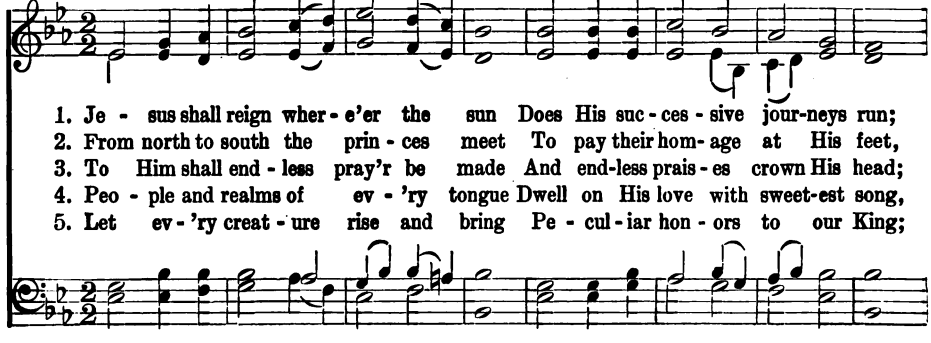
96 Dear Lord, Who Dwellest With Us Now.

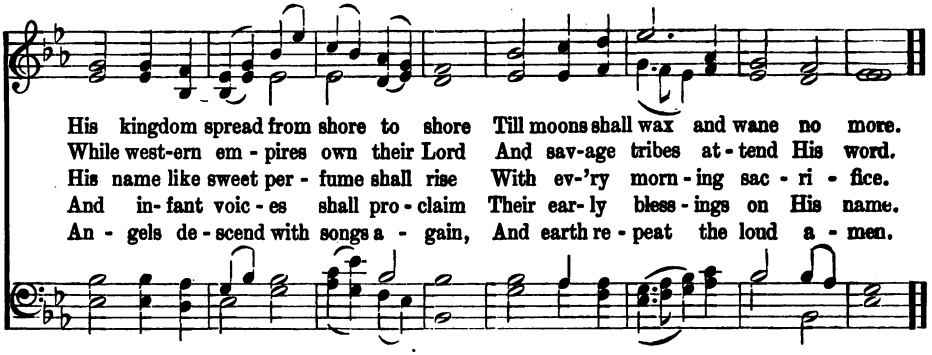
WILLIAM M. CRANE J. B. DYKES


1. Dear Lord, who dwell - est with us now In sad hu - man - i - ty,
2. When hun - ger calls to us for bread With childhood's pit - eous plea,
3. When stran-ger knock - eth at our door For cheer and sym - pa - thy,
4. When sick and sore - dis - tressed ap - peal In man's in - firm - i - ty,
5. When cap - tive lives in mor - tal pains Are clam-'ring to be free,
6. And when at last all men be - come Sons of one fam - i - ly,
Give us be - neath the cross to bow Which men have laid on Thee.
Make us to know what Thou hast said Of those who give to Thee.
Our hearts would warm - est greet - ings pour That we may wel - come Thee.
We'd haste the bro - ken heart to heal That we may com - fort Thee.
We'd strike a - way the heav - y chains That we may suc - cor Thee.
Still in their midst will be Thy home, And there we'll dwell with Thee.

97 Jesus Shall Reign

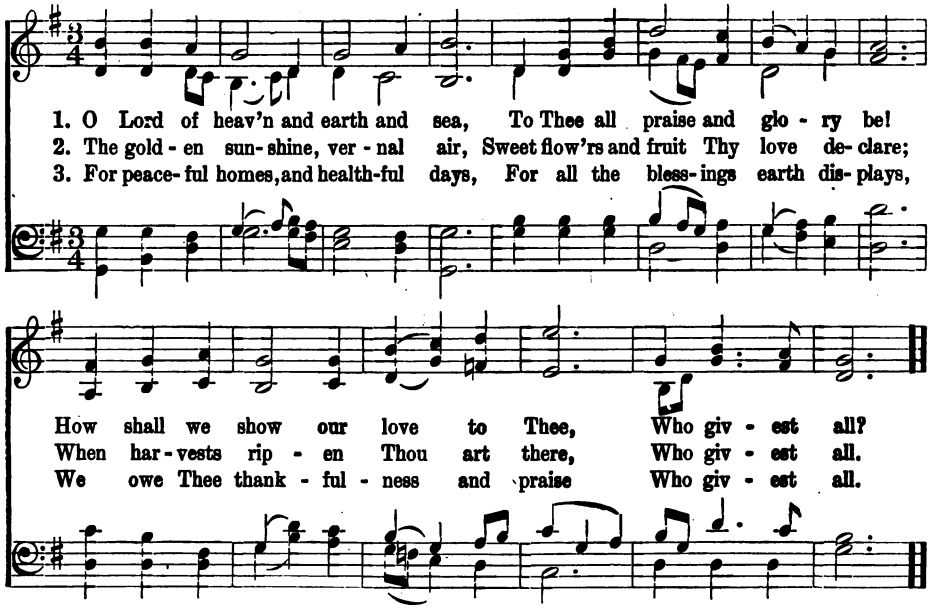
ISAAC WATTS JOHN HATTON


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom - age at His feet,
3. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end-less prais - es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,
5. Let ev - 'ry creat - ure rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King;


His kingdom spread from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While west-ern em - pires own their Lord And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in- fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear- ly bless - ings on His name.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud a - men.

98 Who Givest All

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH JOHN B. DYKES


1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be!
2. The gold - en sun- shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit Thy love de- clare;
3. For peace- ful homes, and health-ful days, For all the bless- ings earth dis- plays,
How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
When har - vests rip - en Thou art there, Who giv - est all.
We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise Who giv - est all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

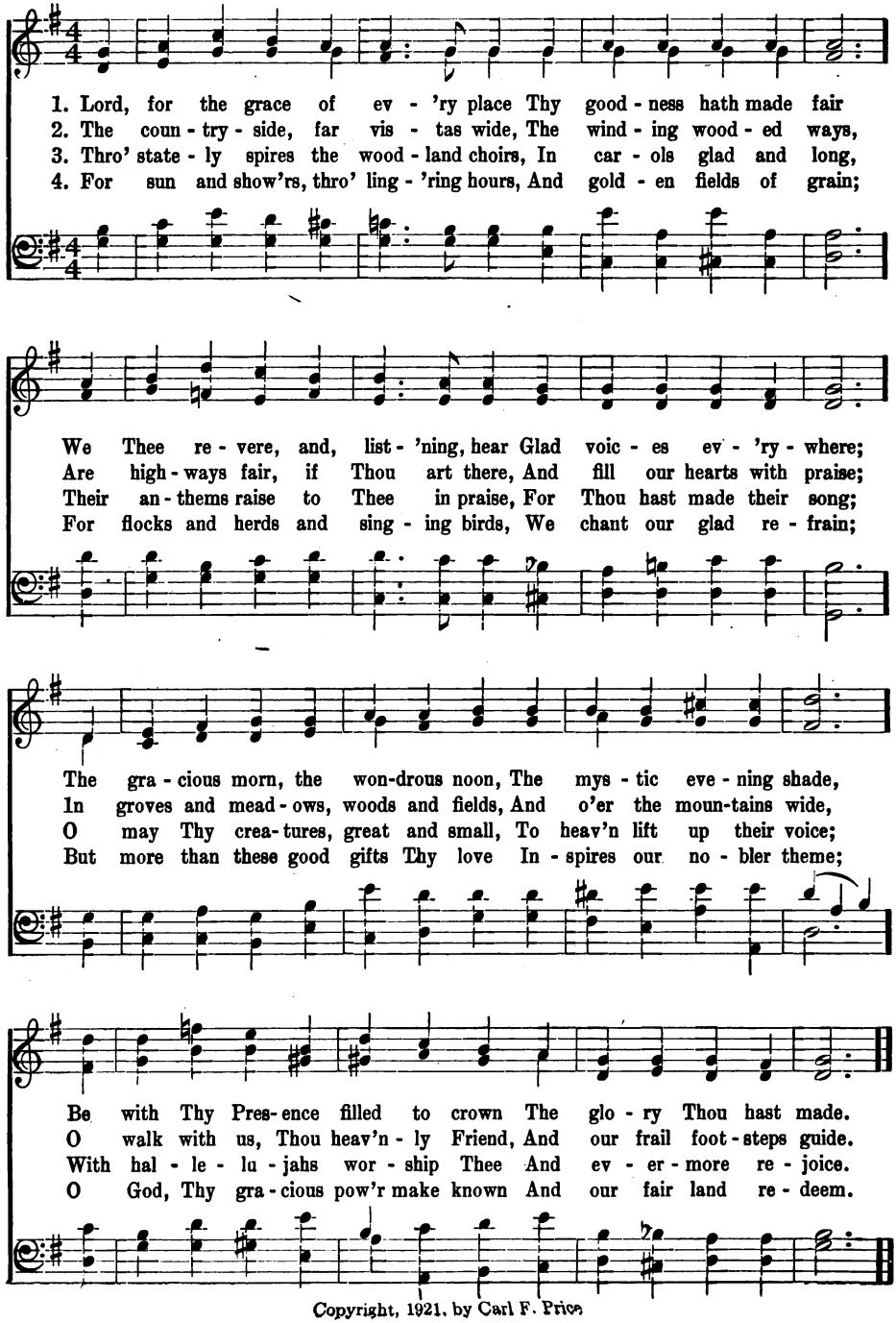
7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all;

9 To Thee from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

Rural Hymn

HAROLD E. WILSON — HENRY HILES


1. Lord, for the grace of ev - 'ry place Thy good - ness hath made fair
2. The coun - try - side, far vis - tas wide, The wind - ing wood - ed ways,
3. Thro' state - ly spires the wood - land choirs, In car - ols glad and long,
4. For sun and show'rs, thro' ling - 'ring hours, And gold - en fields of grain;
We Thee re - vere, and, list - 'ning, hear Glad voic - es ev - 'ry - where;
Are high - ways fair, if Thou art there, And fill our hearts with praise;
Their an - thems raise to Thee in praise, For Thou hast made their song;
For flocks and herds and sing - ing birds, We chant our glad re - frain;
The gra - cious morn, the won-drous noon, The mys - tic eve - ning shade,
In groves and mead - ows, woods and fields, And o'er the moun-tains wide,
O may Thy crea-tures, great and small, To heav'n lift up their voice;
But more than these good gifts Thy love In - spires our no - bler theme;
Be with Thy Pres-ence filled to crown The glo - ry Thou hast made.
O walk with us, Thou heav'n - ly Friend, And our frail foot - steps guide.
With hal - le - lu - jahs wor - ship Thee And ev - er - more re - joice.
O God, Thy gra - cious pow'r make known And our fair land re - deem.

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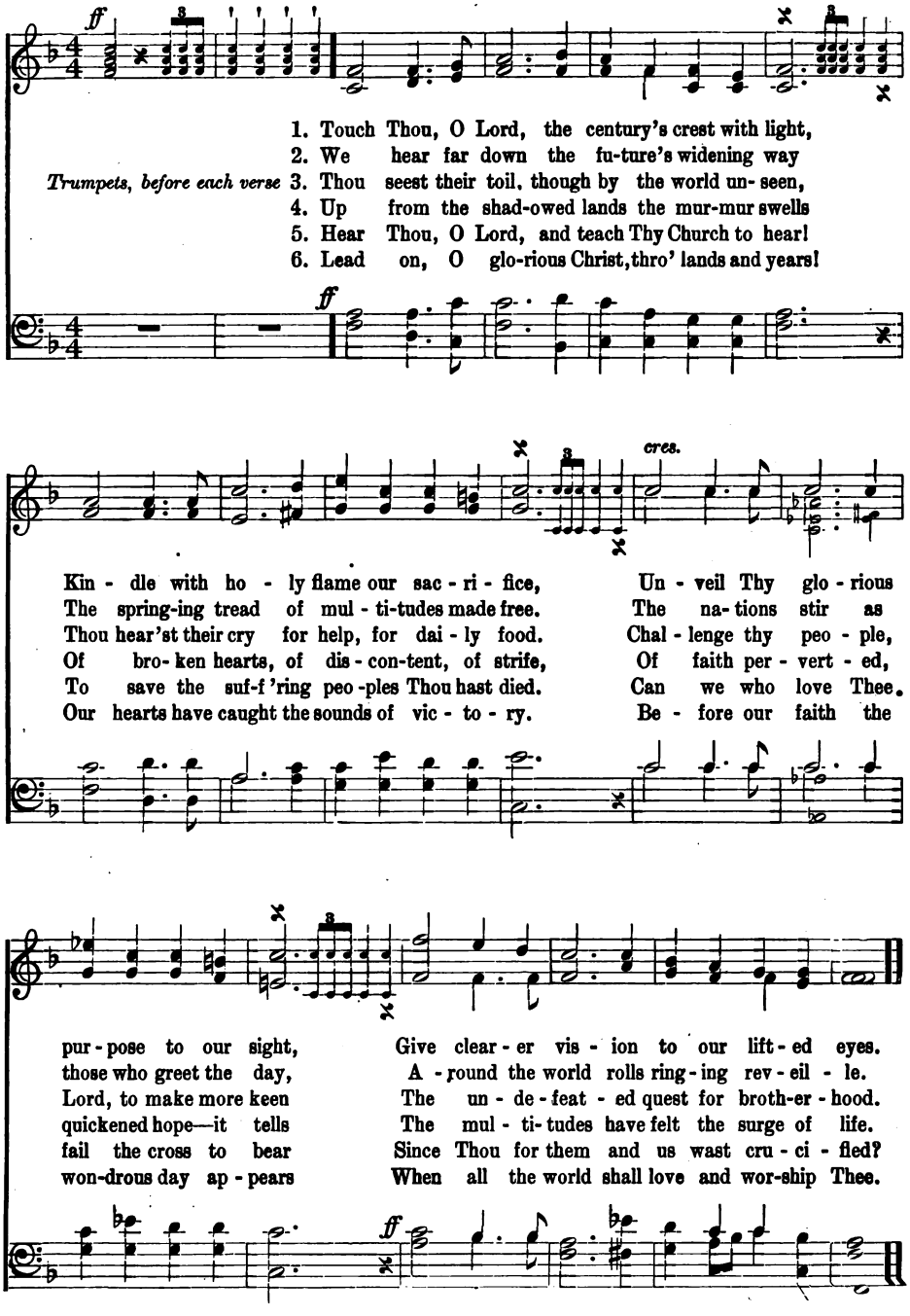
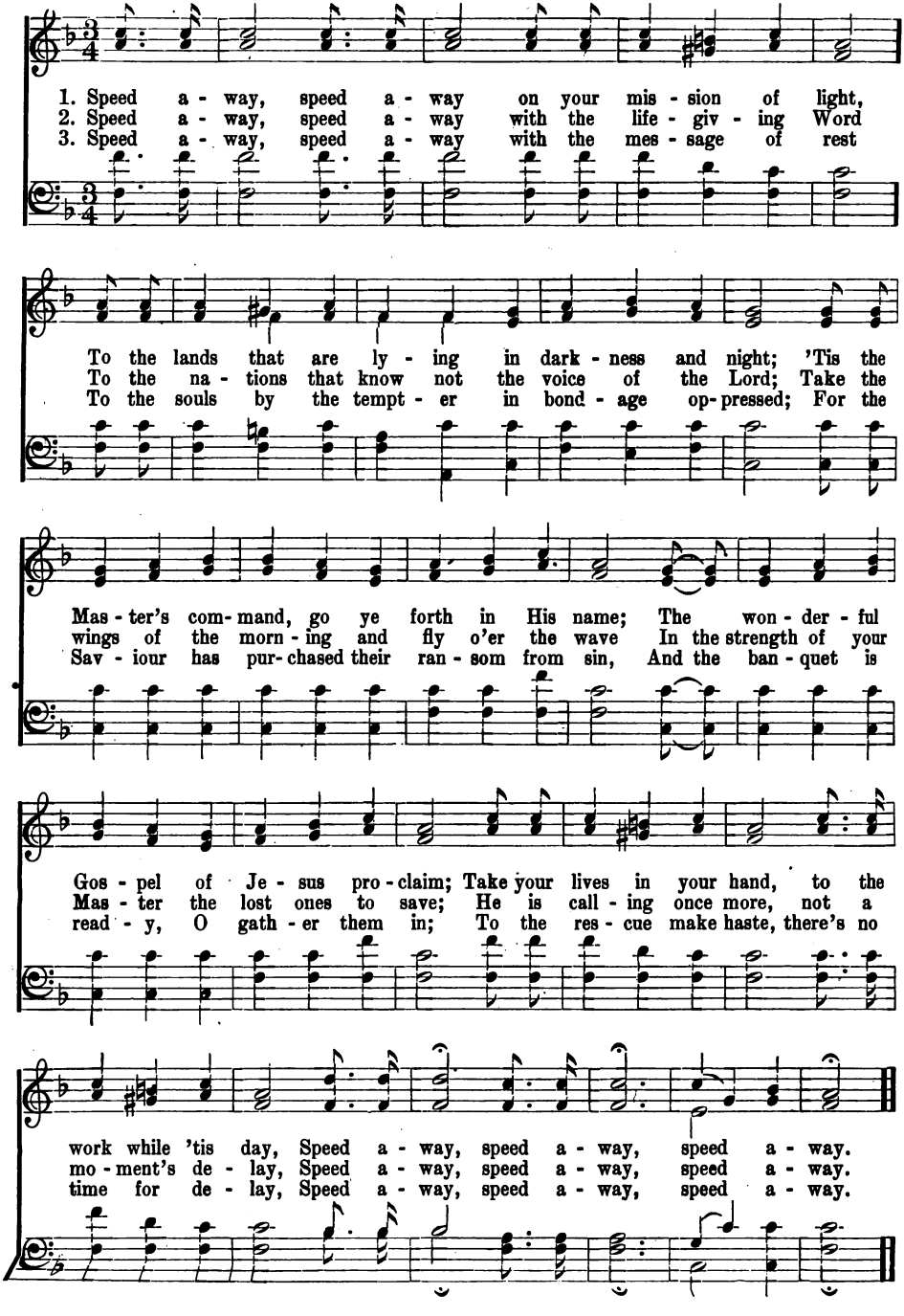
Centenary Hymn

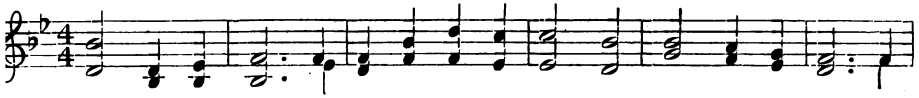
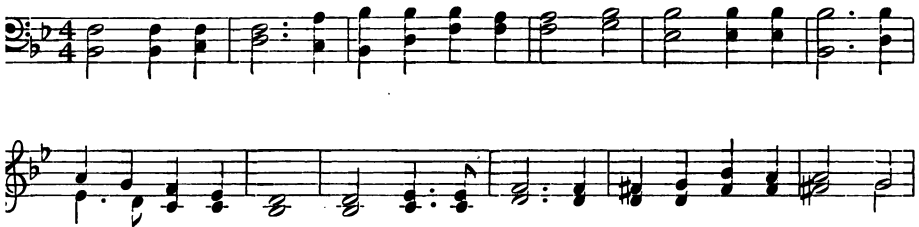
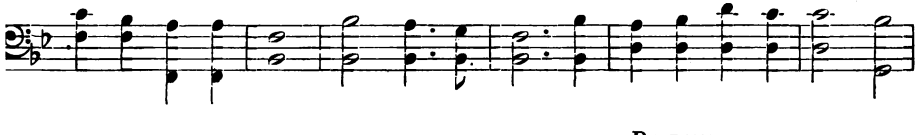
FRANK MASON NORTH — GEORGE W. WARREN

1. Touch Thou, O Lord, the century's crest with light,
2. We hear far down the fu-ture's widening way
Trumpets, before each verse
3. Thou seest their toil, though by the world un-seen,
4. Up from the shad-owed lands the mur-mur swells
5. Hear Thou, O Lord, and teach Thy Church to hear!
6. Lead on, O glo-rious Christ, thro' lands and years!
cres.
Kin - dle with ho - ly flame our sac - ri - fice,
The spring-ing tread of mul - ti-tudes made free.
Thou hear'st their cry for help, for dai - ly food.
Of bro- ken hearts, of dis - con-tent, of strife,
To save the suf-f'ring peo-ples Thou hast died.
Our hearts have caught the sounds of vic - to - ry.
Un - veil Thy glo - rious
The na-tions stir as
Chal - lenge thy peo - ple,
Of faith per - vert - ed,
Can we who love Thee.
Be - fore our faith the
pur - pose to our sight,
those who greet the day,
Lord, to make more keen
quickened hope—it tells
fail the cross to bear
won-drous day ap - pears
Give clear - er vis - ion to our lift - ed eyes.
A - round the world rolls ring - ing rev - eil - le.
The un - de - feat - ed quest for broth-er - hood.
The mul - ti- tudes have felt the surge of life.
Since Thou for them and us wast cru - ci - fied?
When all the world shall love and wor-ship Thee.

101 Speed Away

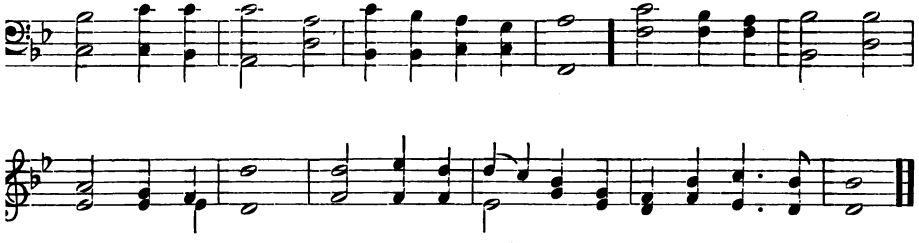
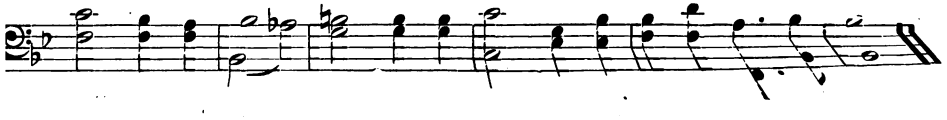
FANNY J. CROSBY — I. B. WOODBURY, arr.


1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest
To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the
Mas - ter's com - mand, go ye forth in His name; The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave In the strength of your
Sav - iour has pur - chased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is
Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no
work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

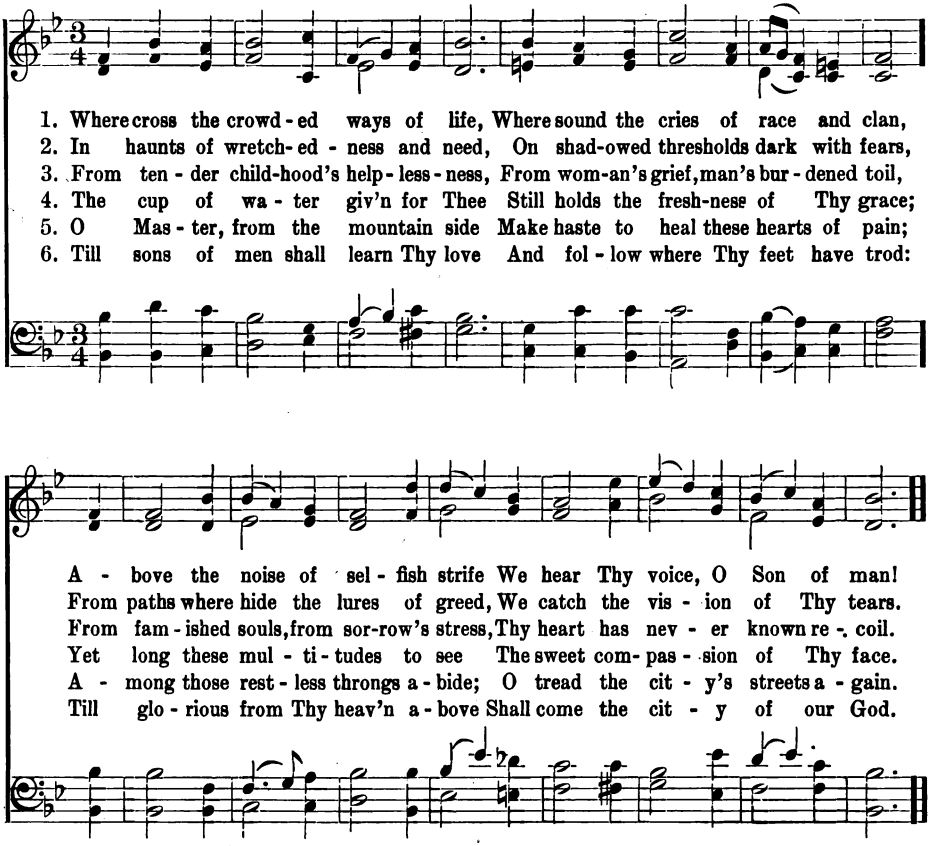
O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON JAMES WALCH

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes a - gain; O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him Make known to ev - 'ry

world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;
heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ran-somed fail to greet Him,

REFRAIN

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Through thy ne - glect un - fit to see His face.

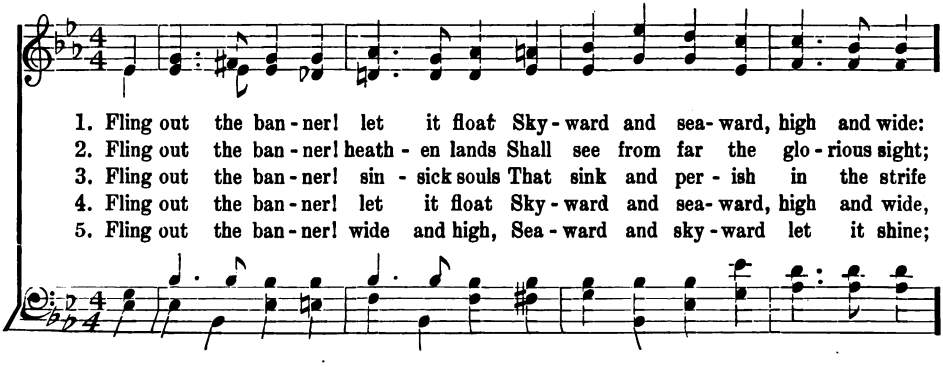
Pub - lish glad ti - dings;

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

103 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

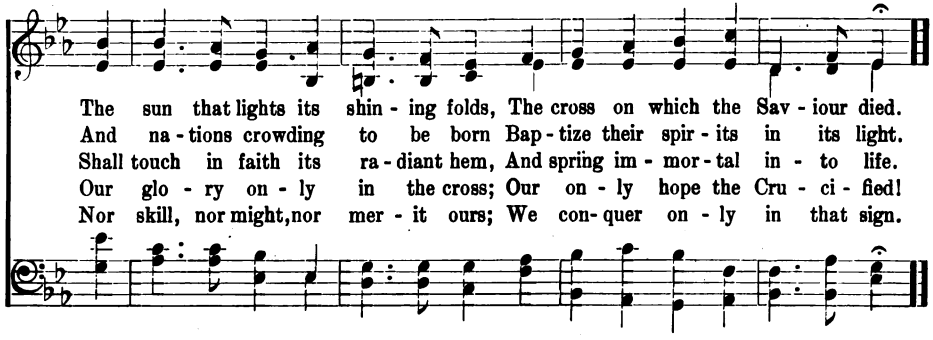
F. Mason North — Ludwig von Beethoven


1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch- ed - ness and need, On shad-owed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From ten - der child-hood's help - less - ness, From wom-an's grief, man's bur - dened toil,
4. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-nese of Thy grace;
5. O Mas - ter, from the mountain side Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
6. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol - low where Thy feet have trod:
A - bove the noise of sel - fish strife We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
From fam - ished souls, from sor-row's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet com- pas - sion of Thy face.
A - mong those rest - less throngs a - bide; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain.
Till glo - rious from Thy heav'n a - bove Shall come the cit - y of our God.

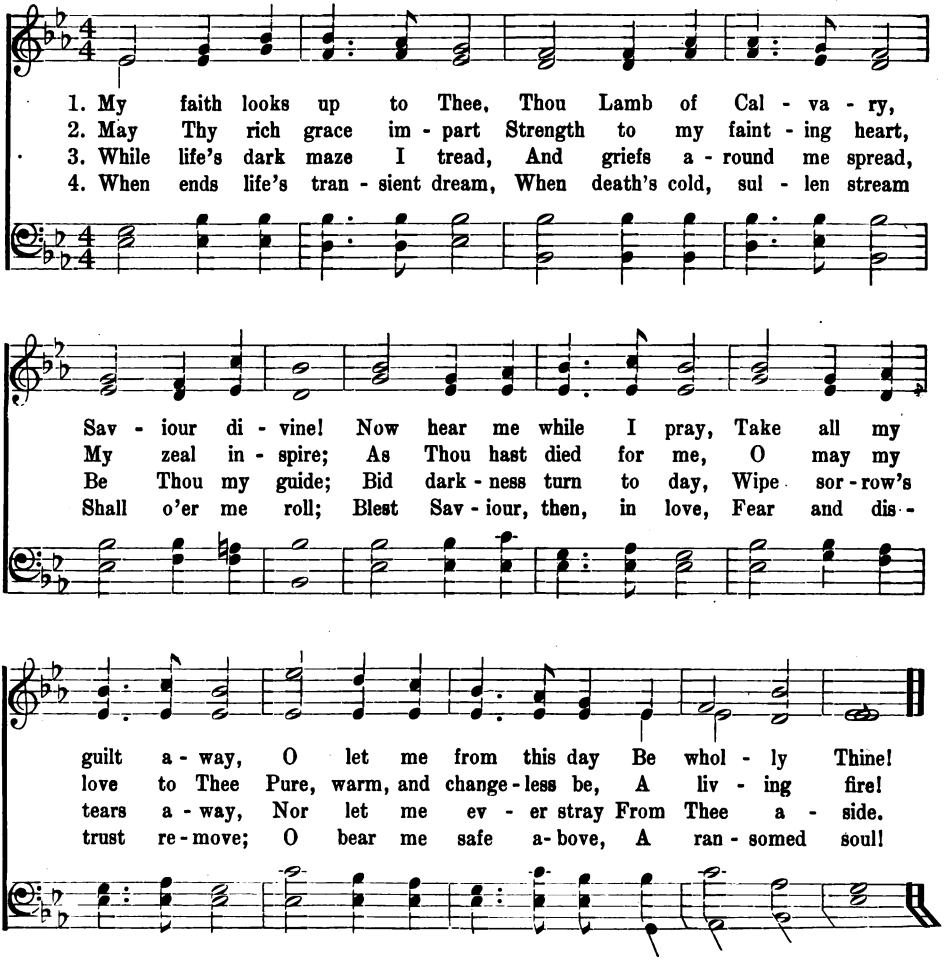
104 Fling Out the Banner

George Washington Doane — John B. Calkin

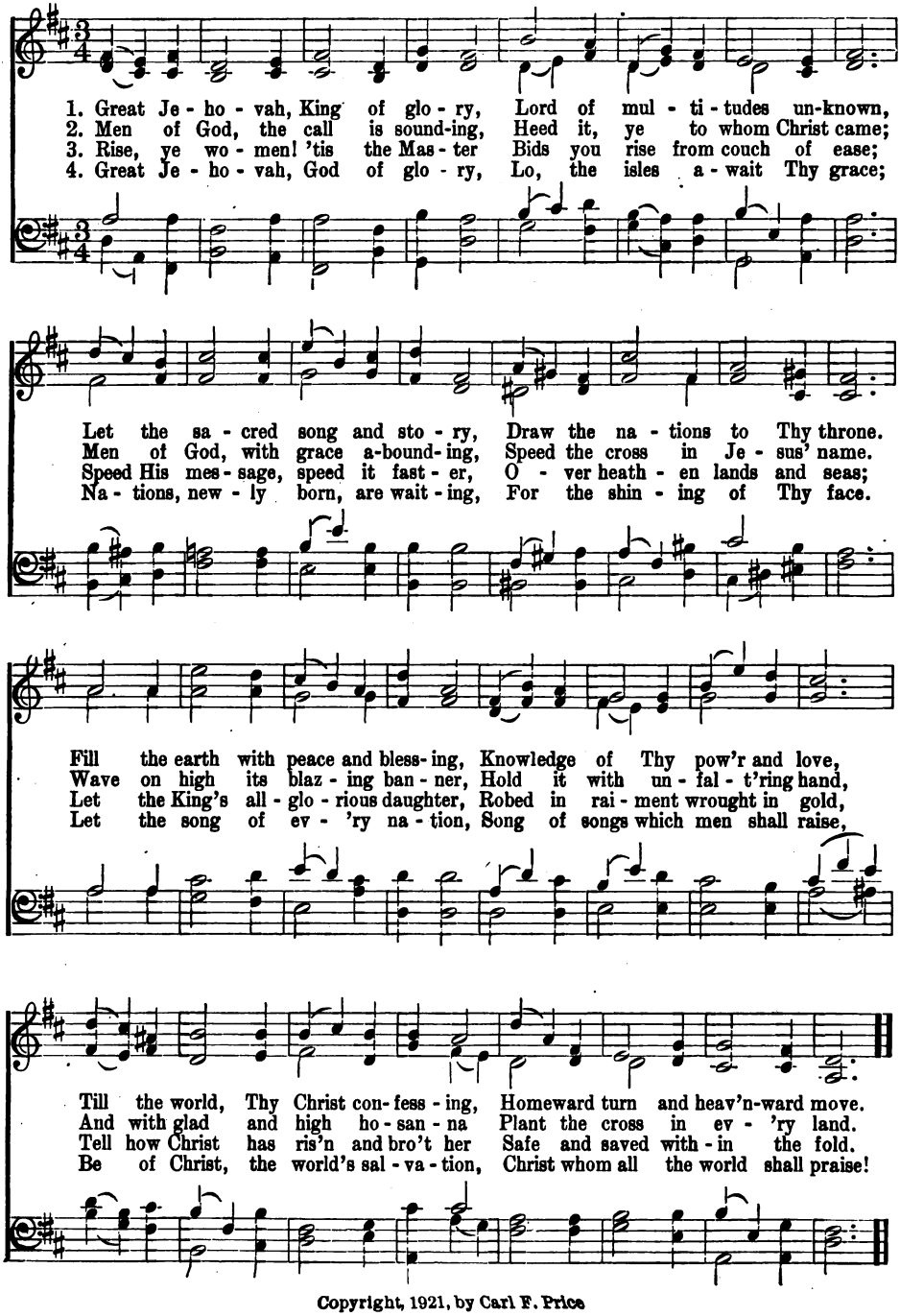

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide:
2. Fling out the ban - ner! heath - en lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight;
3. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife
4. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,
5. Fling out the ban - ner! wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward let it shine;


The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And na - tions crowding to be born Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign.

105 My Faith Looks Up To Thee

RAY PALMER LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

106 Great Jehovah, King of Glory

CARL F. PRICE

1. Great Je - ho - vah, King of glo - ry, Lord of mul - ti - tudes un-known,
2. Men of God, the call is sound-ing, Heed it, ye to whom Christ came;
3. Rise, ye wo - men! 'tis the Mas - ter Bids you rise from couch of ease;
4. Great Je - ho - vah, God of glo - ry, Lo, the isles a - wait Thy grace;
Let the sa - cred song and sto - ry, Draw the na - tions to Thy throne.
Men of God, with grace a-bound- ing, Speed the cross in Je - sus' name.
Speed His mes - sage, speed it fast - er, O - ver heath - en lands and seas;
Na - tions, new - ly born, are wait - ing, For the shin - ing of Thy face.
Fill the earth with peace and bless- ing, Knowledge of Thy pow'r and love,
Wave on high its blaz - ing ban - ner, Hold it with un - fal - t'ring hand,
Let the King's all - glo - rious daughter, Robed in rai - ment wrought in gold,
Let the song of ev - 'ry na - tion, Song of songs which men shall raise,
Till the world, Thy Christ con- fess - ing, Homeward turn and heav'n-ward move.
And with glad and high ho - san - na Plant the cross in ev - 'ry land.
Tell how Christ has ris'n and bro't her Safe and saved with - in the fold.
Be of Christ, the world's sal - va - tion, Christ whom all the world shall praise!

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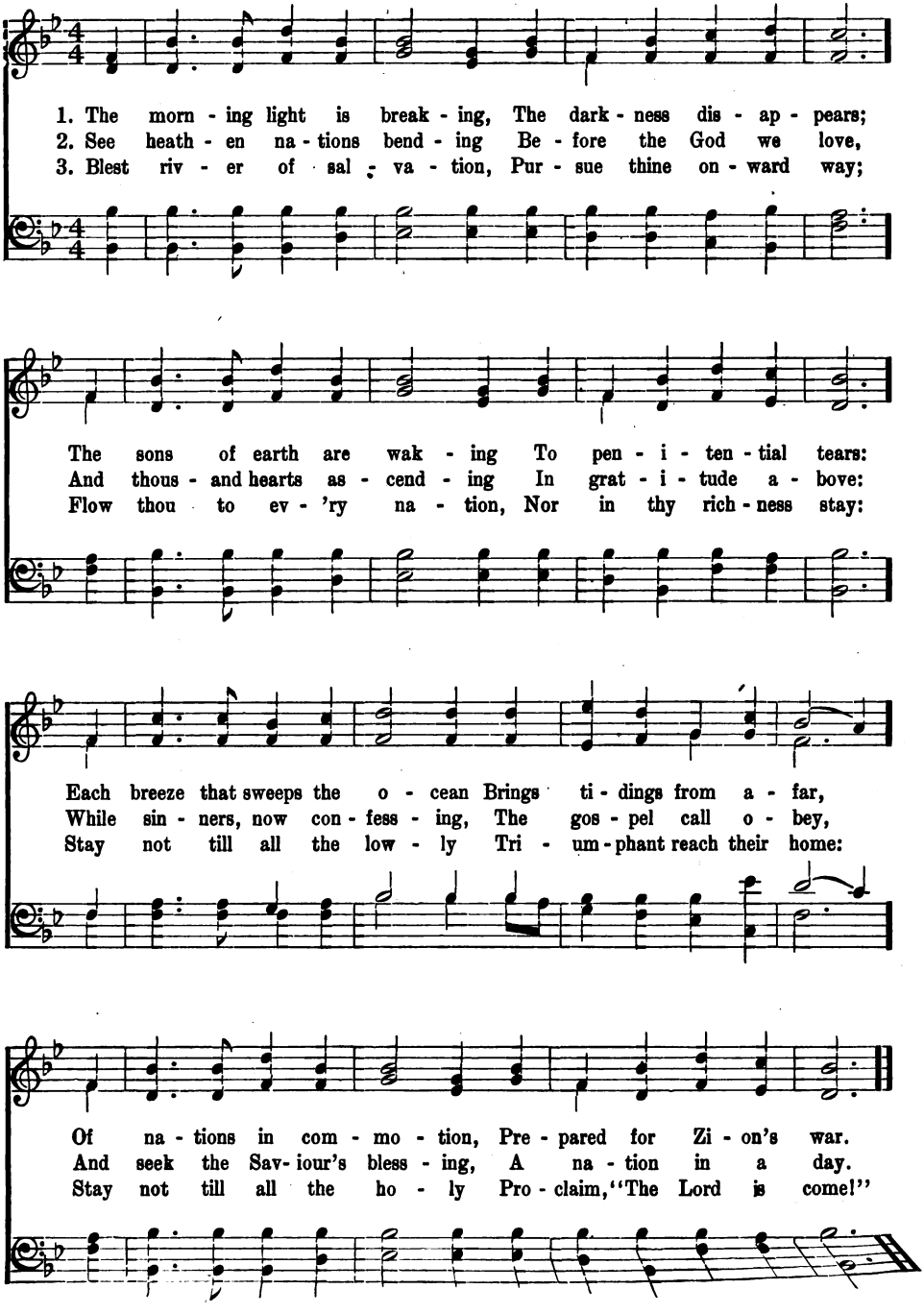
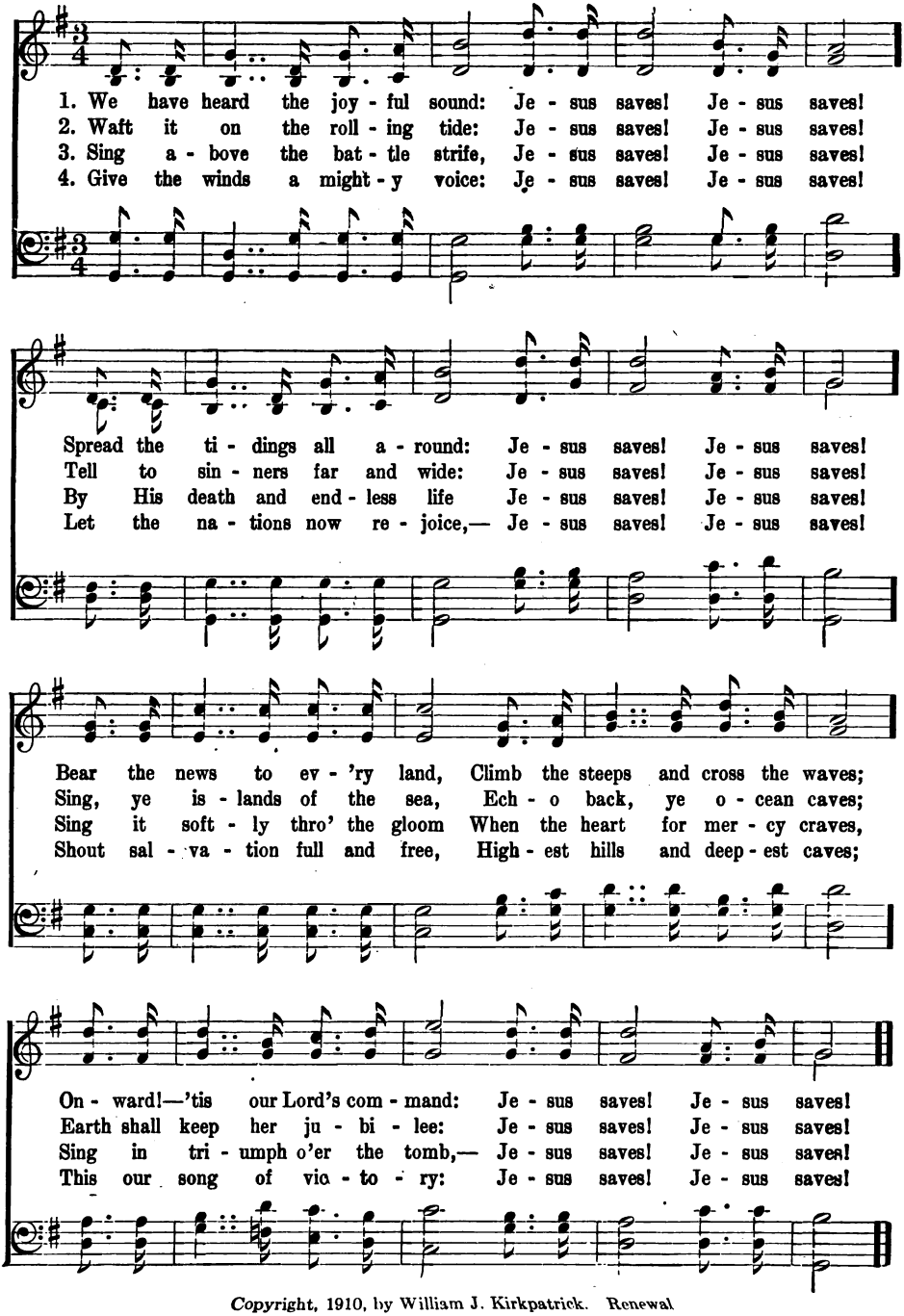
107 The Morning Light Is Breaking

SAMUEL F. SMITH — GEORGE J. WEBB


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
And thous - and hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove:
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home:
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"

Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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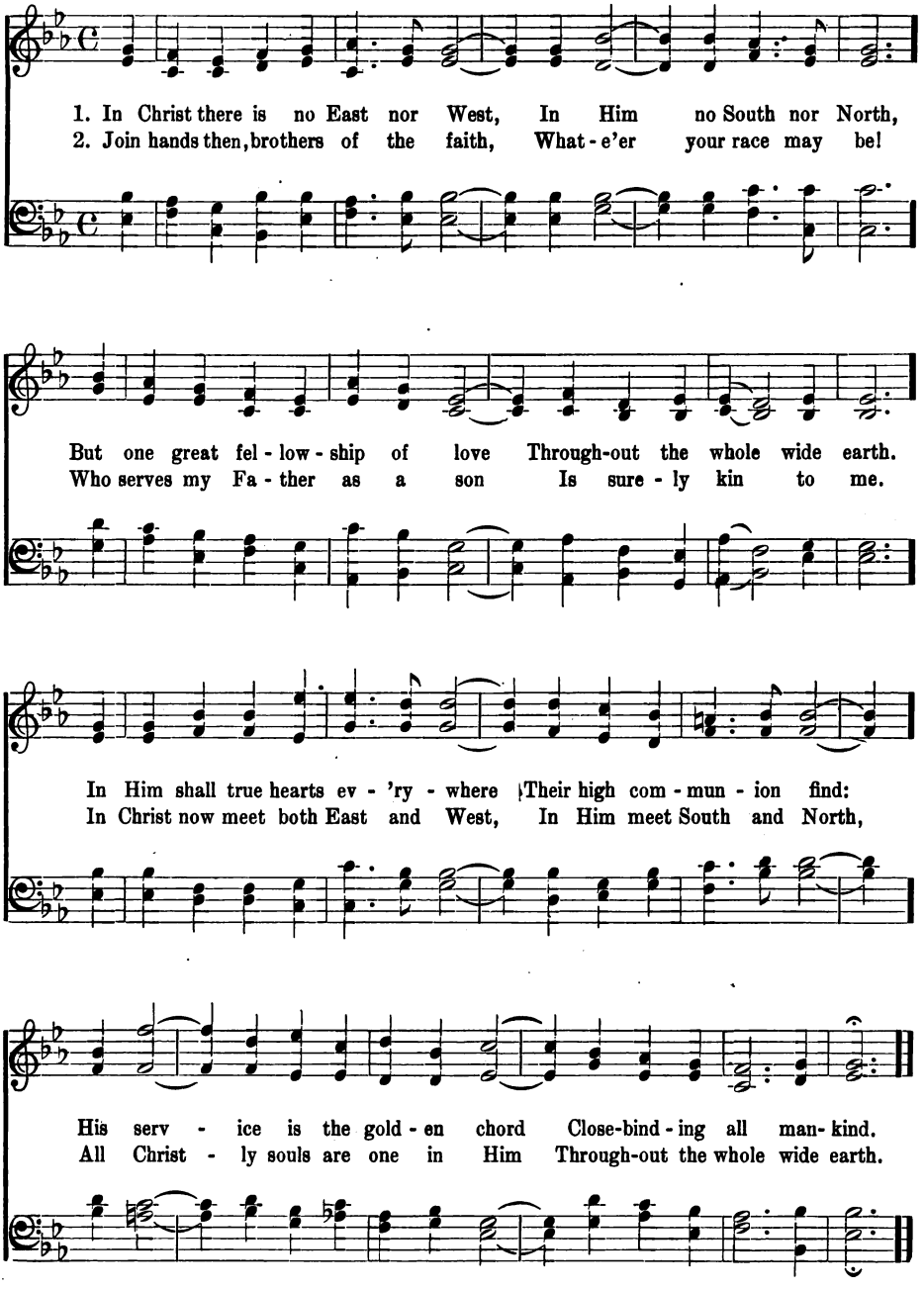
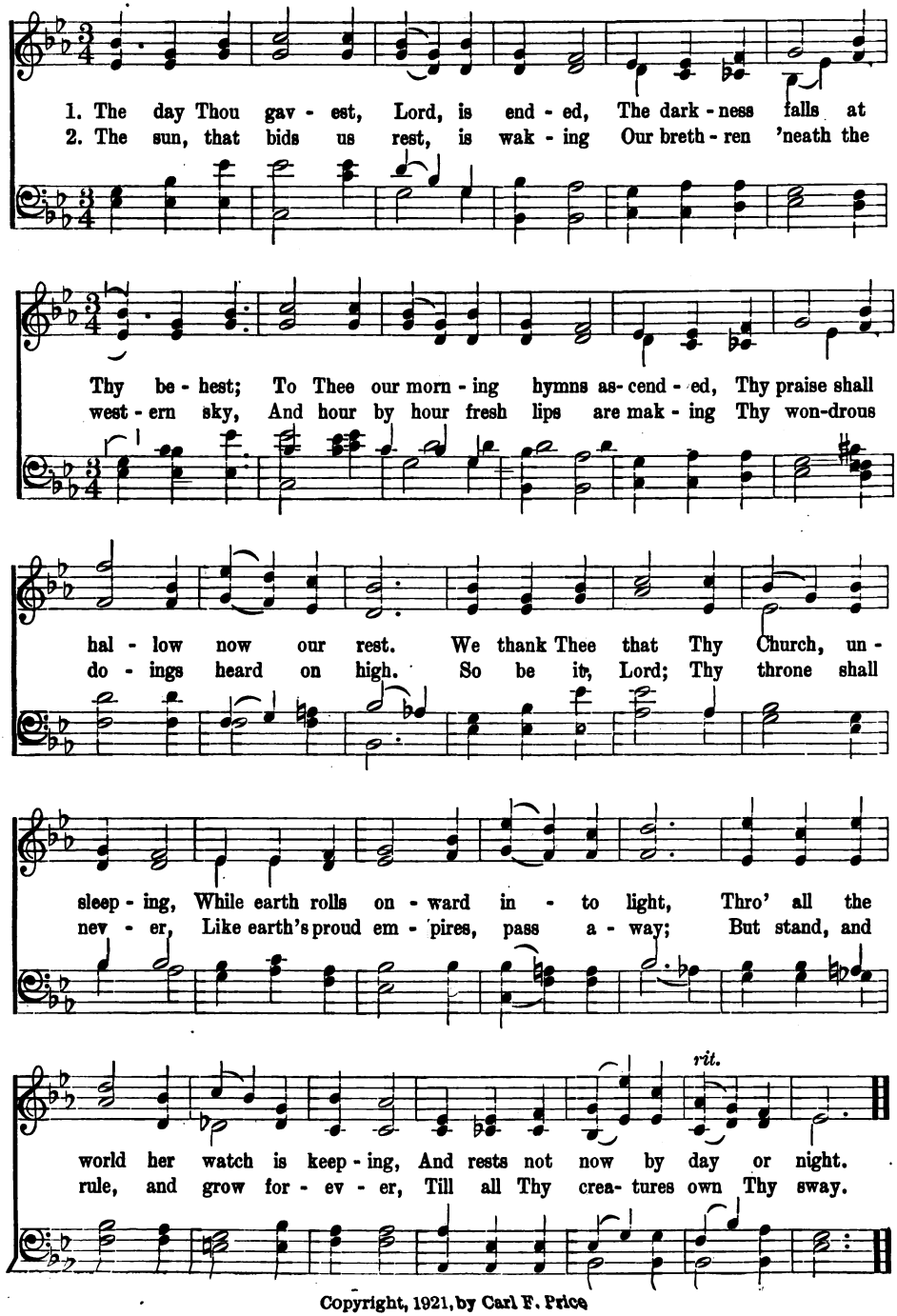
109 In Christ There Is No East Nor West

JOHN OXENHAM HAMISH MACCUNN

1. In Christ there is no East nor West, In Him no South nor North,
2. Join hands then, brothers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be!
But one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
Who serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure-ly kin to me.
In Him shall true hearts ev-'ry-where Their high com-mun-ion find:
In Christ now meet both East and West, In Him meet South and North,
His serv-ice is the gold-en chord Close-bind-ing all man-kind.
All Christ-ly souls are one in Him Through-out the whole wide earth.

110 The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended

JOHN ELLERTON — CARL F. PRICE

1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness falls at
2. The sun, that bids us rest, is wak - ing Our breth - ren 'neath the
Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as- cend - ed, Thy praise shall
west - ern sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are mak - ing Thy won-drous
hal - low now our rest. We thank Thee that Thy Church, un -
do - ings heard on high. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall
sleep - ing, While earth rolls on - ward in - to light, Thro' all the
nev - er, Like earth's proud em - pires, pass a - way; But stand, and
rit.
world her watch is keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.
rule, and grow for - ev - er, Till all Thy crea- tures own Thy sway.

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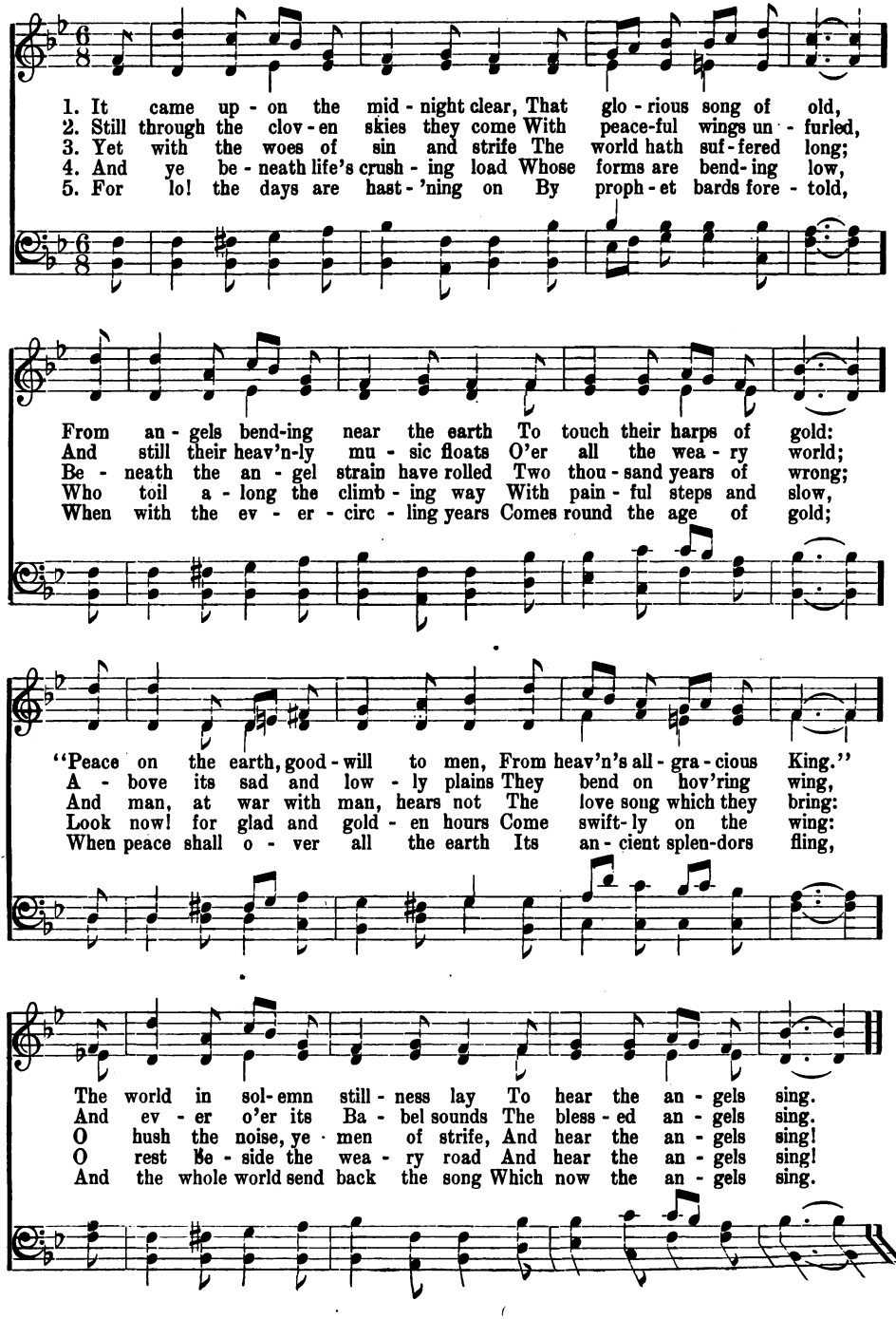
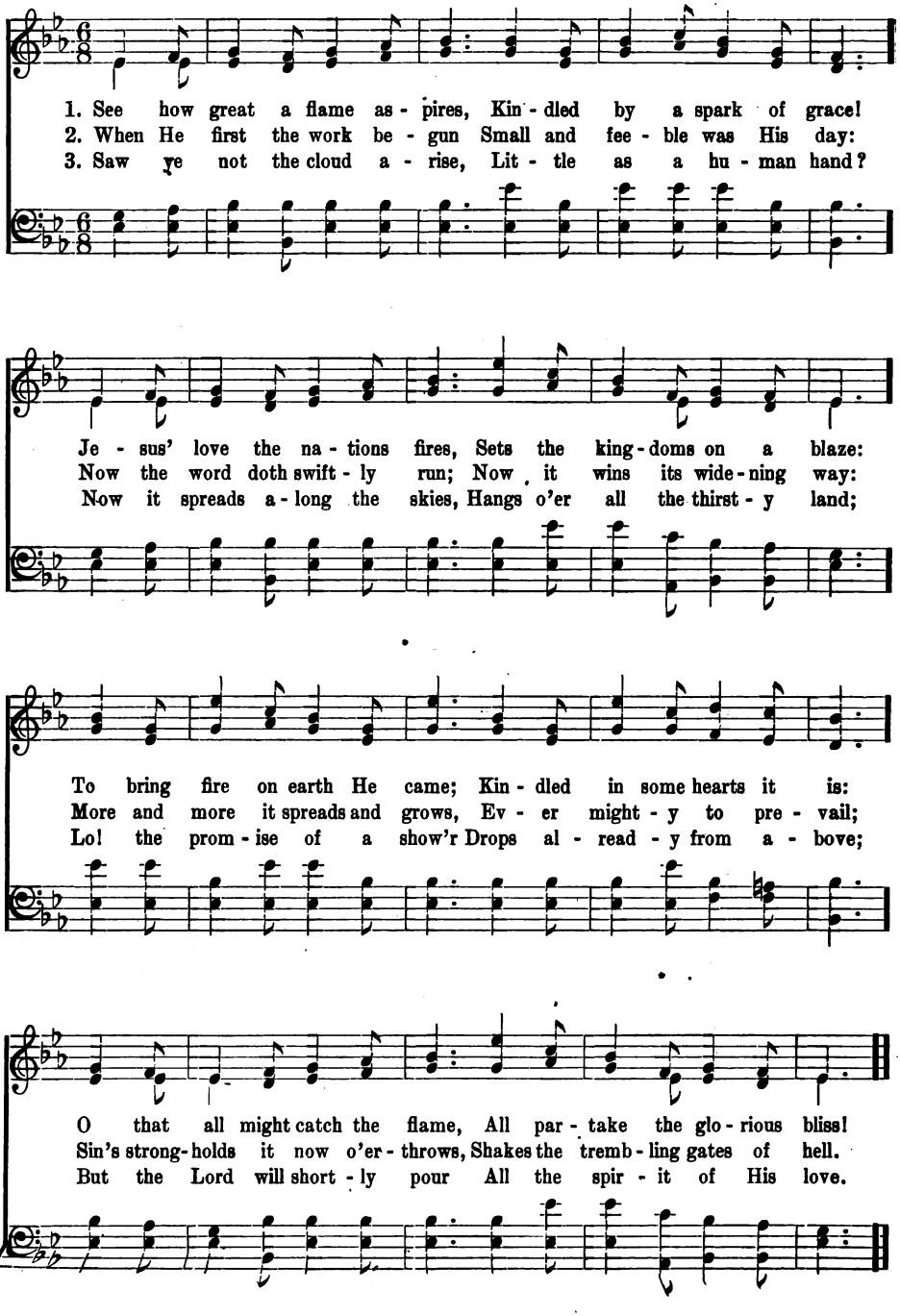
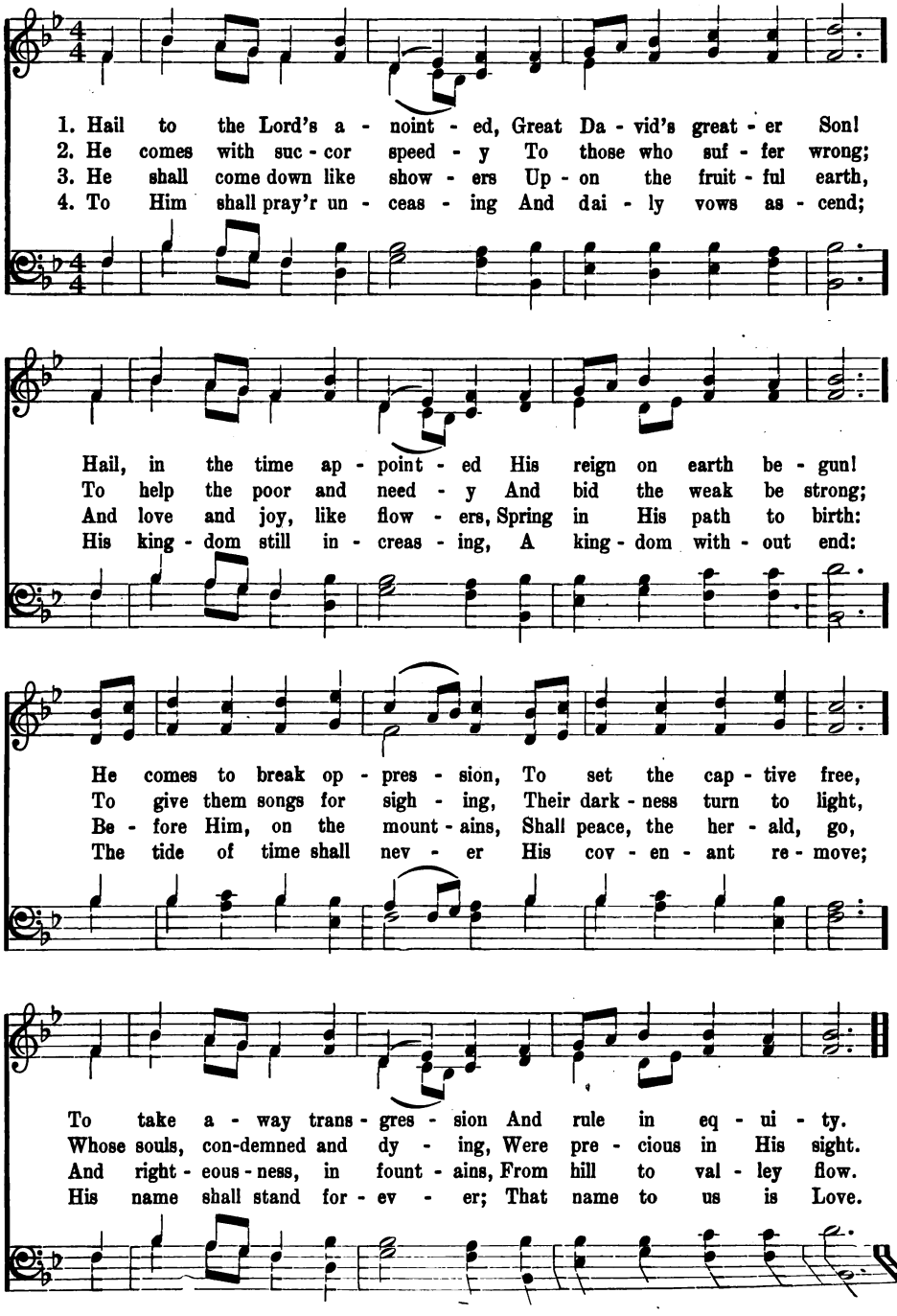
111 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

EDMUND H. SEARS — RICHARD S. WILLIS

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clov - en skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world hath suf - fered long;
4. And ye be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low,
5. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on By proph - et bards fore - told,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Be - neath the an - gel strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - circ - ling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov'ring wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring:
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!
O rest Be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

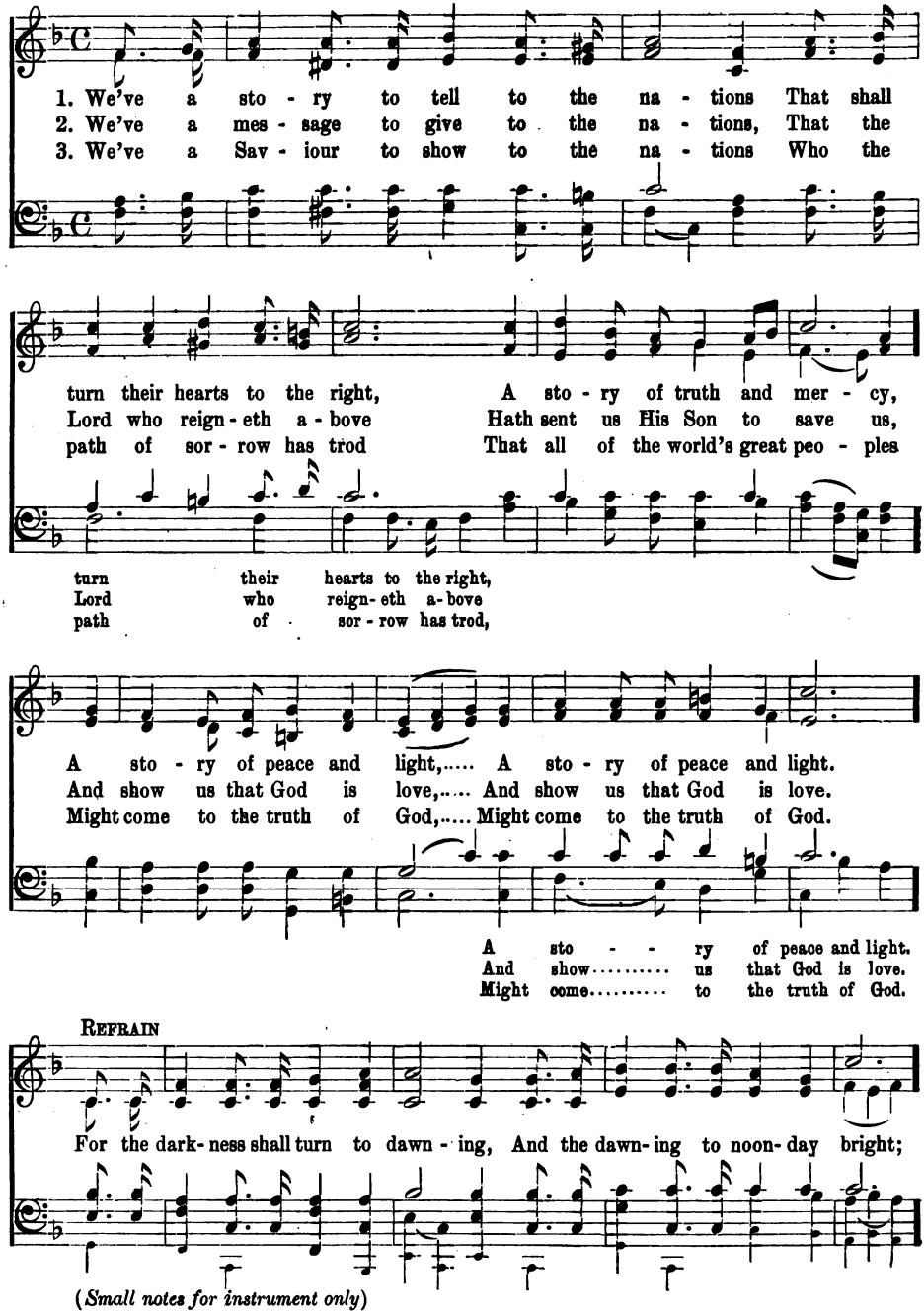
See How Great a Flame Aspires

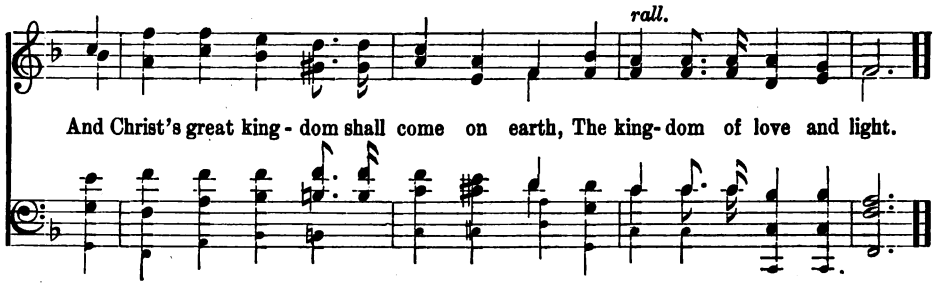
CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

1. See how great a flame as - pires, Kin - dled by a spark of grace!
2. When He first the work be - gun Small and fee - ble was His day:
3. Saw ye not the cloud a - rise, Lit - tle as a hu - man hand?
Je - sus' love the na - tions fires, Sets the king - doms on a blaze:
Now the word doth swift - ly run; Now it wins its wide - ning way:
Now it spreads a - long the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirst - y land;
To bring fire on earth He came; Kin - dled in some hearts it is:
More and more it spreads and grows, Ev - er might - y to pre - vail;
Lo! the prom - ise of a show'r Drops al - read - y from a - bove;
O that all might catch the flame, All par - take the glo - rious bliss!
Sin's strong - holds it now o'er - throws, Shakes the tremb - ling gates of hell.
But the Lord will short - ly pour All the spir - it of His love.

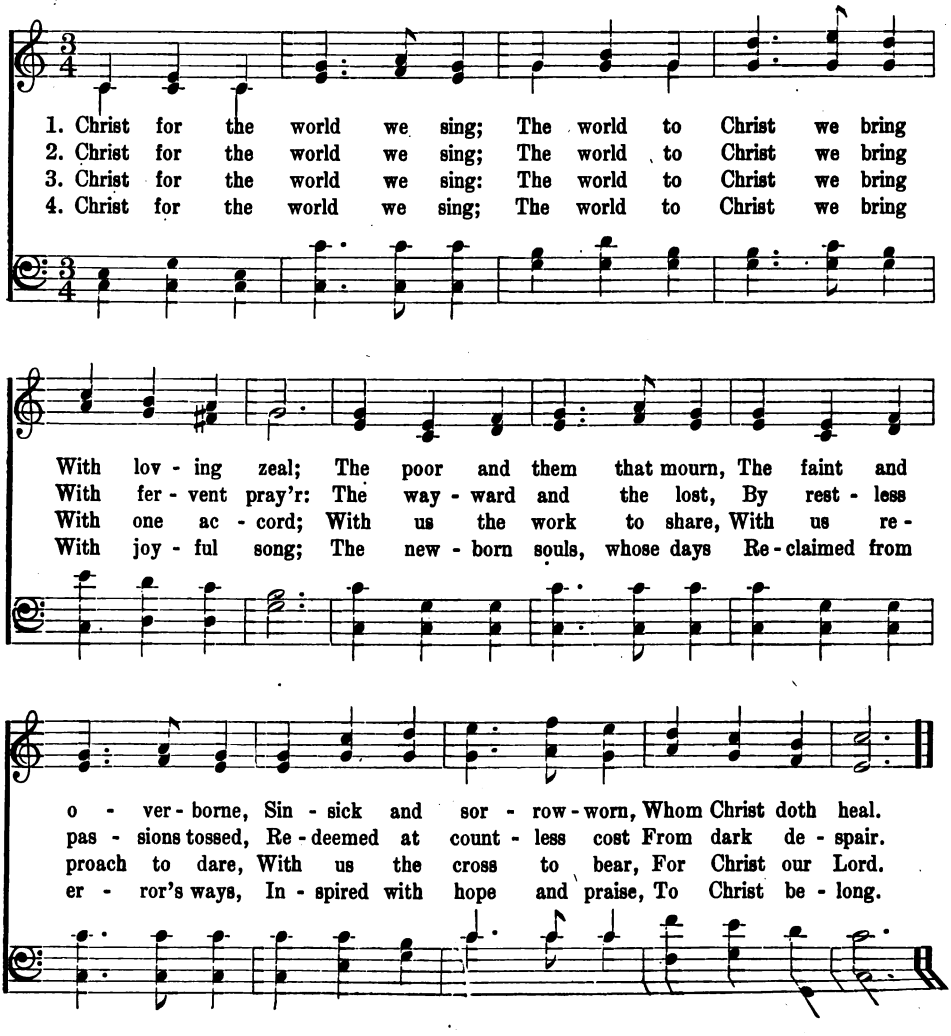
113 Hail to the Lord's Anointed

JAMES MONTGOMERY "Ellacombe"

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,
4. To Him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend;
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y And bid the weak be strong;
And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end:
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark - ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him, on the mount - ains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go,
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - en - ant re - move;
To take a - way trans - gres - sion And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, con-demned and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And right - eous - ness, in fount - ains, From hill to val - ley flow.
His name shall stand for - ev - er; That name to us is Love.

114 We've a Story To Tell To the Nations

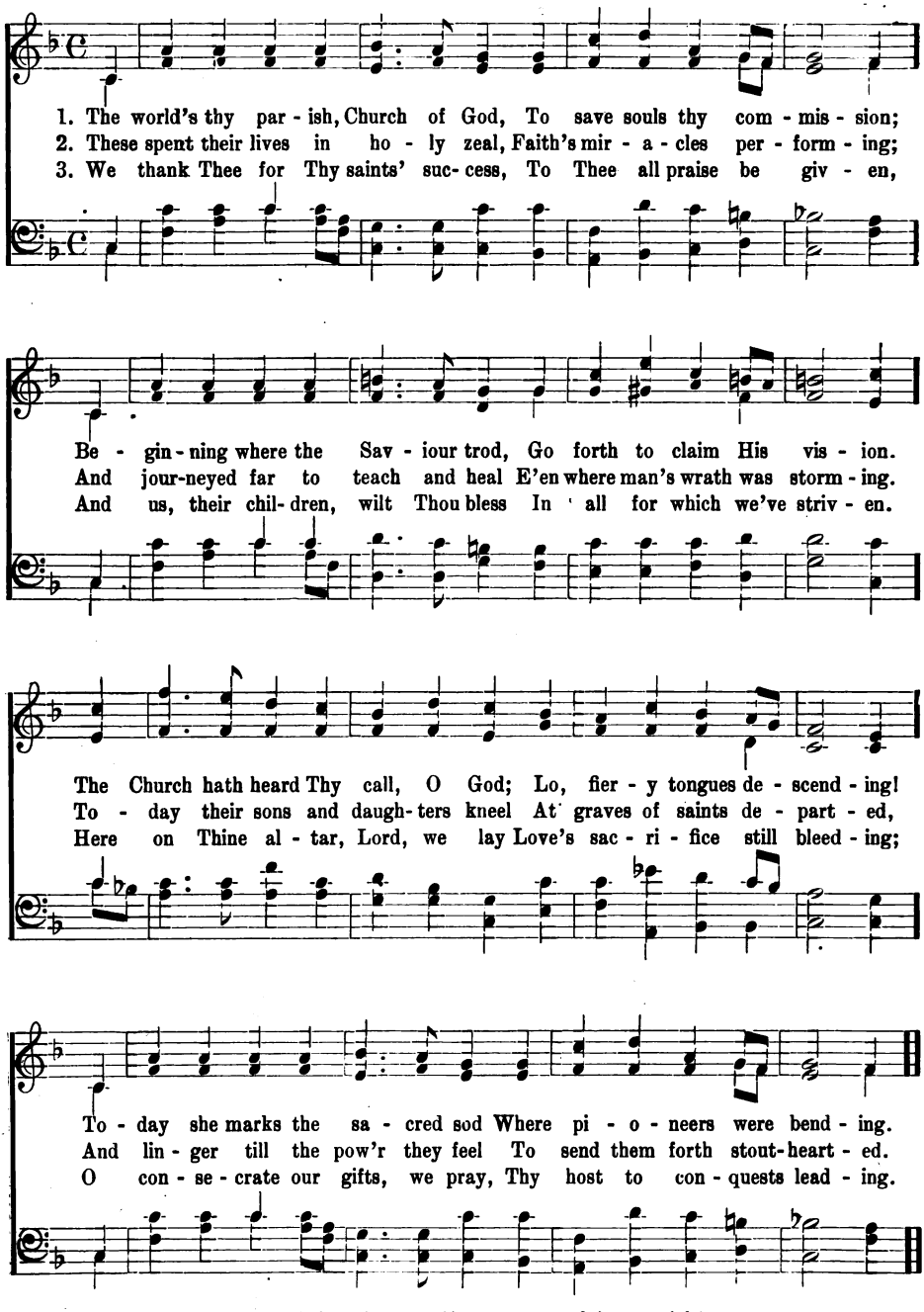
COLIN STERNE — Adapted from H. ERNEST NICHOL

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall
2. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
3. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions Who the
turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,
Lord who reign - eth a - bove Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod That all of the world's great peo - ples
turn their hearts to the right,
Lord who reign - eth a - bove
path of sor - row has trod,
A sto - ry of peace and light,..... A sto - ry of peace and light.
And show us that God is love,..... And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God,..... Might come to the truth of God.
A sto - - ry of peace and light.
And show..... us that God is love.
Might come..... to the truth of God.
REFRAIN
For the dark - ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noon - day bright;

(*Small notes for instrument only*)

115 Christ For the World We Sing

SAMUEL WOLCOTT — LOWELL MASON

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing: The world to Christ we bring
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent pray'r: The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -
With joy - ful song; The new - born souls, whose days Re - claimed from
o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sions tossed, Re - deemed at count - less cost From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

The World's Thy Parish

(**Bishopgarth**)

GEORGE ALBERT SIMONS — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. The world's thy par - ish, Church of God, To save souls thy com - mis - sion;
2. These spent their lives in ho - ly zeal, Faith's mir - a - cles per - form - ing;
3. We thank Thee for Thy saints' suc - cess, To Thee all praise be giv - en,
Be - gin - ning where the Sav - iour trod, Go forth to claim His vis - ion.
And jour-neyed far to teach and heal E'en where man's wrath was storm - ing.
And us, their chil- dren, wilt Thou bless In all for which we've striv - en.
The Church hath heard Thy call, O God; Lo, fier - y tongues de - scend - ing!
To - day their sons and daugh- ters kneel At graves of saints de - part - ed,
Here on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay Love's sac - ri - fice still bleed - ing;
To - day she marks the sa - cred sod Where pi - o - neers were bend - ing.
And lin - ger till the pow'r they feel To send them forth stout-heart - ed.
O con - se - crate our gifts, we pray, Thy host to con - quests lead - ing.

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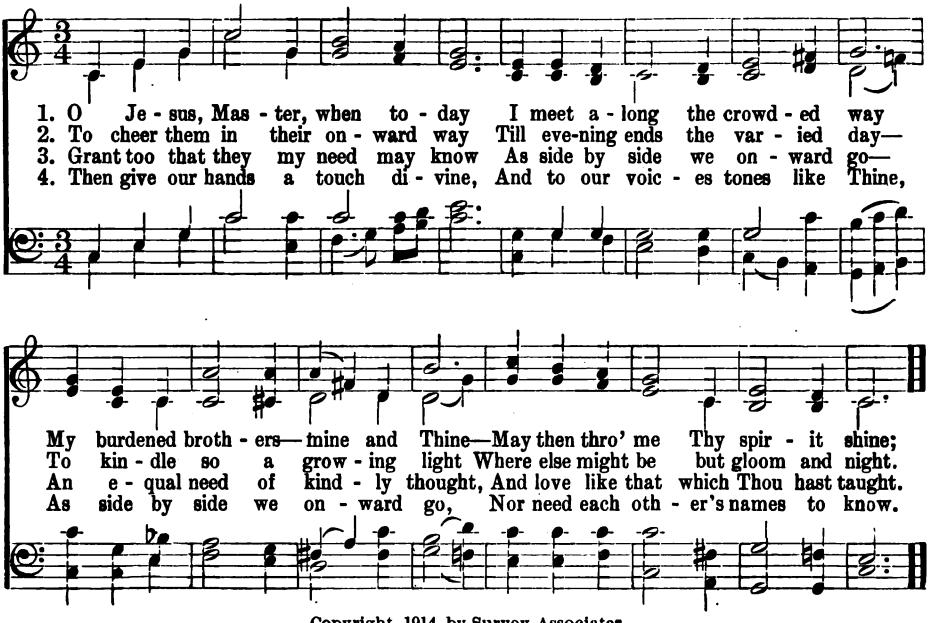
117 O Jesus, Master, When To-day

CHARLES S. NEWHALL — FREDERICK C. MAKER


1. O Je - sus, Mas - ter, when to - day I meet a - long the crowd - ed way
2. To cheer them in their on - ward way Till eve-ning ends the var - ied day—
3. Grant too that they my need may know As side by side we on - ward go—
4. Then give our hands a touch di - vine, And to our voic - es tones like Thine,
My burdened broth - ers—mine and Thine—May then thro' me Thy spir - it shine;
To kin - dle so a grow - ing light Where else might be but gloom and night.
An e - qual need of kind - ly thought, And love like that which Thou hast taught.
As side by side we on - ward go, Nor need each oth - er's names to know.

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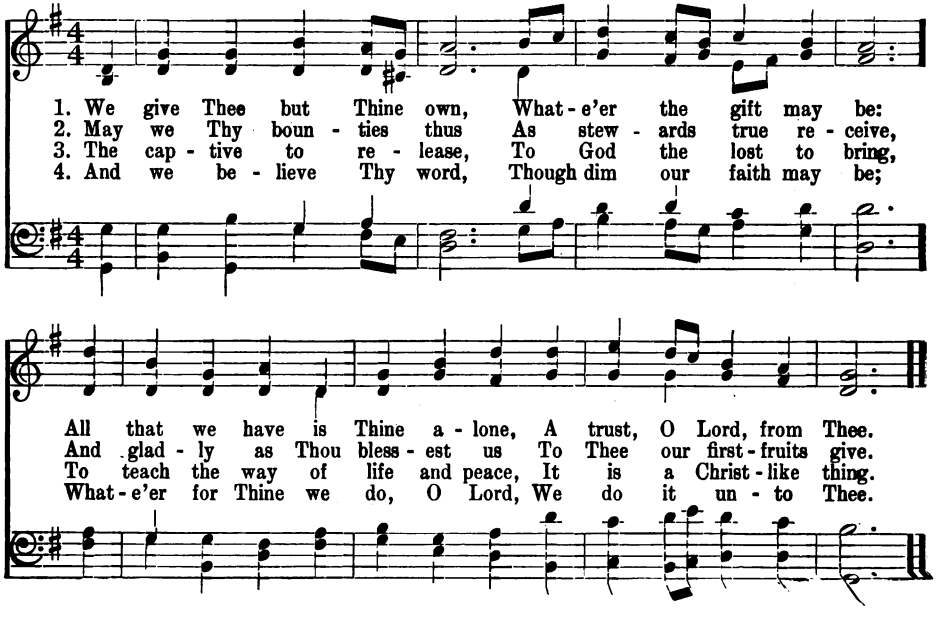
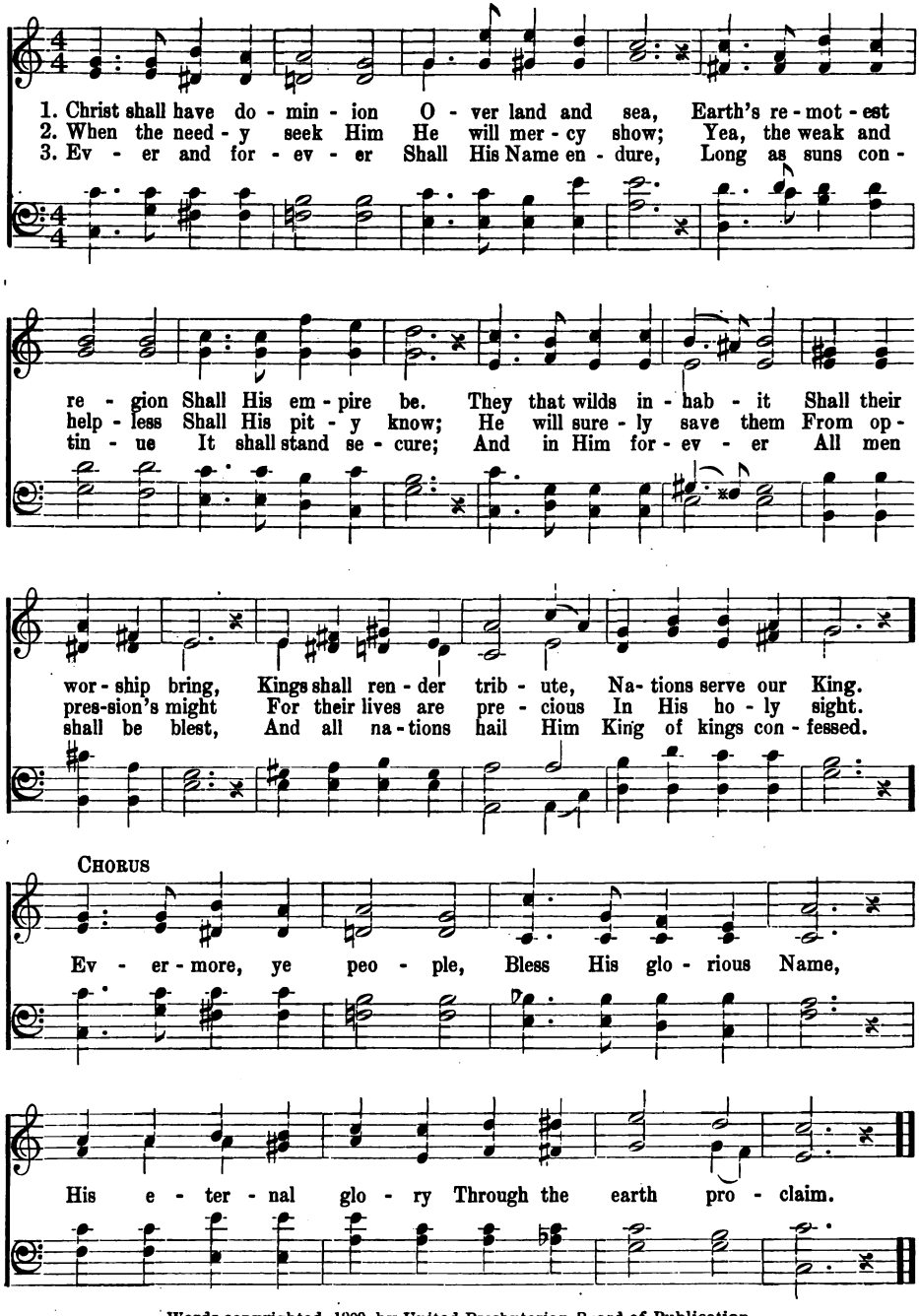
118 We Give Thee But Thine Own

W. W. HOW — AARON WILLIAMS

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,
3. The cap - tive to re - lease, To God the lost to bring,
4. And we be - lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;
All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad - ly as Thou bless - est us To Thee our first - fruits give.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ - like thing.
What - e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

A Missionary Psalm

Psalm 72

CARL F. PRICE

1. Christ shall have do - min - ion O - ver land and sea, Earth's re - mot - est
2. When the need - y seek Him He will mer - cy show; Yea, the weak and
3. Ev - er and for - ev - er Shall His Name en - dure, Long as suns con -
re - gion Shall His em - pire be. They that wilds in - hab - it Shall their
help - less Shall His pit - y know; He will sure - ly save them From op -
tin - ue It shall stand se - cure; And in Him for - ev - er All men
wor - ship bring, Kings shall ren - der trib - ute, Na - tions serve our King.
pres-sion's might For their lives are pre - cious In His ho - ly sight.
shall be blest, And all na - tions hail Him King of kings con - fessed.
CHORUS
Ev - er - more, ye peo - ple, Bless His glo - rious Name,
His e - ter - nal glo - ry Through the earth pro - claim.

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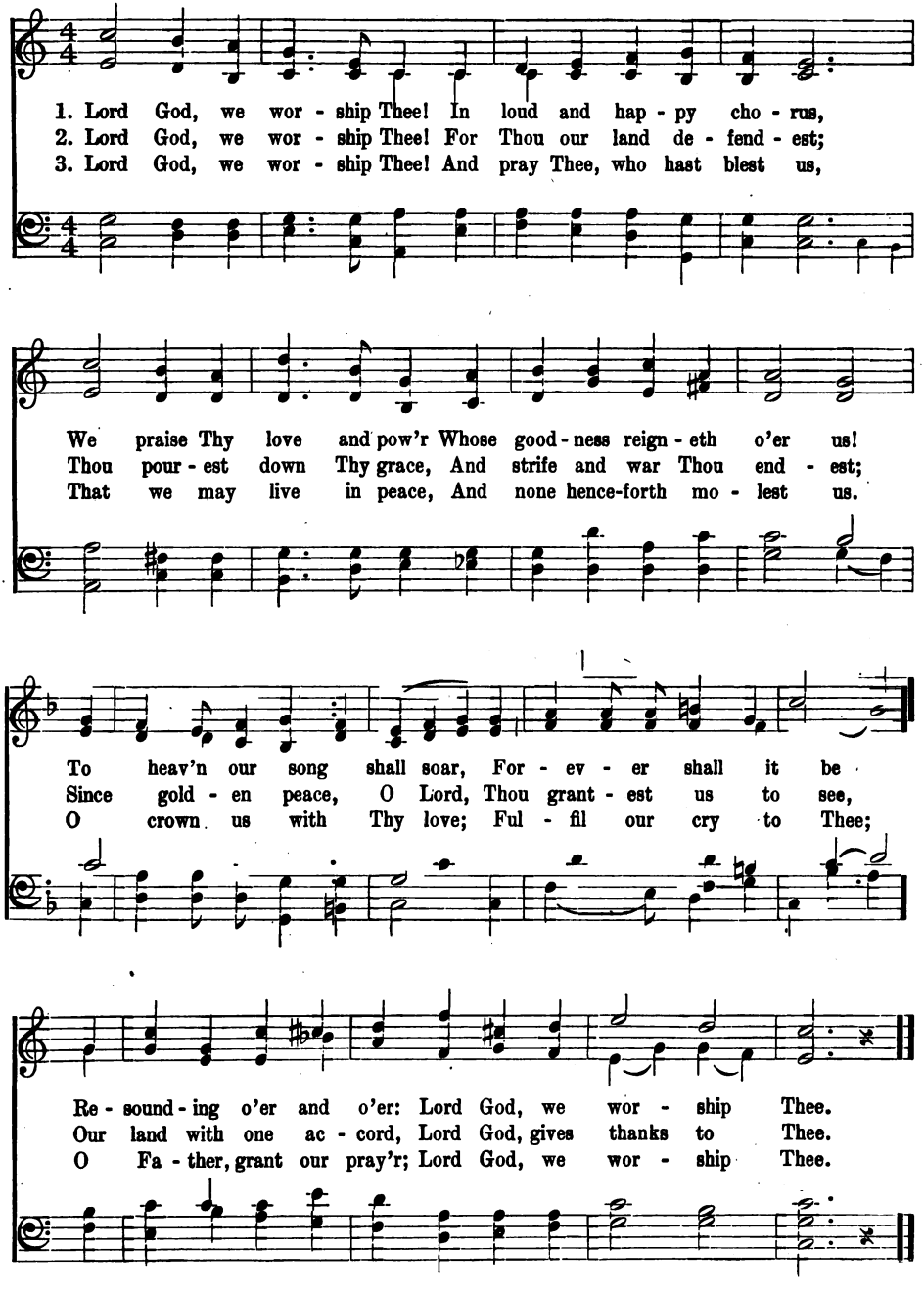
120 Lord God, We Worship Thee

Tr. Catherine Winkworth — Carl F. Price

1. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus,
2. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! For Thou our land de - fend - est;
3. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
We praise Thy love and pow'r Whose good - ness reign - eth o'er us!
Thou pour - est down Thy grace, And strife and war Thou end - est;
That we may live in peace, And none hence-forth mo - lest us.
To heav'n our song shall soar, For - ev - er shall it be
Since gold - en peace, O Lord, Thou grant - est us to see,
O crown us with Thy love; Ful - fil our cry to Thee;
Re - sound - ing o'er and o'er: Lord God, we wor - ship Thee.
Our land with one ac - cord, Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.
O Fa - ther, grant our pray'r; Lord God, we wor - ship Thee.

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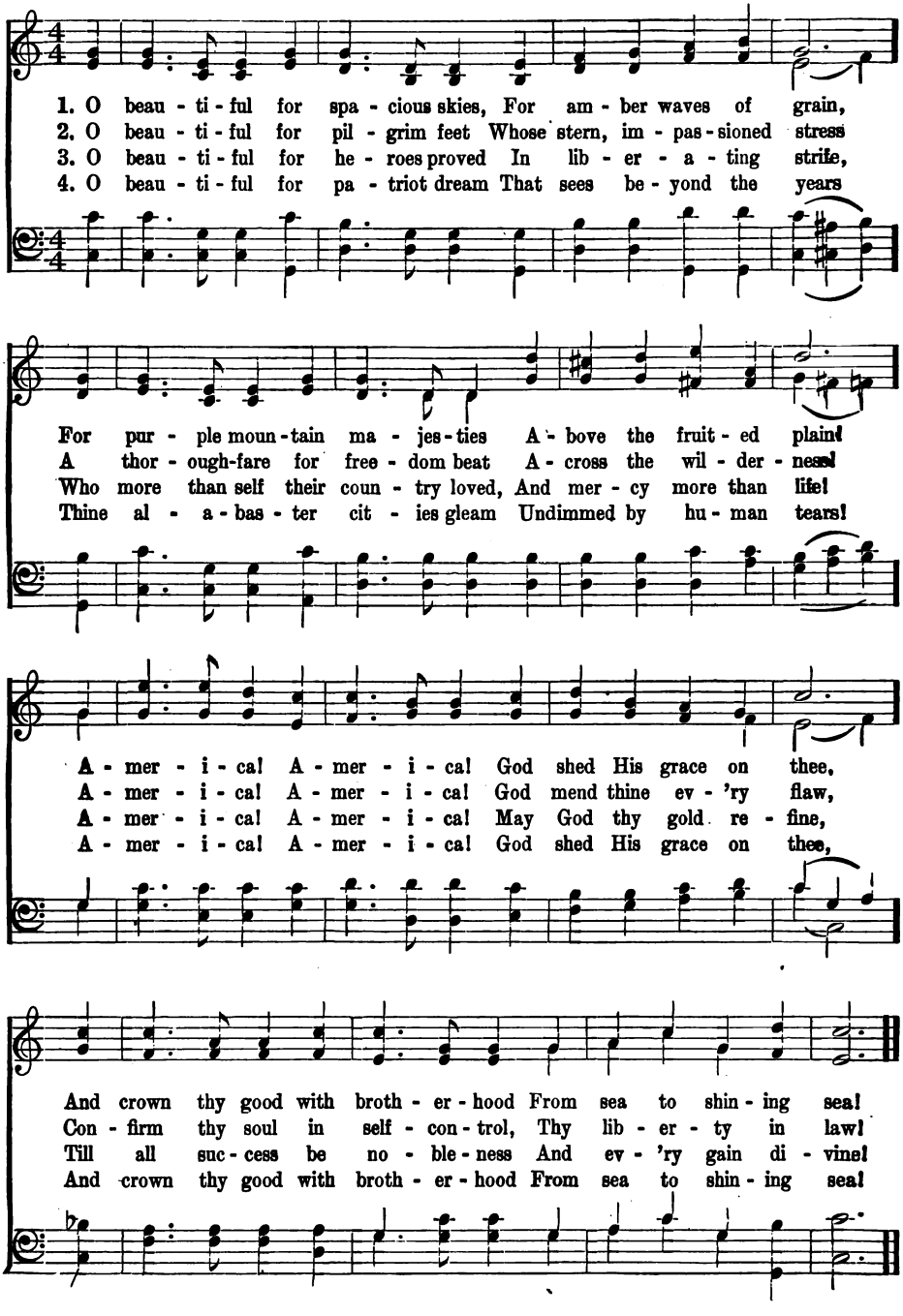
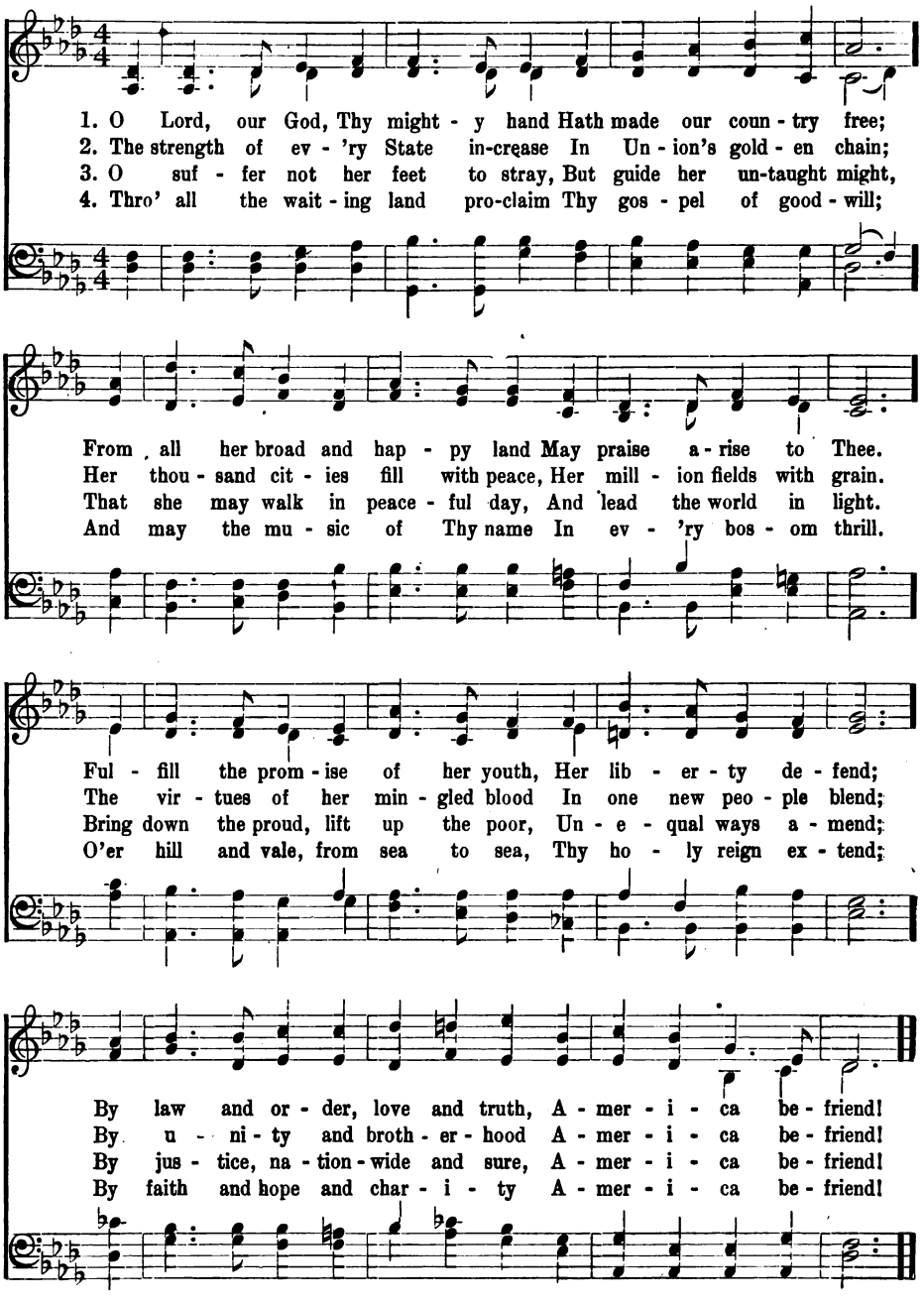
O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

America the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

122 Peace Hymn of the Republic

HENRY VAN DYKE — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. O Lord, our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;
2. The strength of ev - 'ry State in-crease In Un - ion's gold - en chain;
3. O suf - fer not her feet to stray, But guide her un-taught might,
4. Thro' all the wait - ing land pro-claim Thy gos - pel of good - will;
From all her broad and hap - py land May praise a - rise to Thee.
Her thou - sand cit - ies fill with peace, Her mill - ion fields with grain.
That she may walk in peace - ful day, And lead the world in light.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name In ev - 'ry bos - om thrill.
Ful - fill the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;
The vir - tues of her min - gled blood In one new peo - ple blend;
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, Un - e - qual ways a - mend;
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, Thy ho - ly reign ex - tend;
By law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca be - friend!
By u - ni - ty and broth - er - hood A - mer - i - ca be - friend!
By jus - tice, na - tion - wide and sure, A - mer - i - ca be - friend!
By faith and hope and char - i - ty A - mer - i - ca be - friend!

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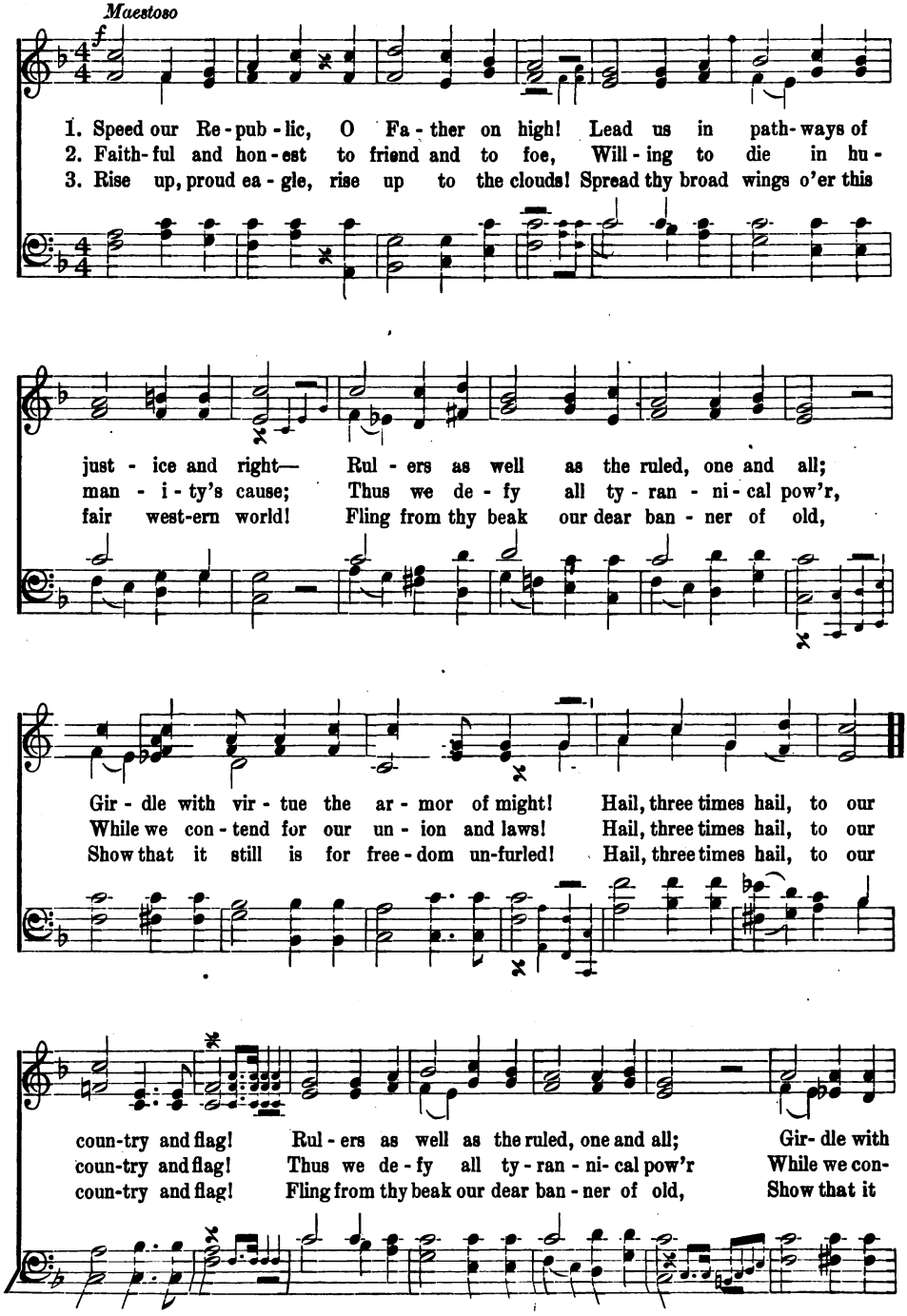
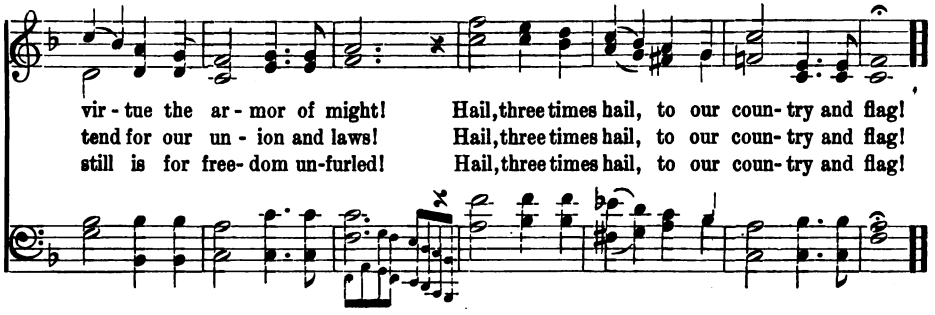
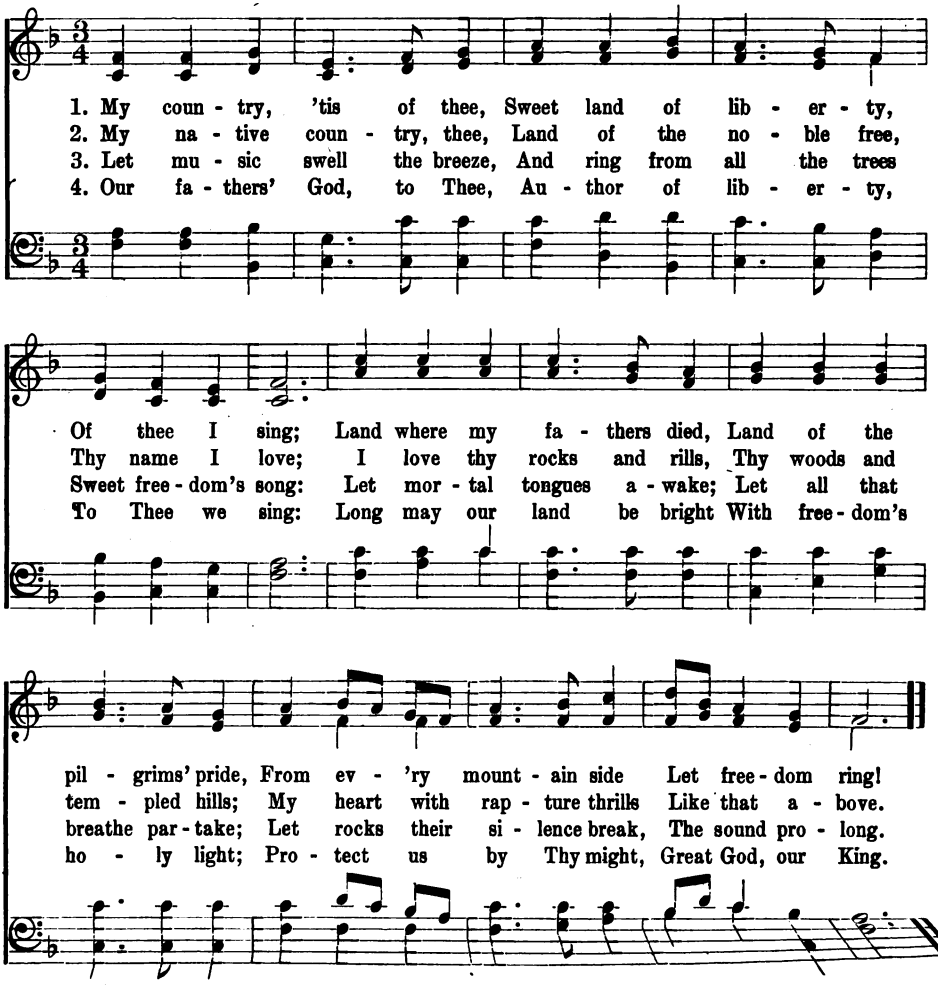
Alternative Tune, 121

Speed Our Republic

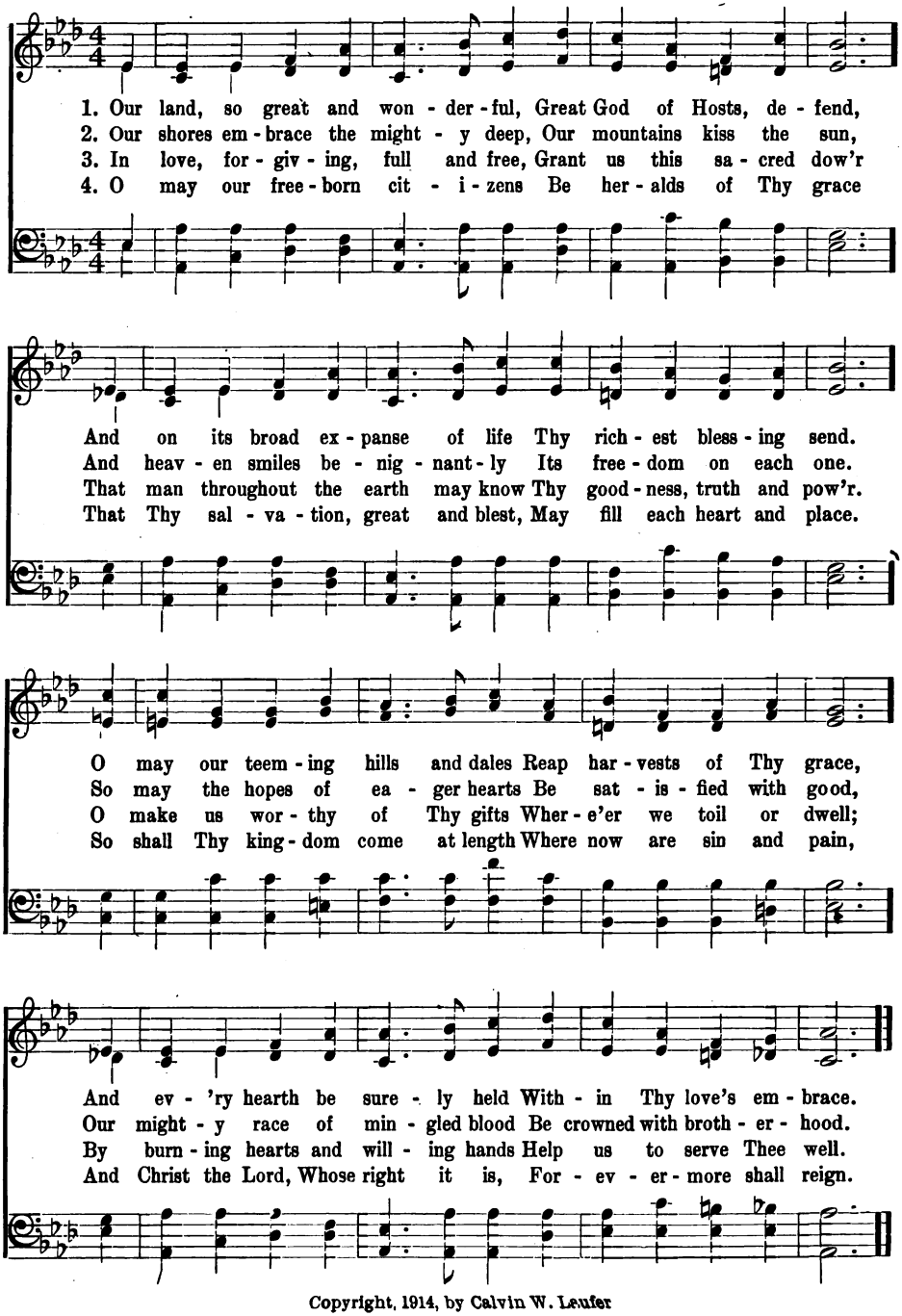
M. K. M. KELLER

Maestoso

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of
2. Faith-ful and hon-est to friend and to foe, Will-ing to die in hu-
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad wings o'er this
just-ice and right— Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all;
man-i-ty's cause; Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r,
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old,
Gir-dle with vir-tue the ar-mor of might! Hail, three times hail, to our
While we con-tend for our un-ion and laws! Hail, three times hail, to our
Show that it still is for free-dom un-furled! Hail, three times hail, to our
coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all; Gir-dle with
coun-try and flag! Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r While we con-
coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old, Show that it

vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail, to our coun - try and flag!
tend for our un - ion and laws! Hail, three times hail, to our coun - try and flag!
still is for free - dom un-furled! Hail, three times hail, to our coun - try and flag!

124 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

125 Our Land, So Great and Wonderful

C. W. L. CALVIN W. LAUFER

1. Our land, so great and won - der - ful, Great God of Hosts, de - fend,
2. Our shores em - brace the might - y deep, Our mountains kiss the sun,
3. In love, for - giv - ing, full and free, Grant us this sa - cred dow'r
4. O may our free - born cit - i - zens Be her - alds of Thy grace
And on its broad ex - panse of life Thy rich - est bless - ing send.
And heav - en smiles be - nig - nant - ly Its free - dom on each one.
That man throughout the earth may know Thy good - ness, truth and pow'r.
That Thy sal - va - tion, great and blest, May fill each heart and place.
O may our teem - ing hills and dales Reap har - vests of Thy grace,
So may the hopes of ea - ger hearts Be sat - is - fied with good,
O make us wor - thy of Thy gifts Wher - e'er we toil or dwell;
So shall Thy king - dom come at length Where now are sin and pain,
And ev - 'ry hearth be sure - ly held With - in Thy love's em - brace.
Our might - y race of min - gled blood Be crowned with broth - er - hood.
By burn - ing hearts and will - ing hands Help us to serve Thee well.
And Christ the Lord, Whose right it is, For - ev - er - more shall reign.

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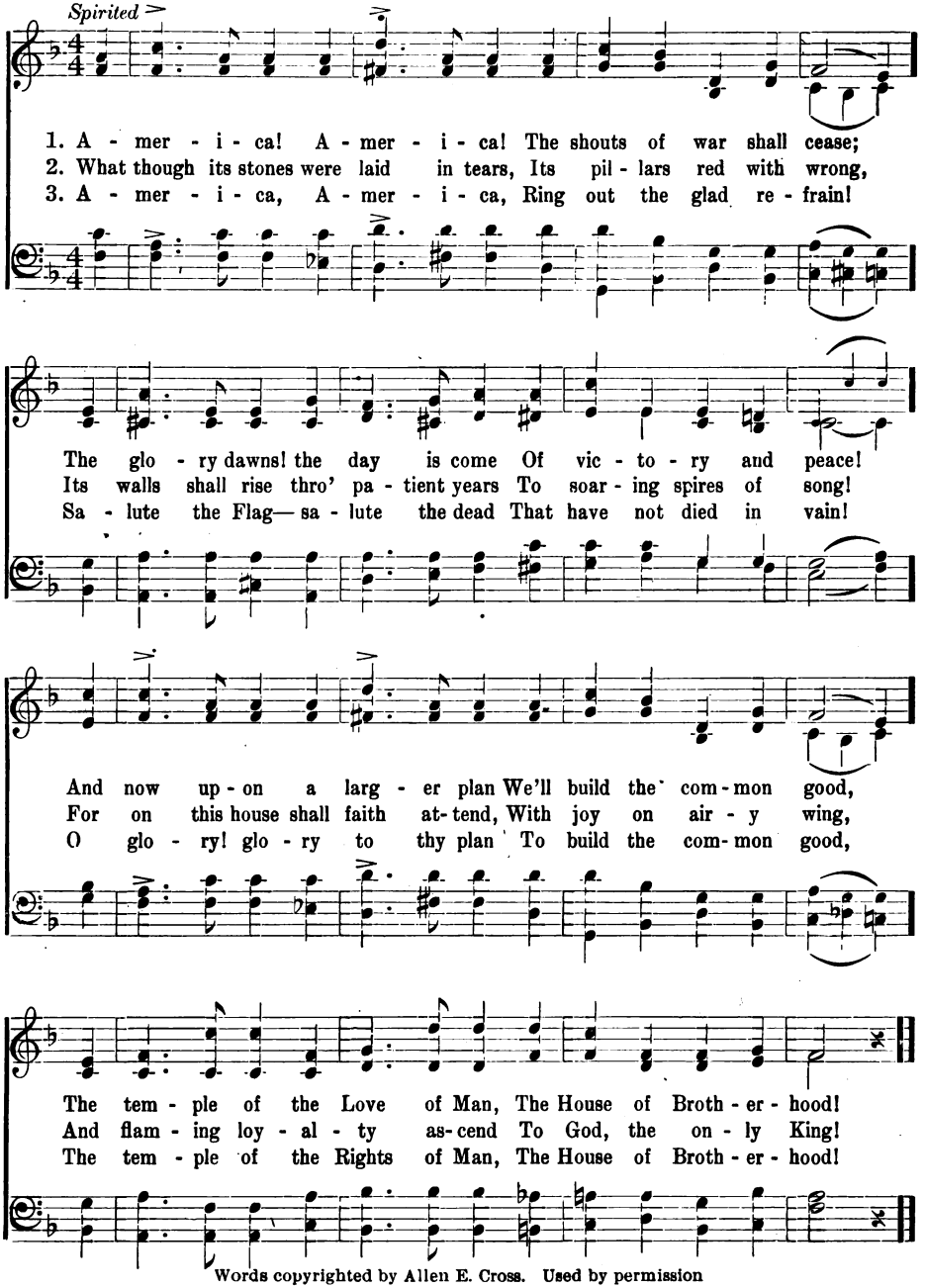
The House of Brotherhood

(A National Hymn of Victory)

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS — CHARLES EARNEST WHITE

Spirited

1. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! The shouts of war shall cease;
2. What though its stones were laid in tears, Its pil - lars red with wrong,
3. A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, Ring out the glad re - frain!
The glo - ry dawns! the day is come Of vic - to - ry and peace!
Its walls shall rise thro' pa - tient years To soar - ing spires of song!
Sa - lute the Flag— sa - lute the dead That have not died in vain!
And now up - on a larg - er plan We'll build the com - mon good,
For on this house shall faith at - tend, With joy on air - y wing,
O glo - ry! glo - ry to thy plan To build the com - mon good,
The tem - ple of the Love of Man, The House of Broth - er - hood!
And flam - ing loy - al - ty as - cend To God, the on - ly King!
The tem - ple of the Rights of Man, The House of Broth - er - hood!

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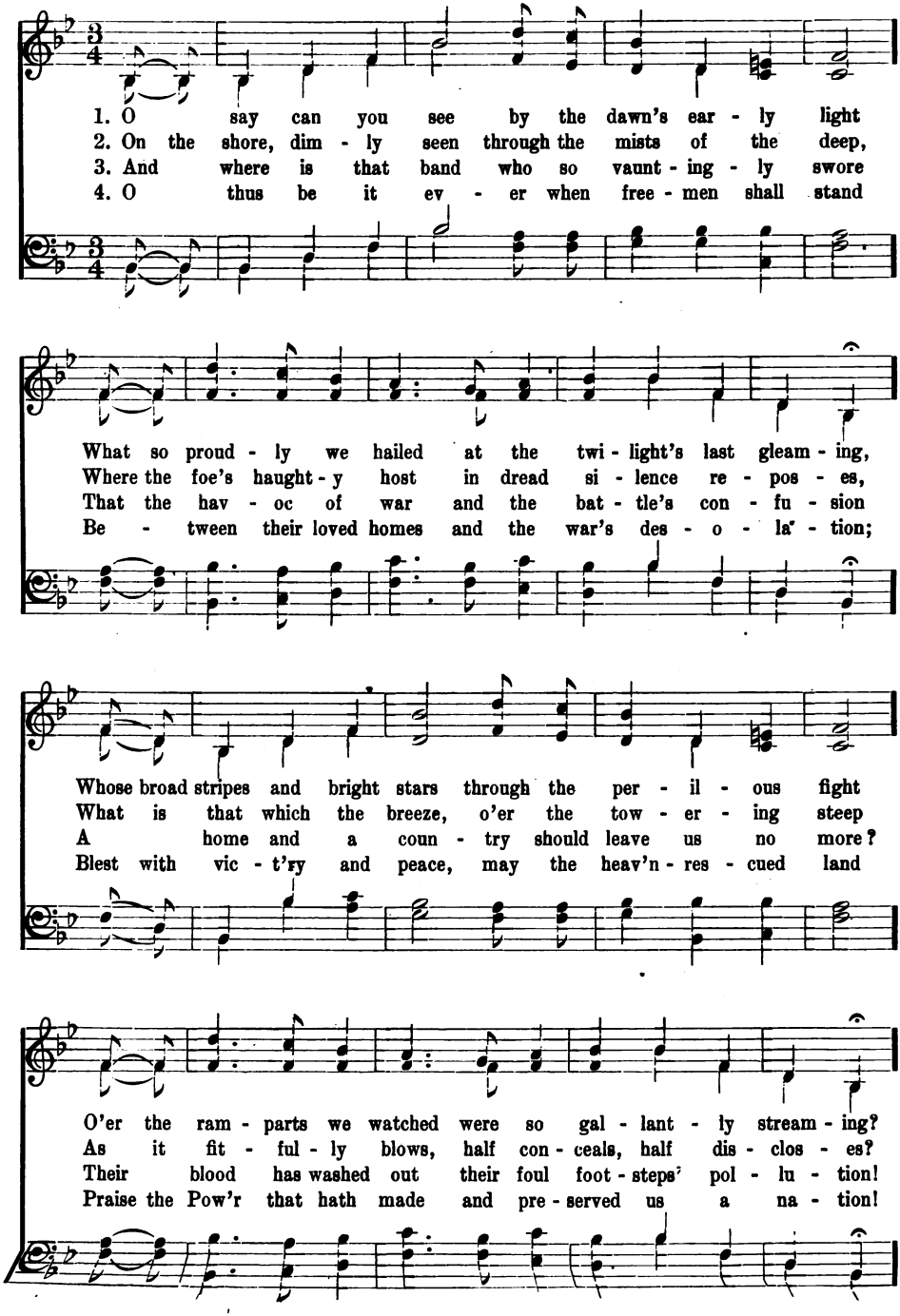
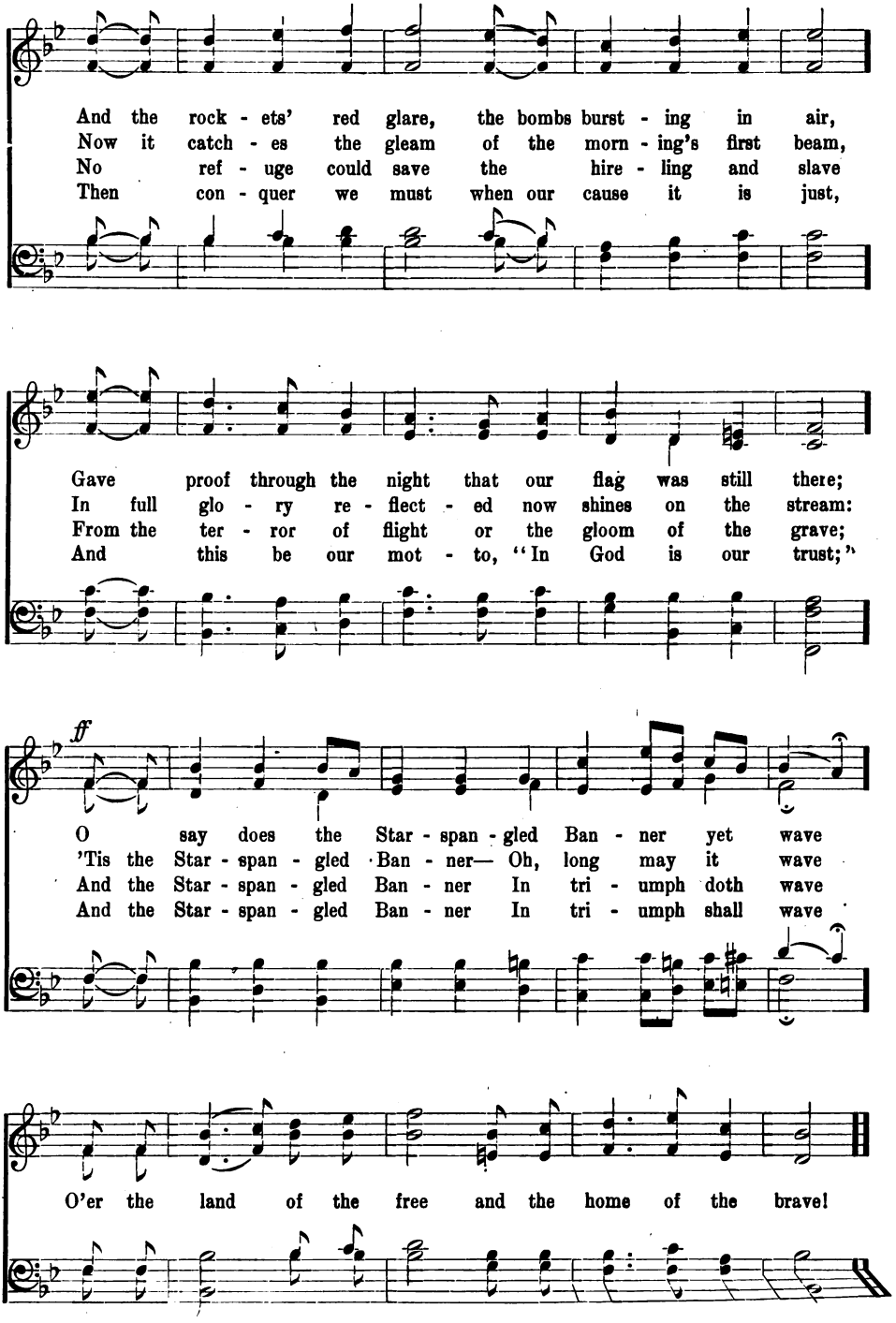
Music copyrighted by Charles E. White. Used by permission

Alternative tune, Cutler's "All Saints New," (The Son of God Goes Forth to War) No. 4

127 The Star-spangled Banner

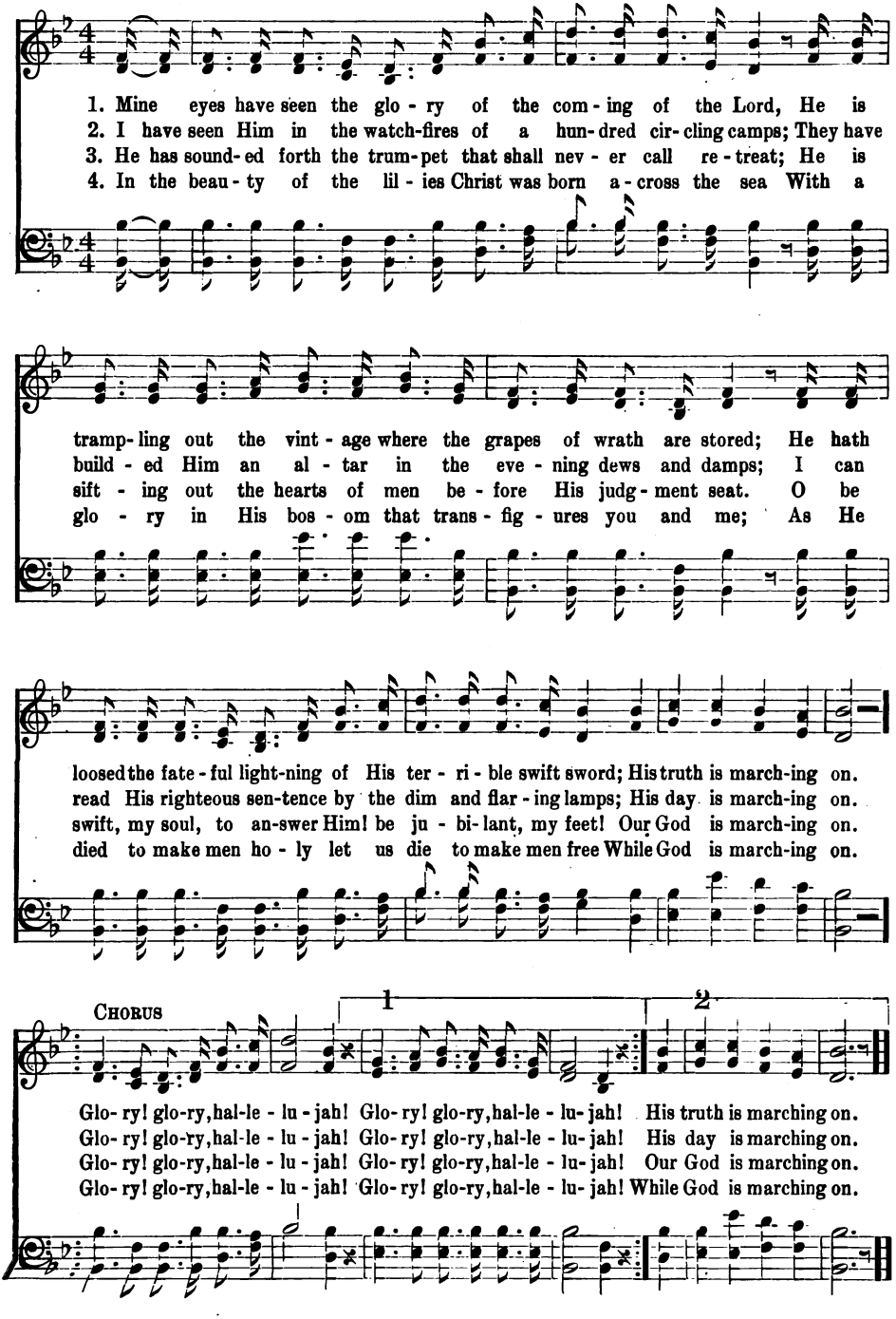
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY JOHN S. SMITH

1. O say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore
4. O thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand
What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing,
Where the foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion
Be - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la' - tion;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per - il - ous fight
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land
O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion!
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!

The Star-spangled Banner—Concluded


And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave
Then con - quer we must when our cause it is just,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream:
From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust;"
ff
O say does the Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the Star - span - gled Ban - ner— Oh, long may it wave
And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner In tri - umph doth wave
And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner In tri - umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

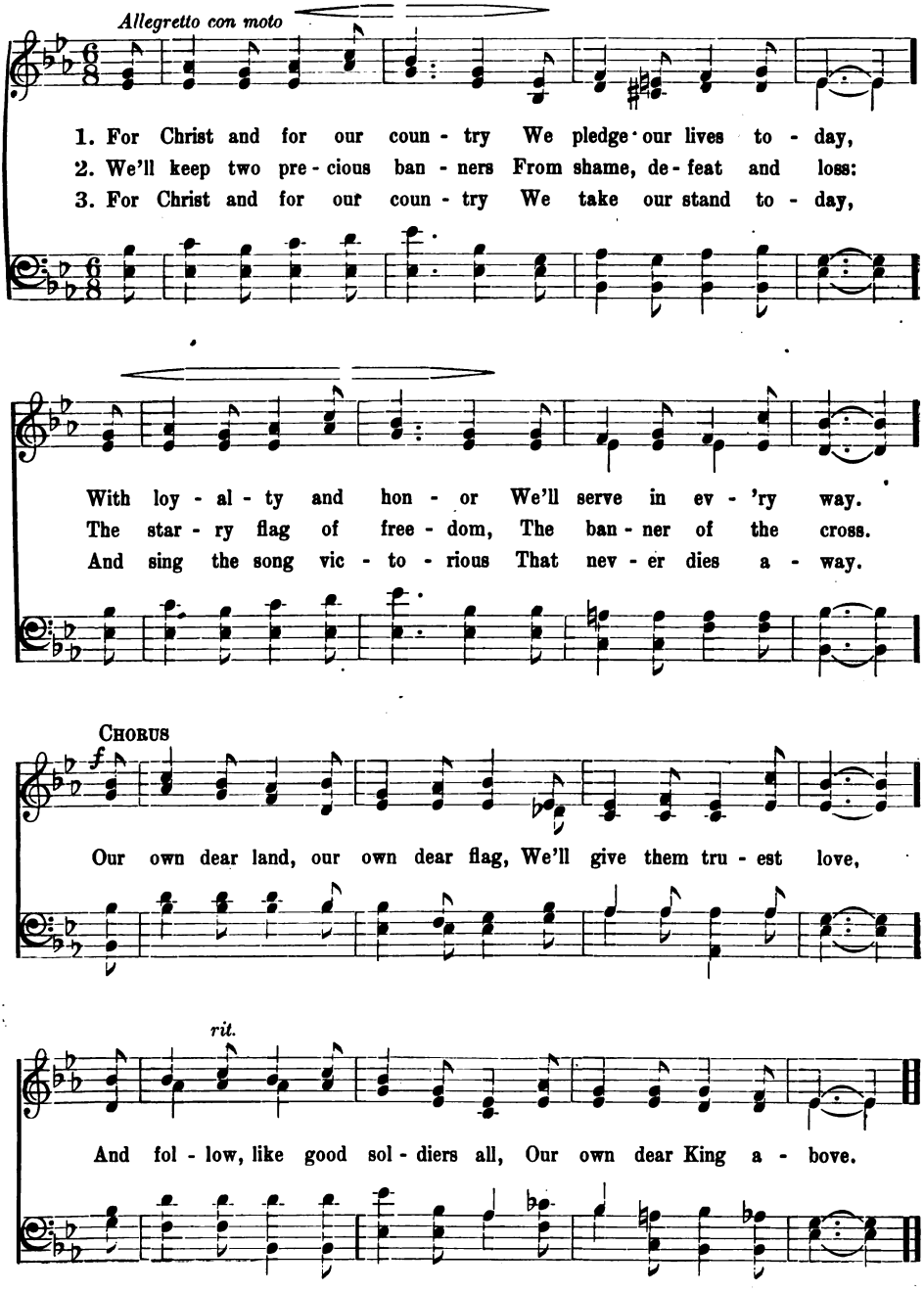
128 Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE "Glory, Hallelujah"


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea With a
tramp-ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS
1
2
Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu - jah! Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu- jah! His truth is marching on.
Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu - jah! Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu- jah! His day is marching on.
Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu - jah! Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu- jah! Our God is marching on.
Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu - jah! Glo- ry! glo-ry,hal-le - lu- jah! While God is marching on.

129 For Christ and For Our Country

E. S. TILLOTSON — KARL P. HARRINGTON

Allegretto con moto

1. For Christ and for our coun - try We pledge our lives to - day,
2. We'll keep two pre - cious ban - ners From shame, de - feat and loss:
3. For Christ and for our coun - try We take our stand to - day,
With loy - al - ty and hon - or We'll serve in ev - 'ry way.
The star - ry flag of free - dom, The ban - ner of the cross.
And sing the song vic - to - rious That nev - er dies a - way.
CHORUS
f
Our own dear land, our own dear flag, We'll give them tru - est love,
rit.
And fol - low, like good sol - diers all, Our own dear King a - bove.

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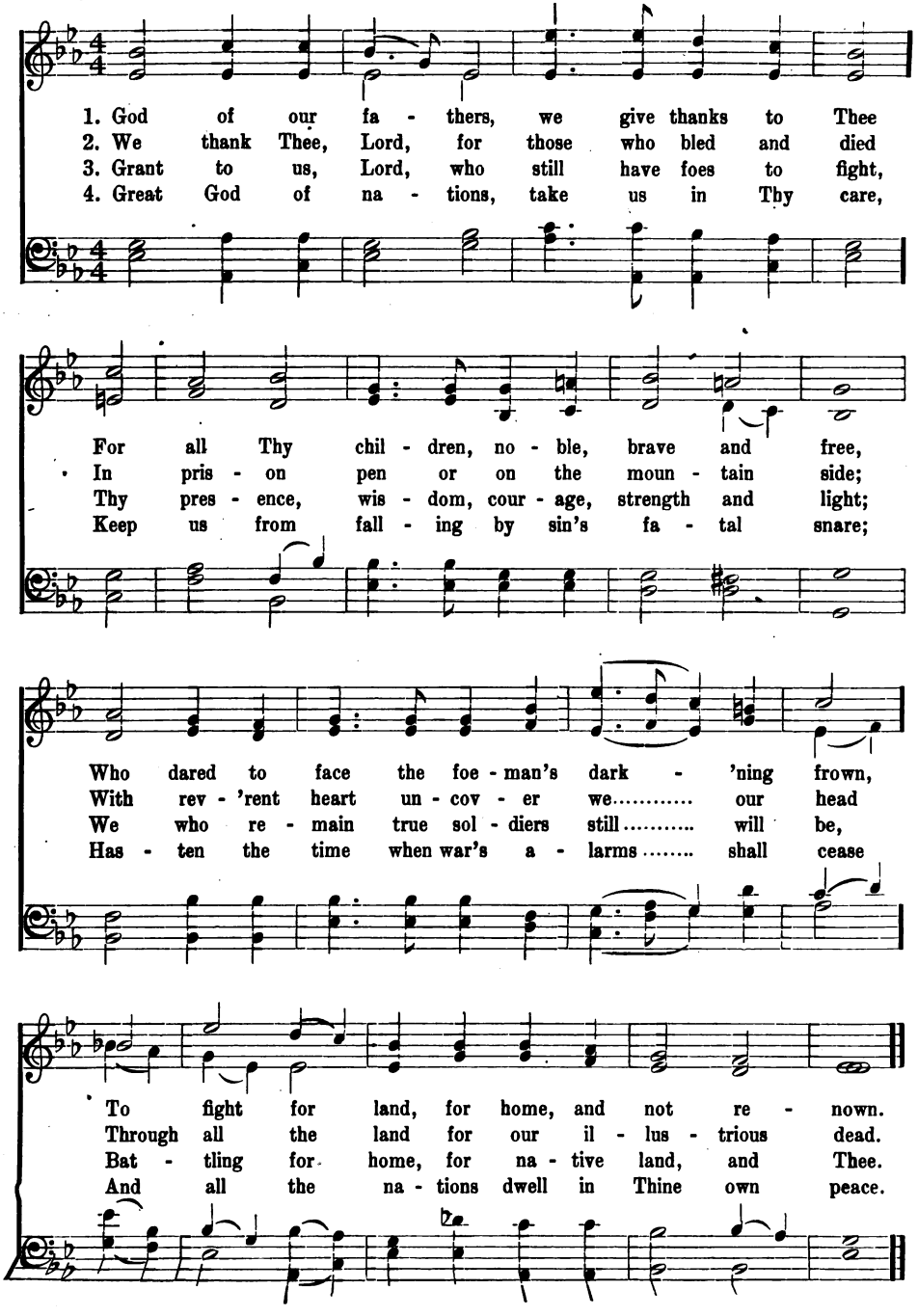
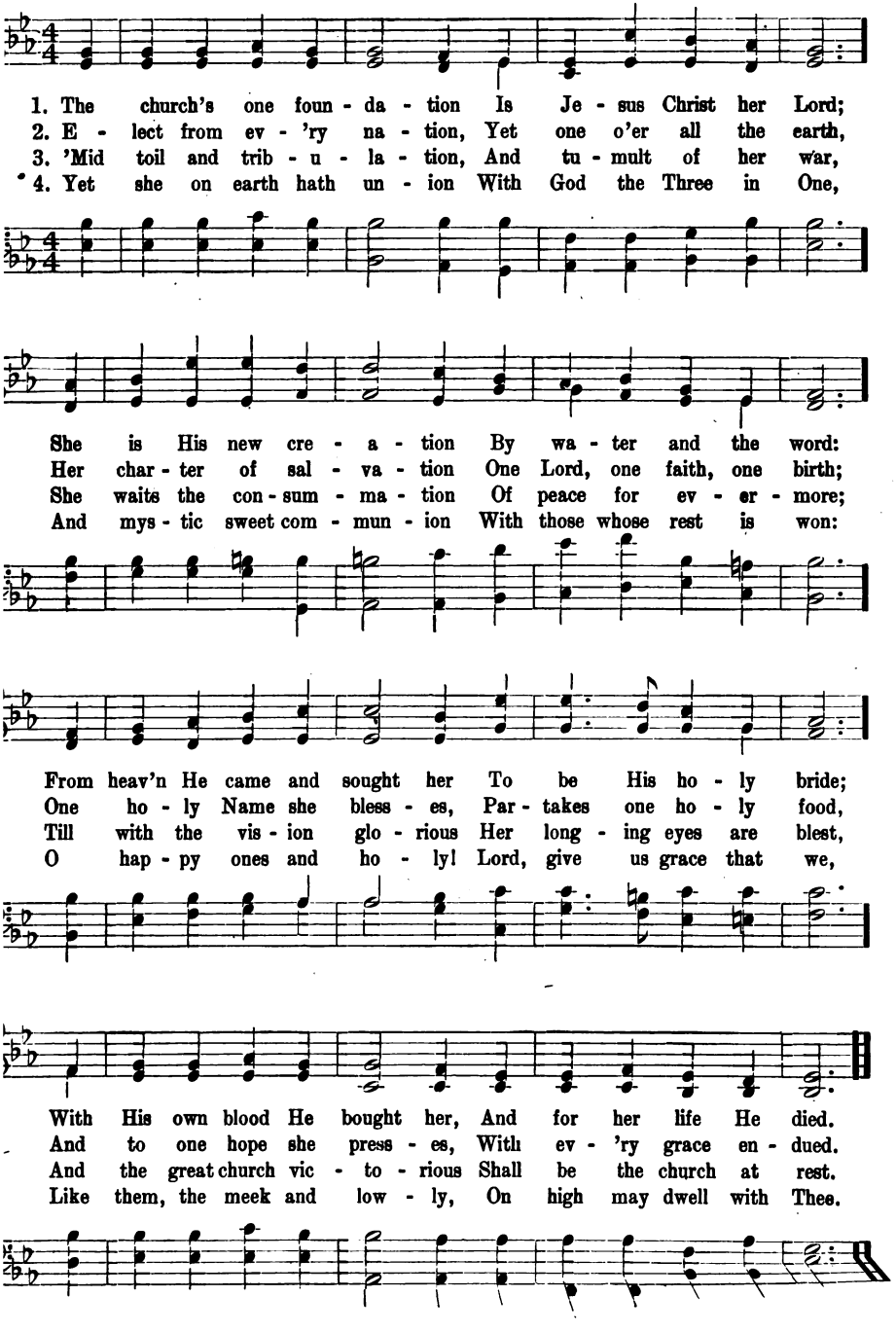
God of Our Fathers

(Russian Hymn)

H. B. CHOWN — A. T. LWOFF

1. God of our fa - thers, we give thanks to Thee
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for those who bled and died
3. Grant to us, Lord, who still have foes to fight,
4. Great God of na - tions, take us in Thy care,
For all Thy chil - dren, no - ble, brave and free,
In pris - on pen or on the moun - tain side;
Thy pres - ence, wis - dom, cour - age, strength and light;
Keep us from fall - ing by sin's fa - tal snare;
Who dared to face the foe - man's dark - 'ning frown,
With rev - 'rent heart un - cov - er we..... our head
We who re - main true sol - diers still..... will be,
Has - ten the time when war's a - larms..... shall cease
To fight for land, for home, and not re - nown.
Through all the land for our il - lus - trious dead.
Bat - tling for home, for na - tive land, and Thee.
And all the na - tions dwell in Thine own peace.

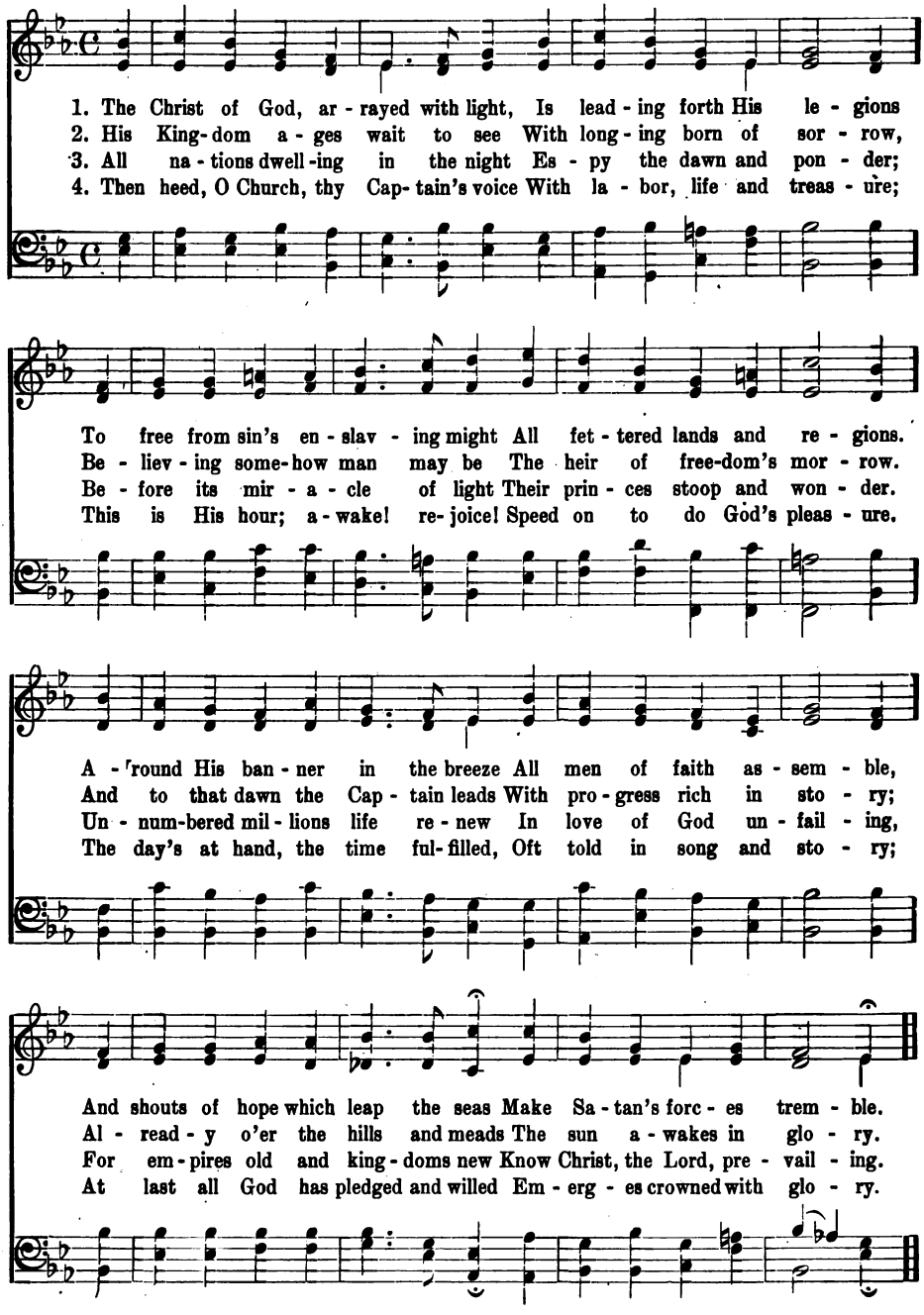
The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

132 The Christ of God, Arrayed With Light

(Somerndike)

C. W. L. CALVIN W. LAUFER


1. The Christ of God, ar - rayed with light, Is lead - ing forth His le - gions
2. His King-dom a - ges wait to see With long - ing born of sor - row,
3. All na - tions dwell - ing in the night Es - py the dawn and pon - der;
4. Then heed, O Church, thy Cap - tain's voice With la - bor, life and treas - ure;
To free from sin's en - slav - ing might All fet - tered lands and re - gions.
Be - liev - ing some-how man may be The heir of free-dom's mor - row.
Be - fore its mir - a - cle of light Their prin - ces stoop and won - der.
This is His hour; a - wake! re - joice! Speed on to do God's pleas - ure.
A - round His ban - ner in the breeze All men of faith as - sem - ble,
And to that dawn the Cap - tain leads With pro - gress rich in sto - ry;
Un - num-bered mil - lions life re - new In love of God un - fail - ing,
The day's at hand, the time ful - filled, Oft told in song and sto - ry;
And shouts of hope which leap the seas Make Sa - tan's forc - es trem - ble.
Al - read - y o'er the hills and meads The sun a - wakes in glo - ry.
For em - pires old and king - doms new Know Christ, the Lord, pre - vail - ing.
At last all God has pledged and willed Em - erg - es crowned with glo - ry.

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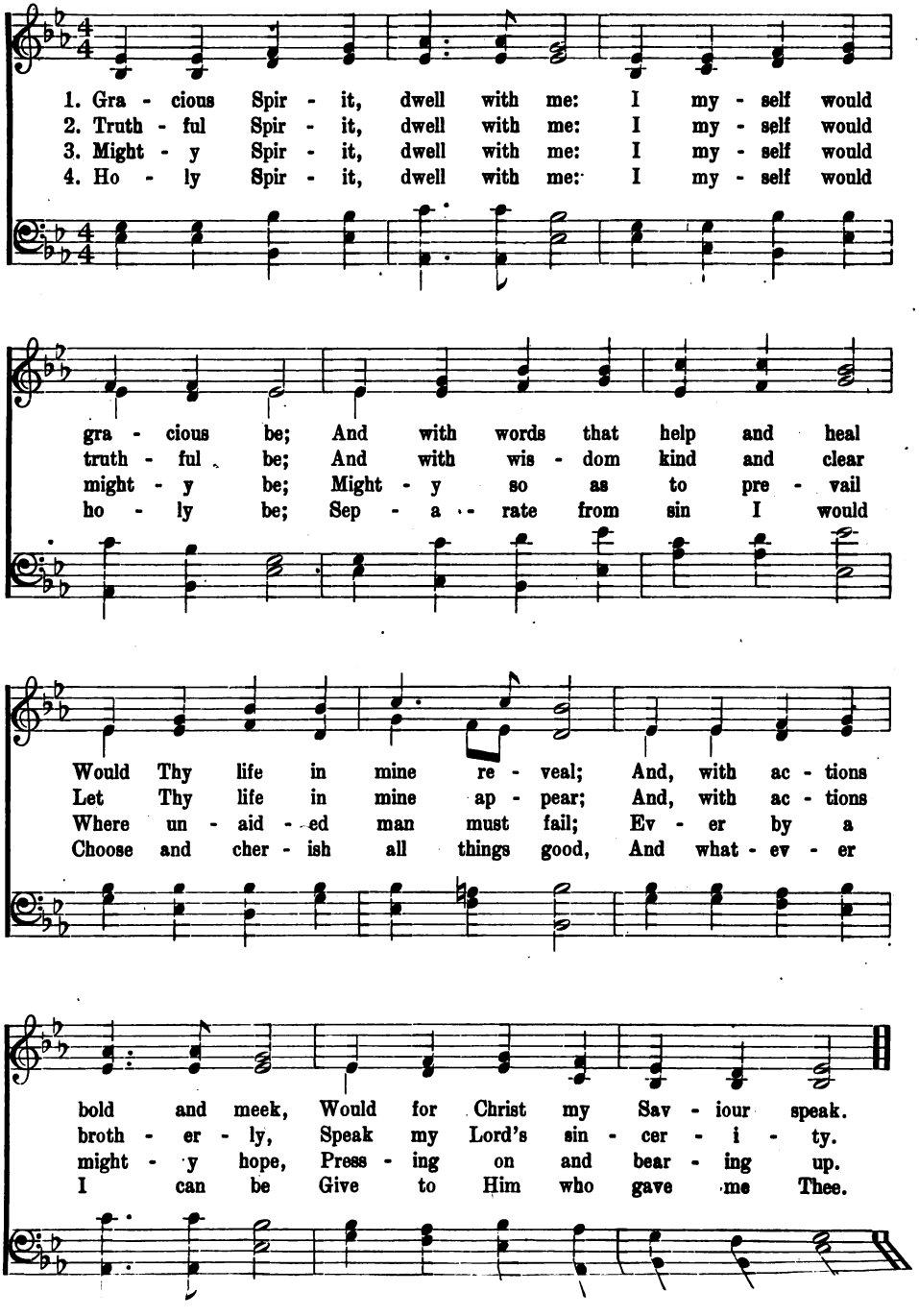
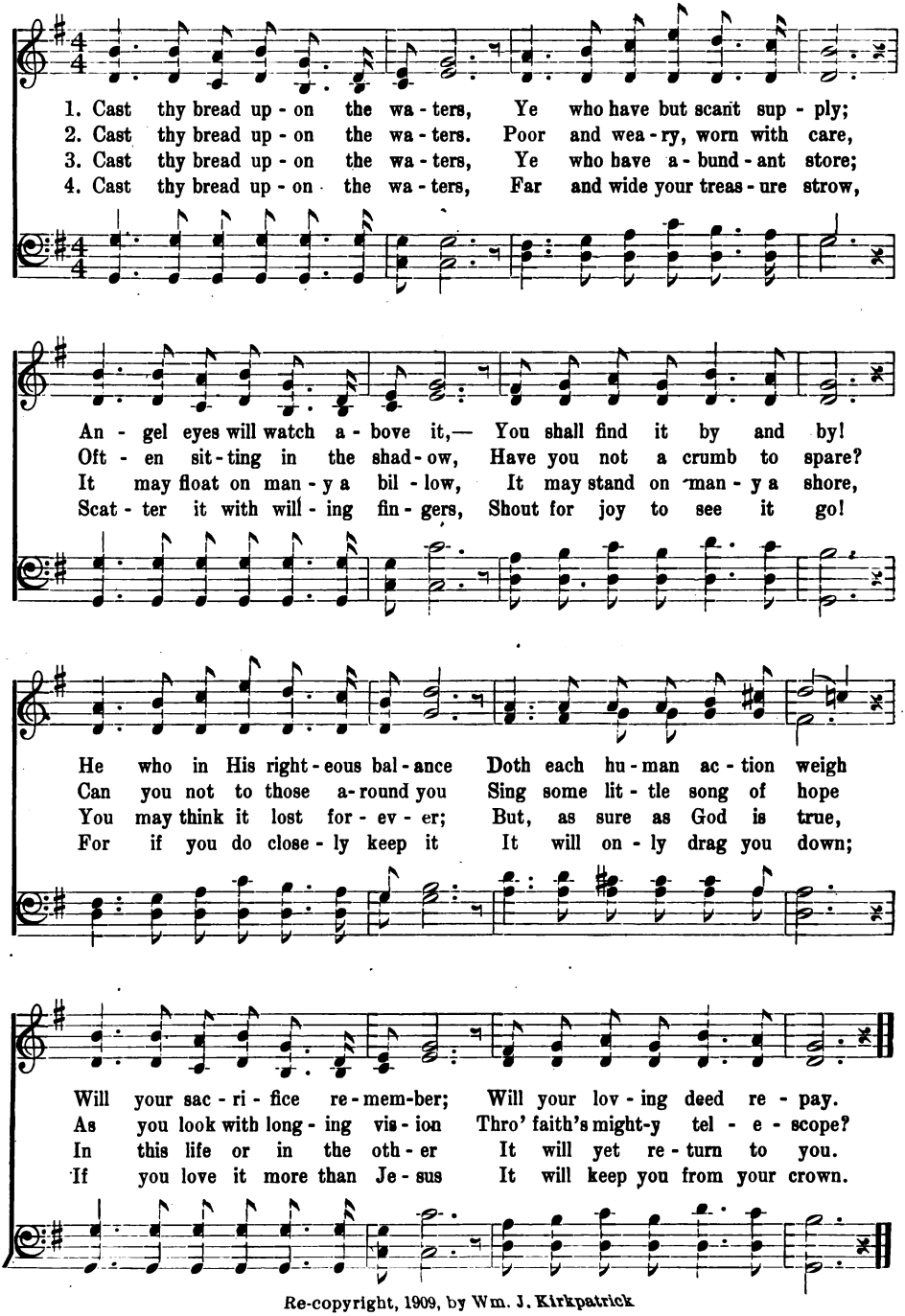
133 Gracious Spirit, Dwell With Me

THOMAS T. LYNCH RICHARD REDHEAD


1. Gra - cious Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would
2. Truth - ful Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would
3. Might - y Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would
gra - cious be; And with words that help and heal
truth - ful be; And with wis - dom kind and clear
might - y be; Might - y so as to pre - vail
ho - ly be; Sep - a - rate from sin I would
Would Thy life in mine re - veal; And, with ac - tions
Let Thy life in mine ap - pear; And, with ac - tions
Where un - aid - ed man must fail; Ev - er by a
Choose and cher - ish all things good, And what - ev - er
bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.
broth - er - ly, Speak my Lord's sin - cer - i - ty.
might - y hope, Press - ing on and bear - ing up.
I can be Give to Him who gave me Thee.

134 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters

PHŒBE J. HANAFORD — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply;
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters. Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a - bund - ant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treas - ure strow,
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it,— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad - ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man - y a bil - low, It may stand on man - y a shore,
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
He who in His right - eous bal - ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh
Can you not to those a - round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope
You may think it lost for - ev - er; But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it It will on - ly drag you down;
Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber; Will your lov - ing deed re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's might - y tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus It will keep you from your crown.

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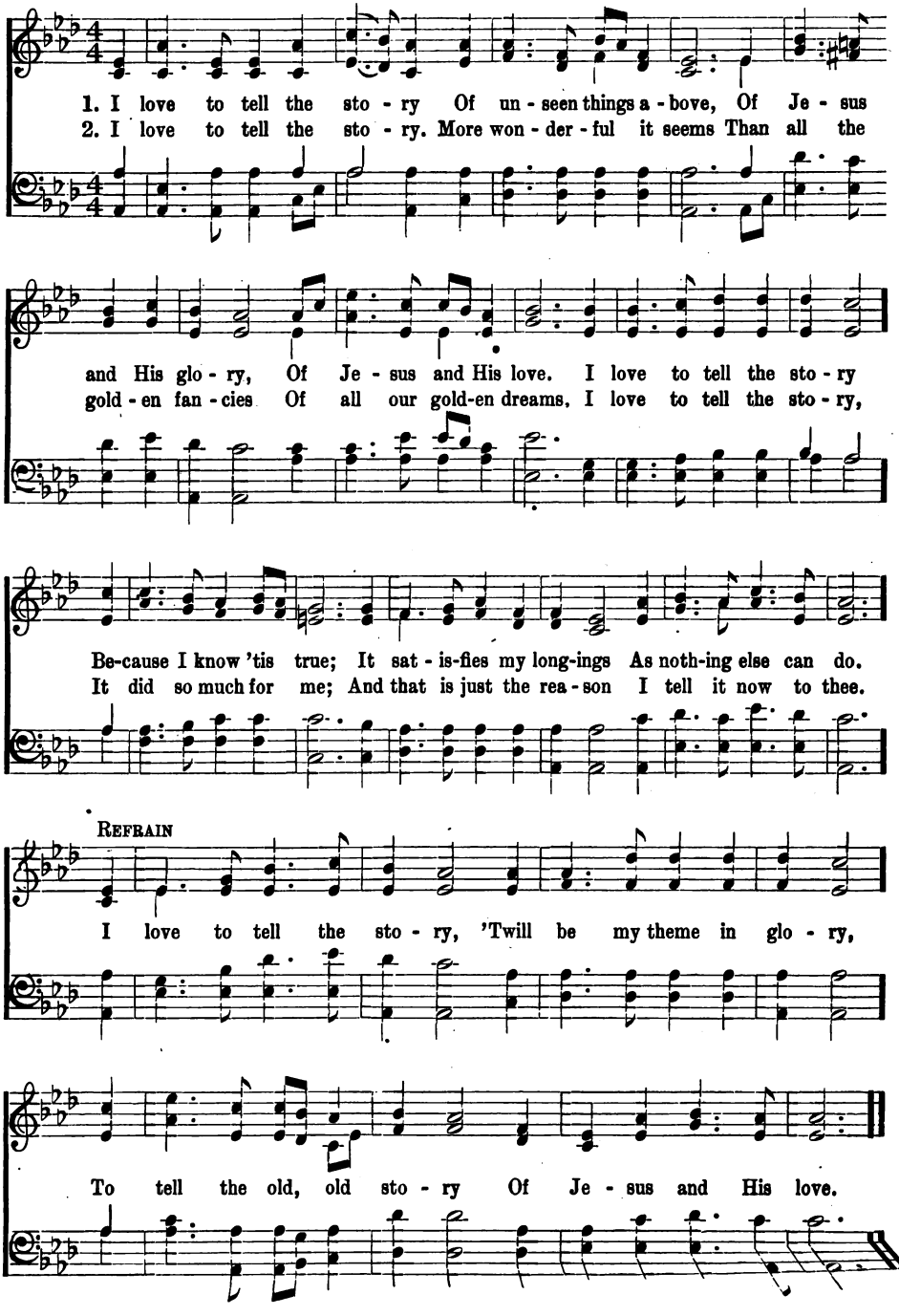
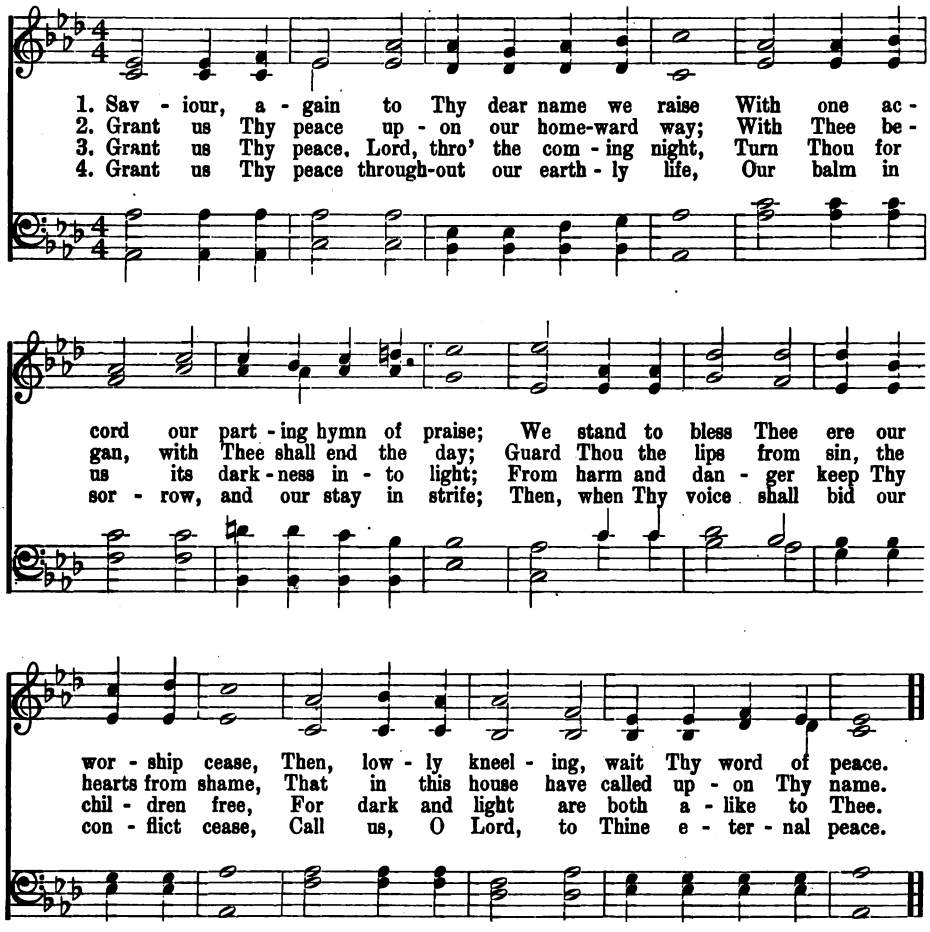
135 I Love to Tell the Story

KATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry. More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams, I love to tell the sto - ry,
Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As noth-ing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
REFRAIN
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

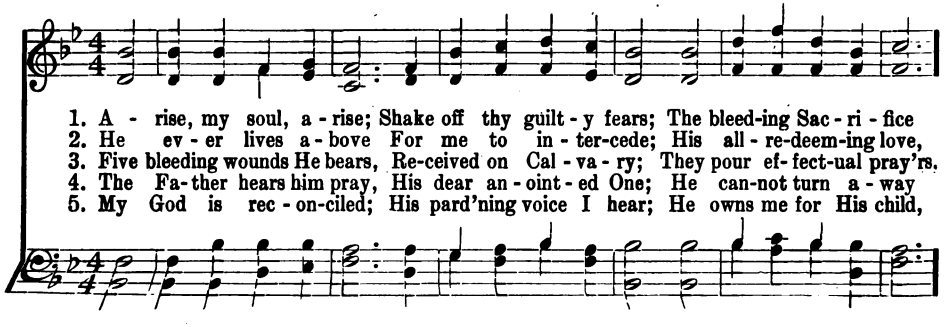
136 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

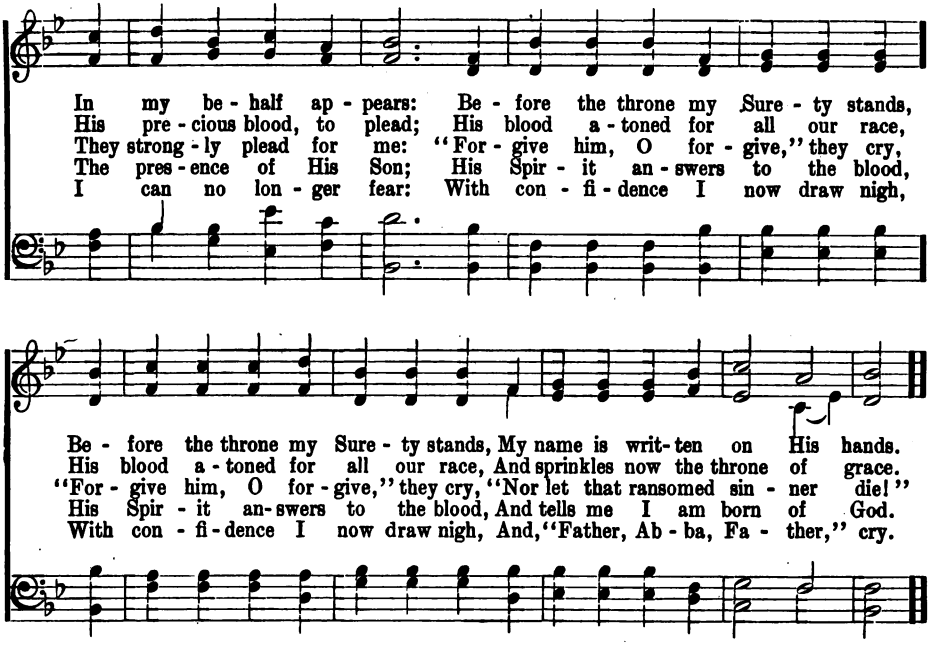
JOHN ELLERTON — EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

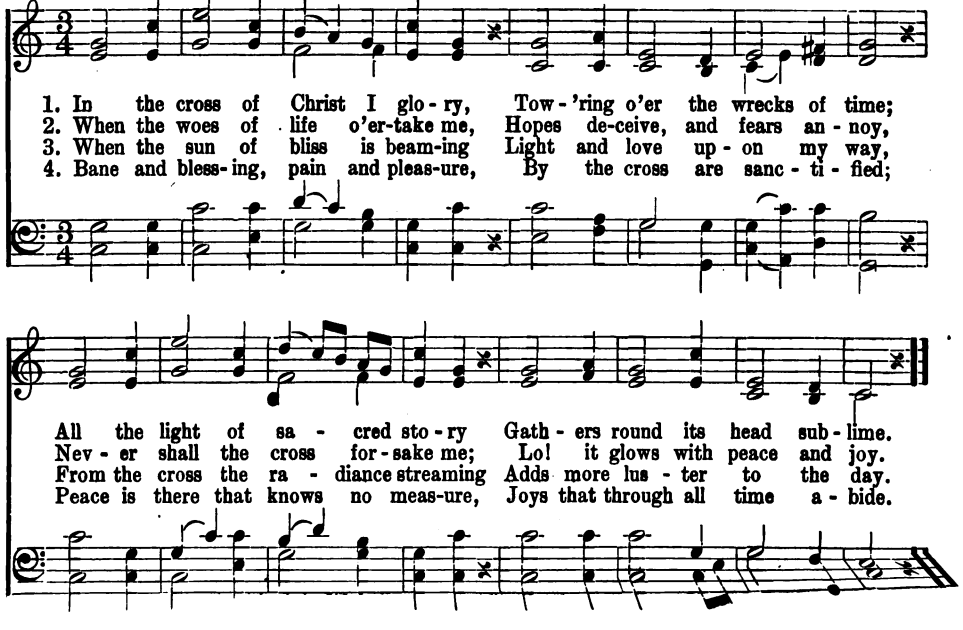
137 Arise, My Soul, Arise

CHARLES WESLEY — LEWIS EDSON

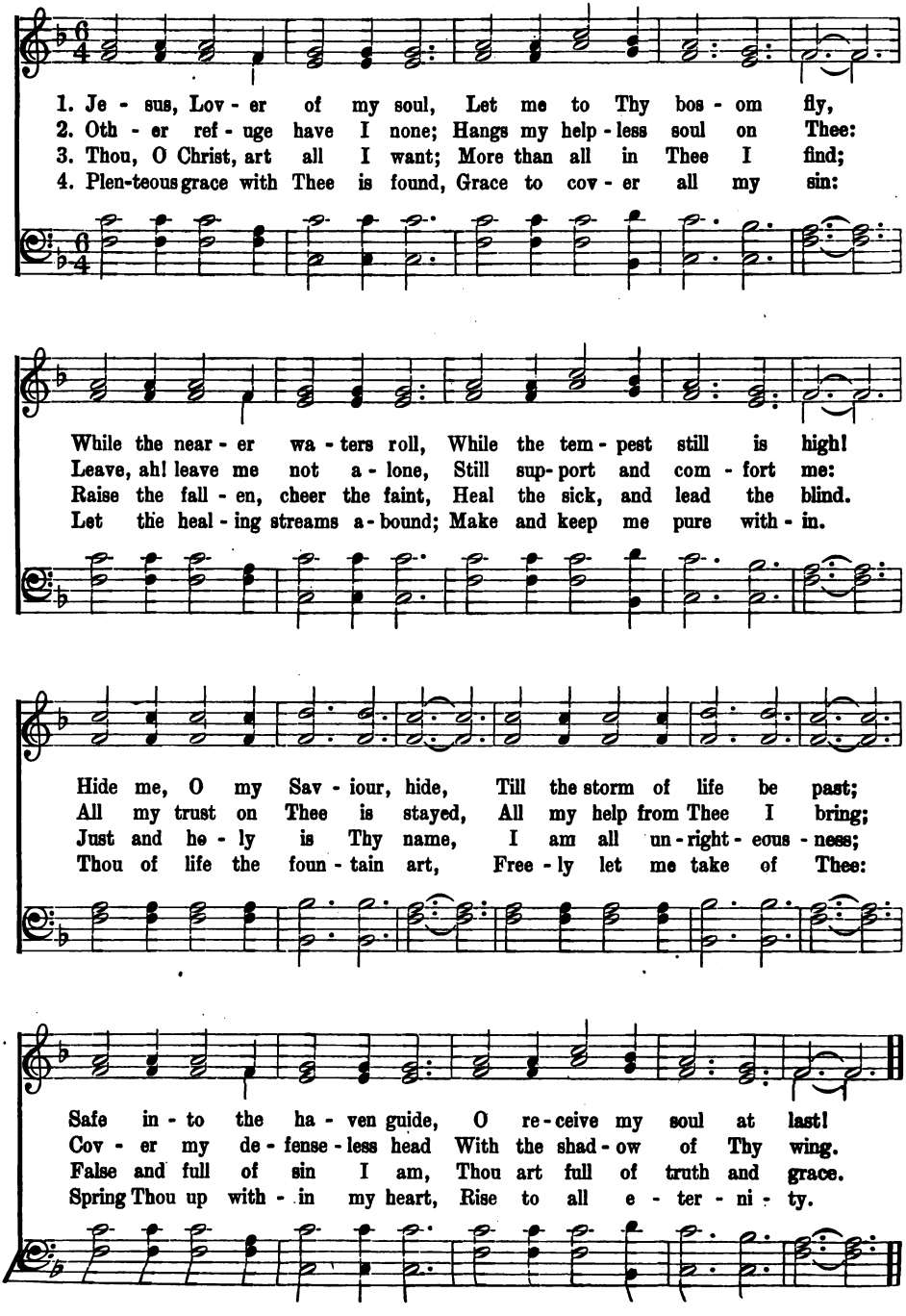

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re-ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef- fect-ual pray'rs,
4. The Fa-ther hears him pray, His dear an - oint - ed One; He can-not turn a - way
5. My God is rec - on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child,


In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong - ly plead for me: "For - give him, O for - give," they cry,
The pres - ence of His Son; His Spir - it an - swers to the blood,
I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

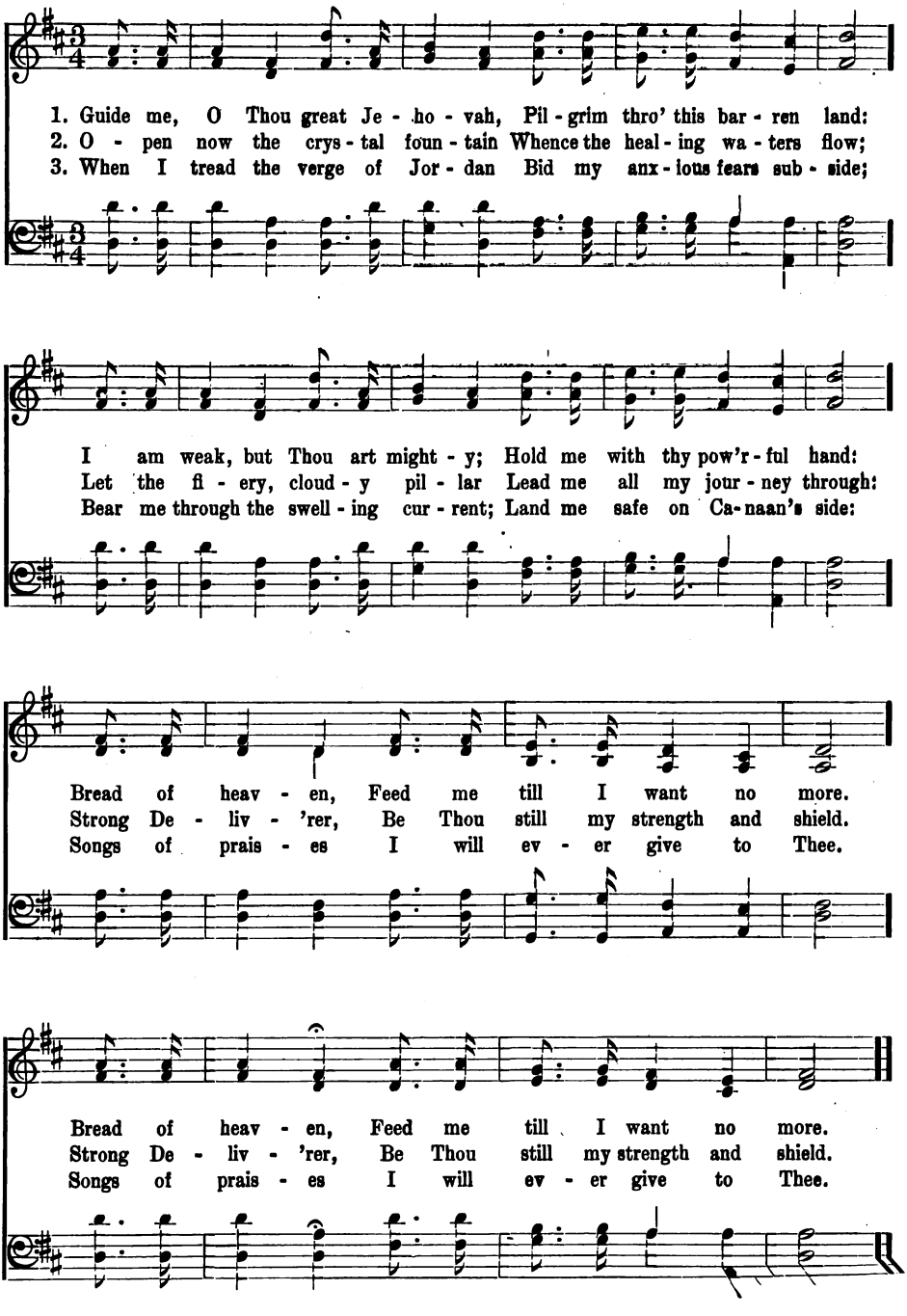
138 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

JOHN BOWRING — ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

139 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

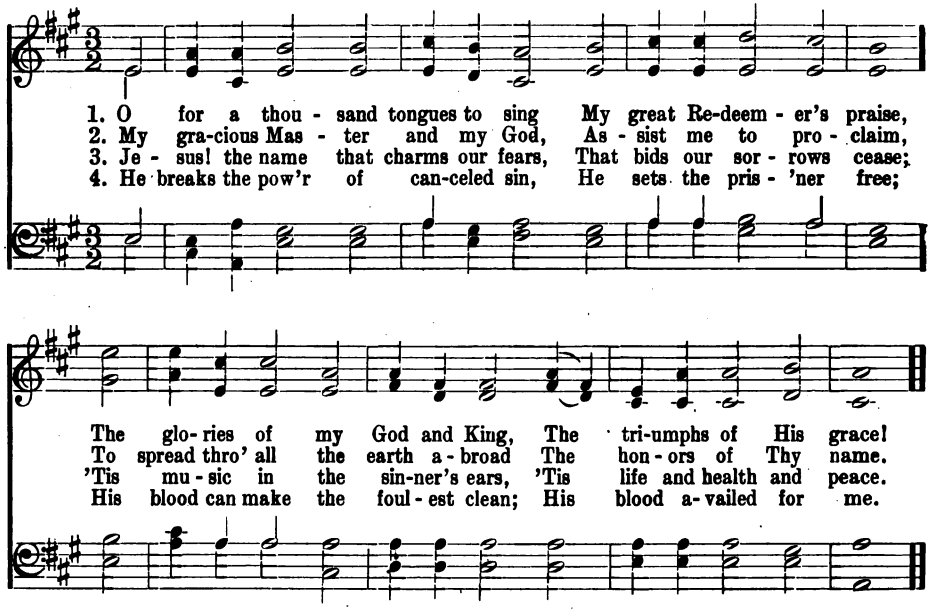
CHARLES WESLEY — SIMEON B. MARSH

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and he - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through:
Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

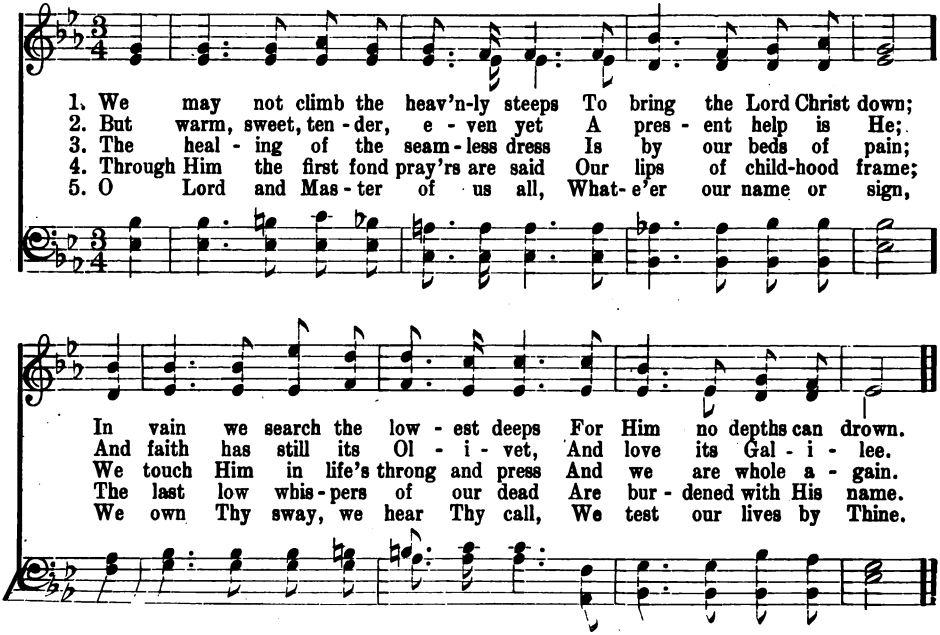
141 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

CHARLES WESLEY — CARL G. GLASER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON

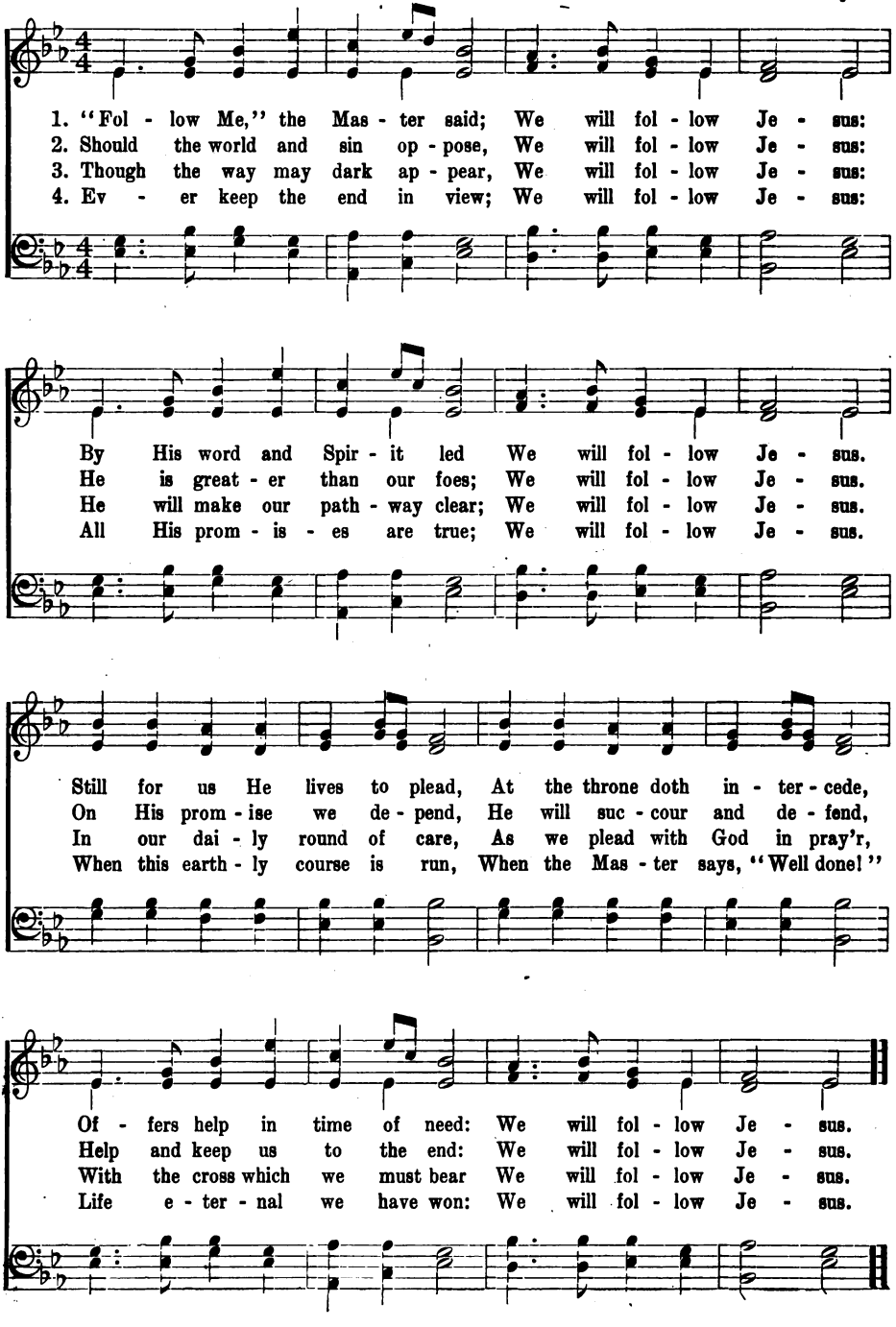

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
The glo- ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a- vailed for me.

142 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

JOHN G. WHITTIER — WILLIAM V. WALLACE

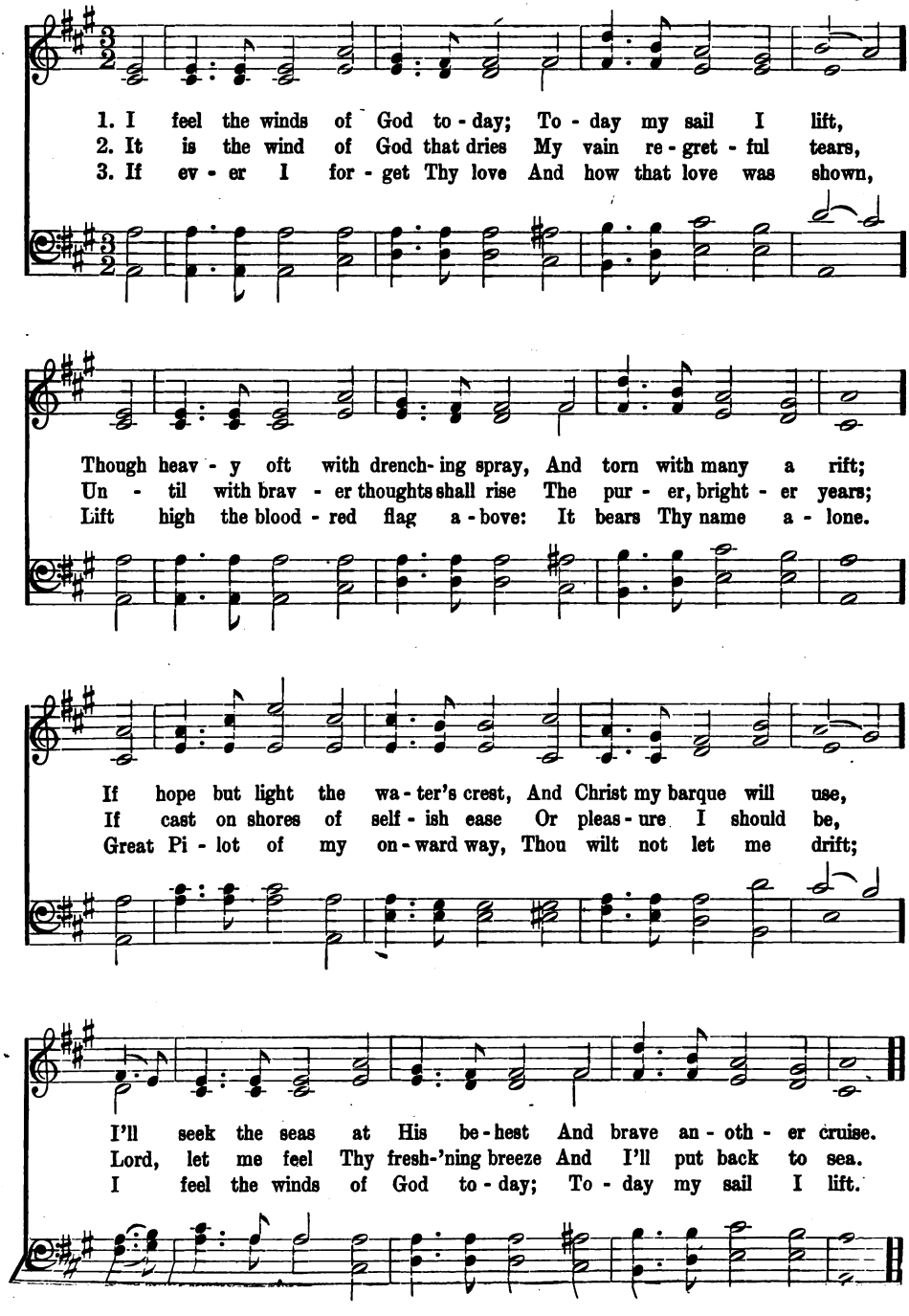

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Through Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What- e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low - est deeps For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

143 Follow Me, The Master Said

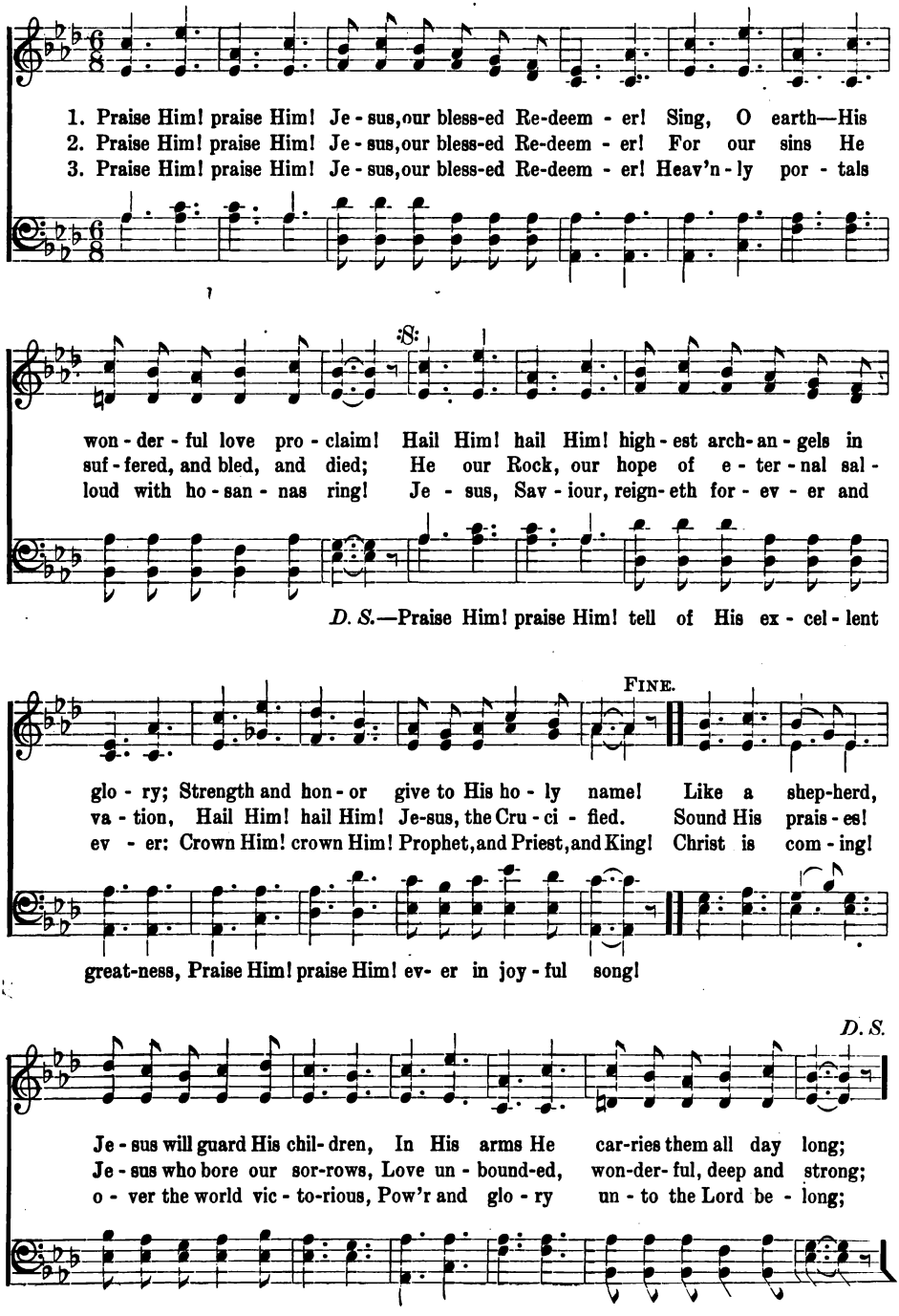
Anon. Traditional Melody

1. "Fol - low Me," the Mas - ter said; We will fol - low Je - sus:
2. Should the world and sin op - pose, We will fol - low Je - sus:
3. Though the way may dark ap - pear, We will fol - low Je - sus:
4. Ev - er keep the end in view; We will fol - low Je - sus:
By His word and Spir - it led We will fol - low Je - sus.
He is great - er than our foes; We will fol - low Je - sus.
He will make our path - way clear; We will fol - low Je - sus.
All His prom - is - es are true; We will fol - low Je - sus.
Still for us He lives to plead, At the throne doth in - ter - cede,
On His prom - ise we de - pend, He will suc - cour and de - fend,
In our dai - ly round of care, As we plead with God in pray'r,
When this earth - ly course is run, When the Mas - ter says, "Well done!"
Of - fers help in time of need: We will fol - low Je - sus.
Help and keep us to the end: We will fol - low Je - sus.
With the cross which we must bear We will fol - low Je - sus.
Life e - ter - nal we have won: We will fol - low Je - sus.

144 I Feel the Winds of God Today

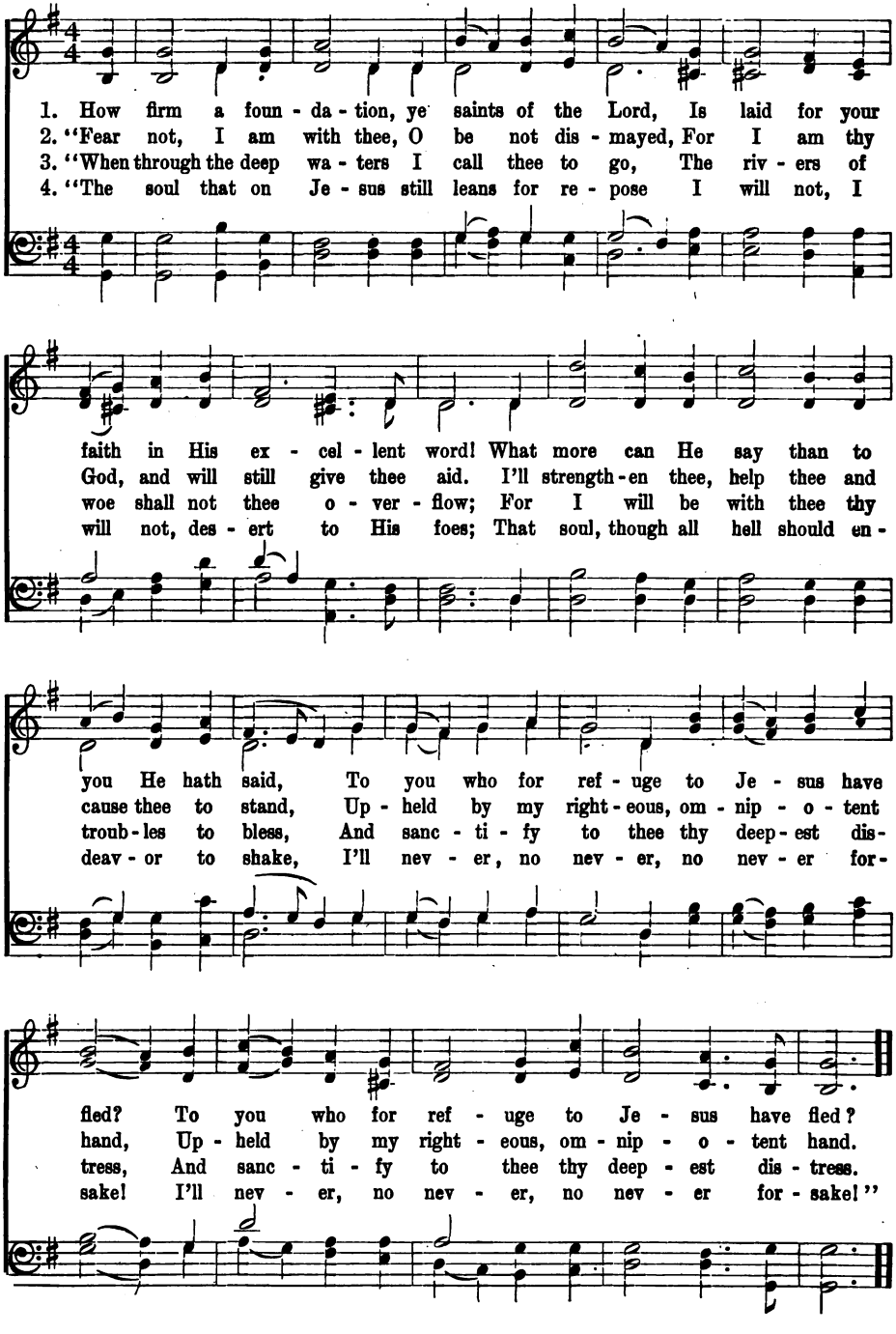
Anon. Norse Melody


1. I feel the winds of God to - day; To - day my sail I lift,
2. It is the wind of God that dries My vain re - gret - ful tears,
3. If ev - er I for - get Thy love And how that love was shown,
Though heav - y oft with drench- ing spray, And torn with many a rift;
Un - til with brav - er thoughts shall rise The pur - er, bright - er years;
Lift high the blood - red flag a - bove: It bears Thy name a - lone.
If hope but light the wa - ter's crest, And Christ my barque will use,
If cast on shores of self - ish ease Or pleas - ure I should be,
Great Pi - lot of my on - ward way, Thou wilt not let me drift;
I'll seek the seas at His be - hest And brave an - oth - er cruise.
Lord, let me feel Thy fresh-'ning breeze And I'll put back to sea.
I feel the winds of God to - day; To - day my sail I lift.

145 Praise Him! Praise Him!

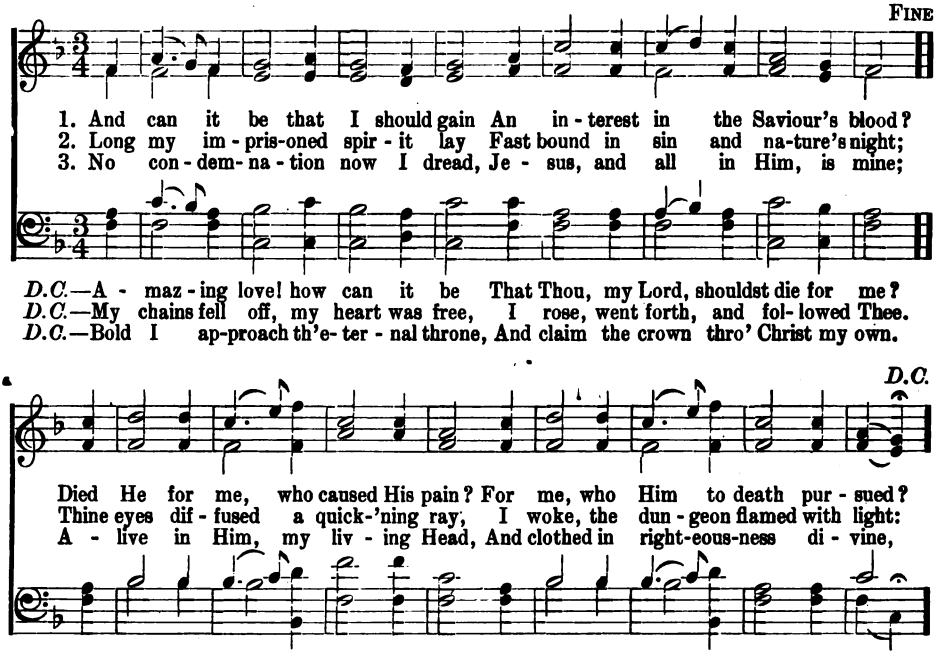
FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heav'n - ly por - tals
:S:
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high - est arch - an - gels in
suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reign - eth for - ev - er and
D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel - lent
FINE.
glo - ry; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!
great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev- er in joy - ful song!
D. S.
Je - sus will guard His chil - dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
Je - sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un - bound-ed, won-der- ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic - to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

146 How Firm a Foundation

GEORGE KEITH — Portuguese Hymn

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strength - en thee, help thee and
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent
hand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
4. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose I will not, I
will not, des - ert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -
sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

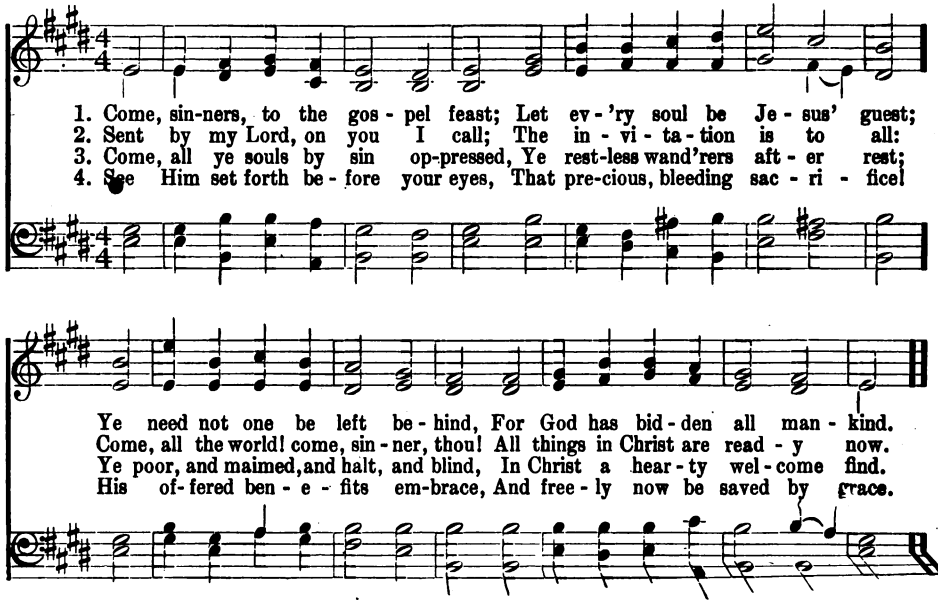
147 And Can It Be

CHARLES WESLEY — JEREMIAH INGALLS

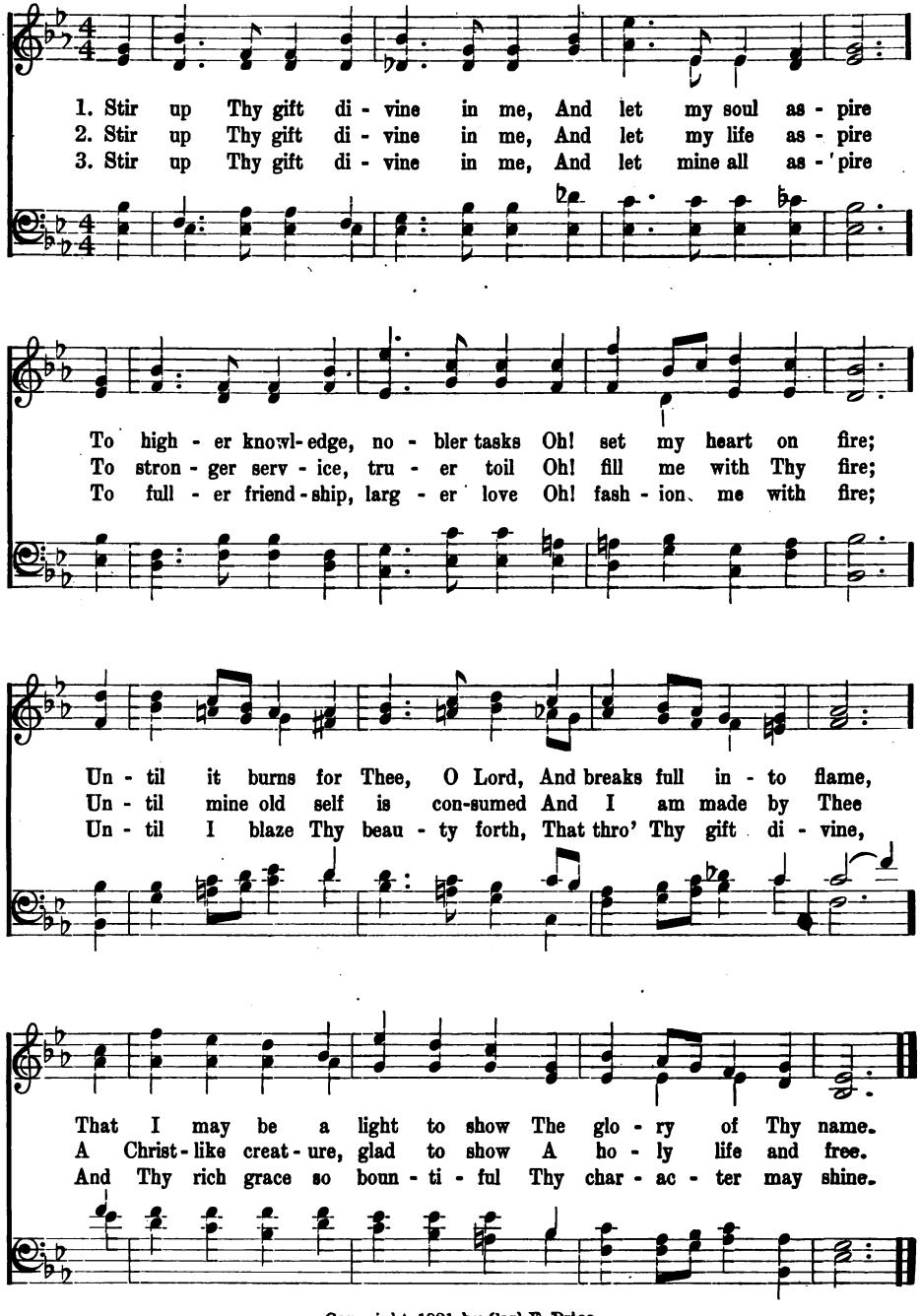

FINE
1. And can it be that I should gain An in - terest in the Saviour's blood?
2. Long my im - pris-oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and na-ture's night;
3. No con - dem- na - tion now I dread, Je - sus, and all in Him, is mine;
D.C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
D.C.—My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol- lowed Thee.
D.C.—Bold I ap-proach th'e- ter - nal throne, And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.
D.C.
Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued?
Thine eyes dif - fused a quick-'ning ray, I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light:
A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in right-eous-ness di - vine,

148 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON


1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all:
3. Come, all ye souls by sin op-pressed, Ye rest-less wand'rers aft - er rest;
4. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That pre-cious, bleeding sac - ri - fice!
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God has bid - den all man - kind.
Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou! All things in Christ are read - y now.
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hear - ty wel - come find.
His of - fered ben - e - fits em-brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace.

149 Stir Up Thy Gift Divine

CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD — CARL F. PRICE

1. Stir up Thy gift di - vine in me, And let my soul as - pire
2. Stir up Thy gift di - vine in me, And let my life as - pire
3. Stir up Thy gift di - vine in me, And let mine all as - 'pire
To high - er knowl-edge, no - bler tasks Oh! set my heart on fire;
To stron - ger serv - ice, tru - er toil Oh! fill me with Thy fire;
To full - er friend-ship, larg - er love Oh! fash - ion me with fire;
Un - til it burns for Thee, O Lord, And breaks full in - to flame,
Un - til mine old self is con-sumed And I am made by Thee
Un - til I blaze Thy beau - ty forth, That thro' Thy gift di - vine,
That I may be a light to show The glo - ry of Thy name.
A Christ-like creat - ure, glad to show A ho - ly life and free.
And Thy rich grace so boun - ti - ful Thy char - ac - ter may shine.

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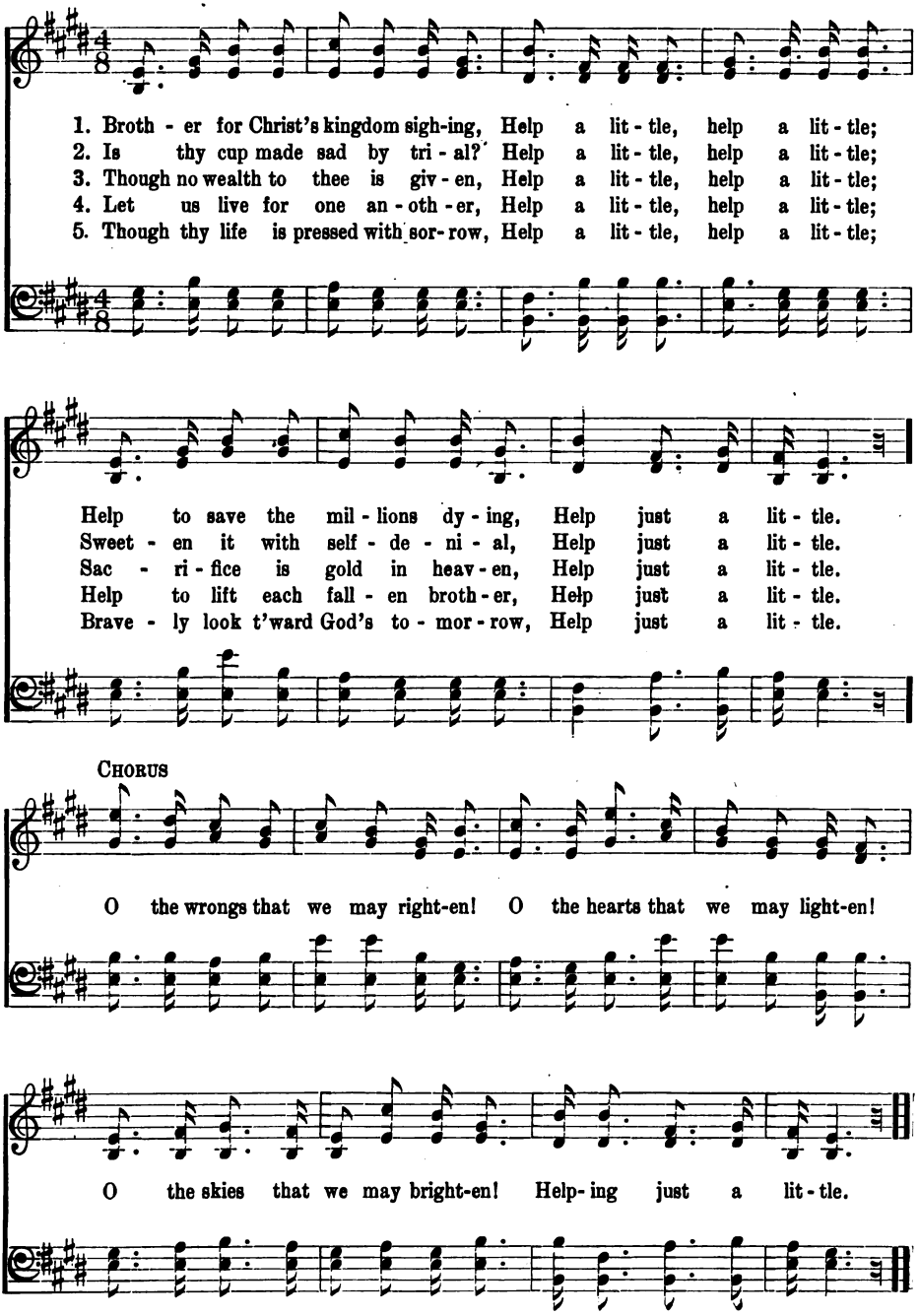
150 Help Just a Little

W. A. SPENCER, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. Broth - er for Christ's kingdom sigh-ing, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri - al? Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv - en, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle;
4. Let us live for one an - oth - er, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle;
5. Though thy life is pressed with sor - row, Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle;
Help to save the mil - lions dy - ing, Help just a lit - tle.
Sweet - en it with self - de - ni - al, Help just a lit - tle.
Sac - ri - fice is gold in heav - en, Help just a lit - tle.
Help to lift each fall - en broth - er, Help just a lit - tle.
Brave - ly look t'ward God's to - mor - row, Help just a lit - tle.
CHORUS
O the wrongs that we may right-en! O the hearts that we may light-en!
O the skies that we may bright-en! Help-ing just a lit - tle.

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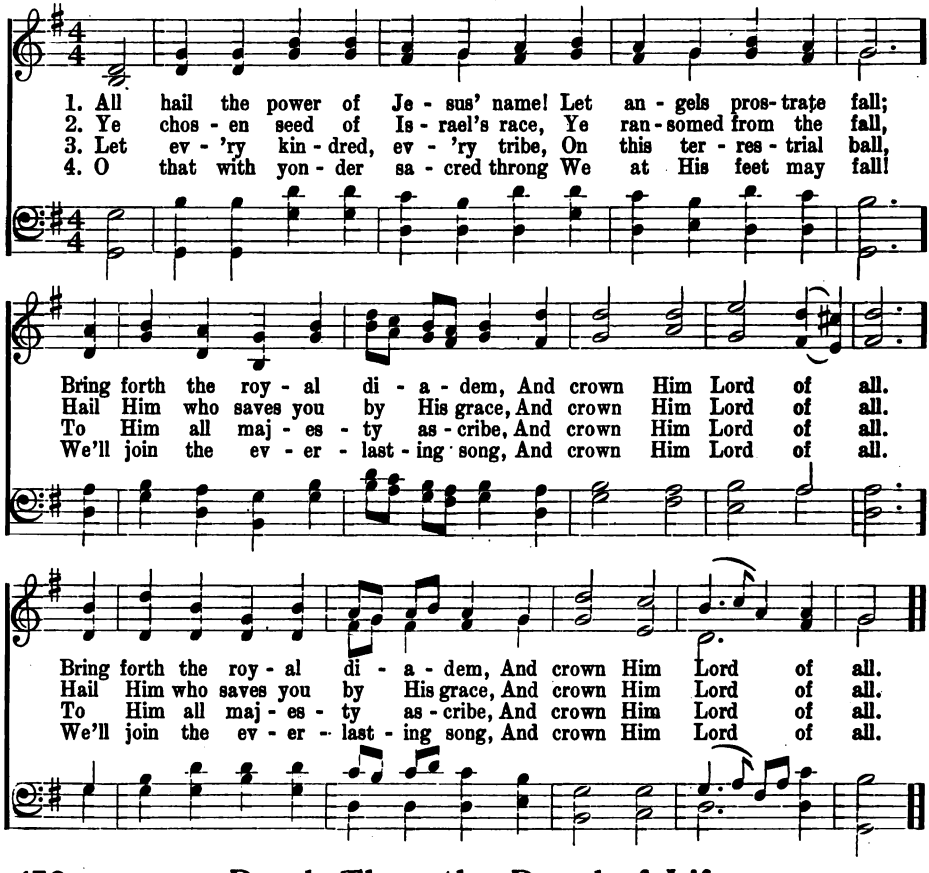
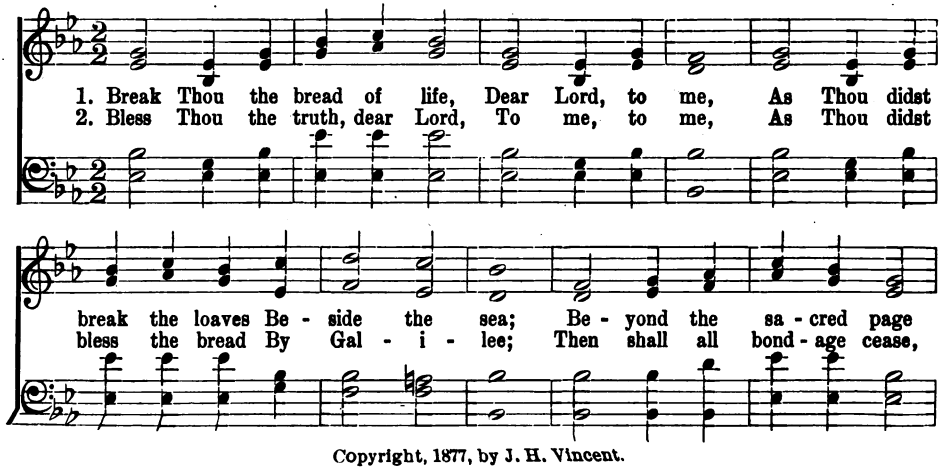
151 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

152 Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

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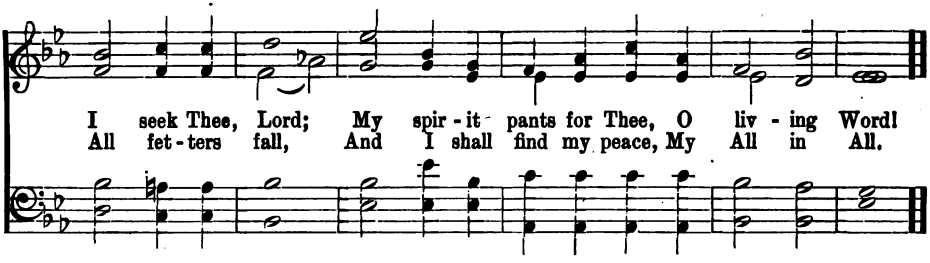
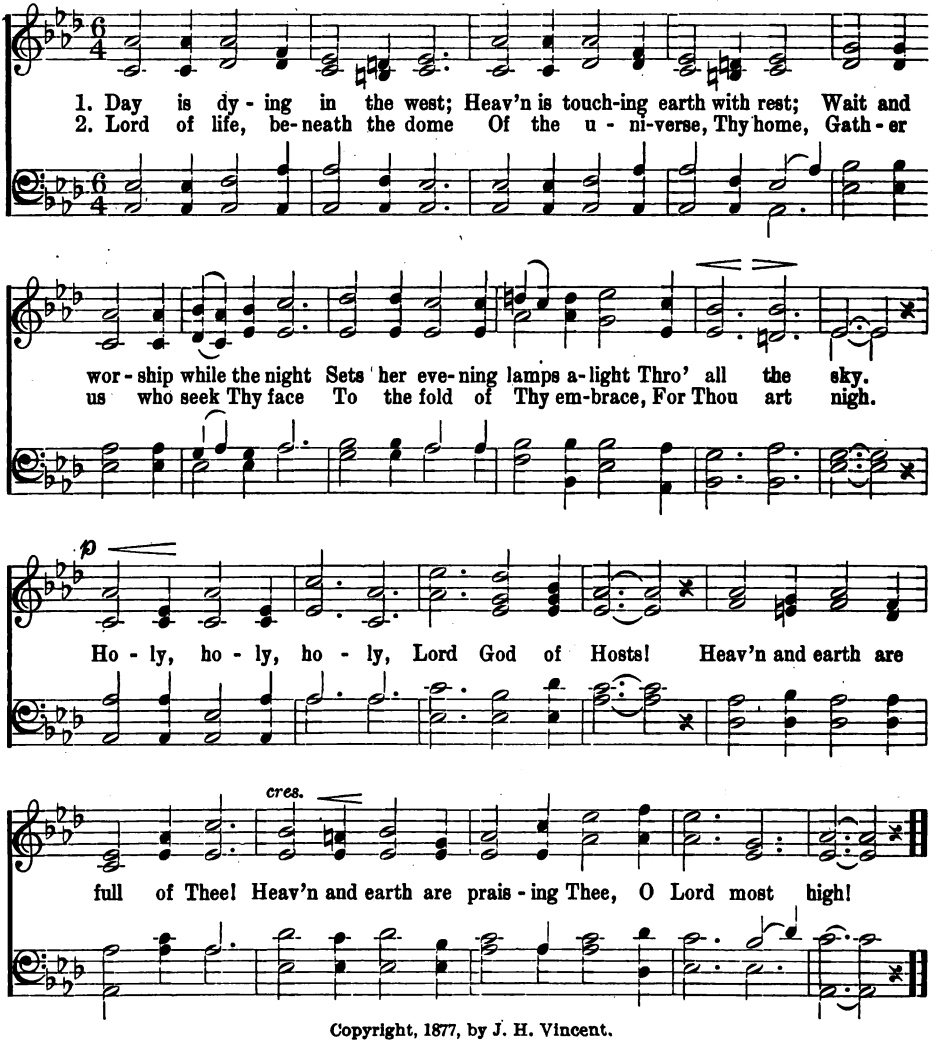

153 Day Is Dying In the West

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath - er
wor - ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
cres.
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

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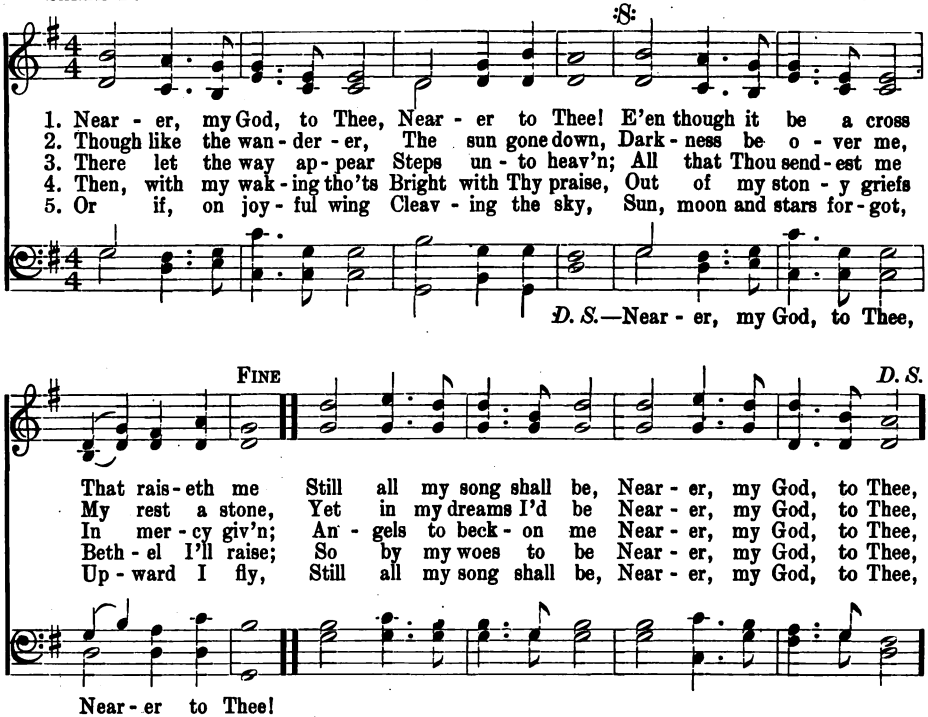
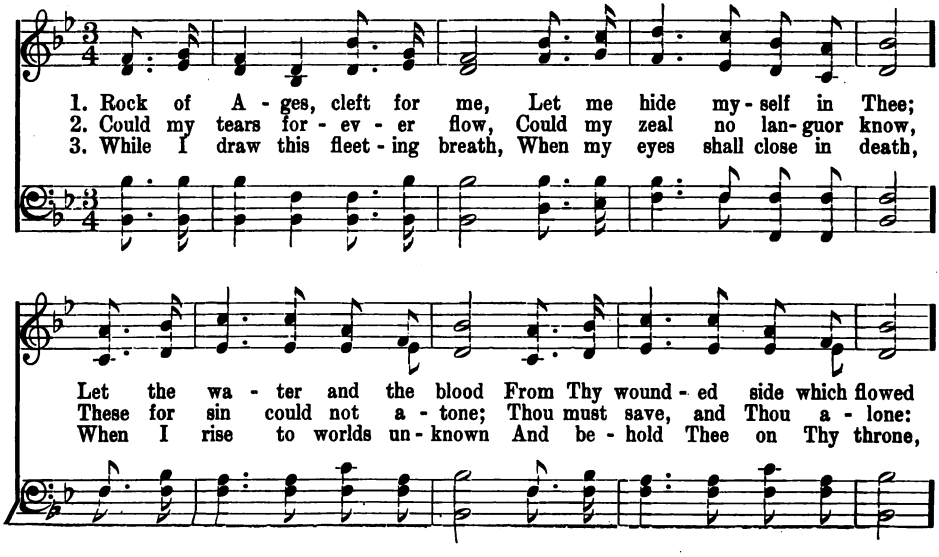
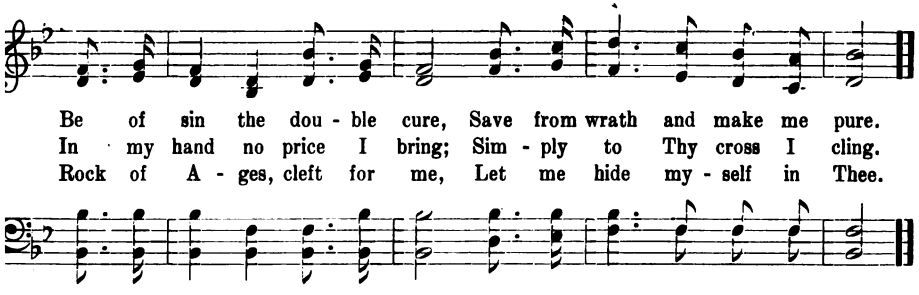
154 Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for - got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
FINE
D. S.
That rais - eth me Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee!

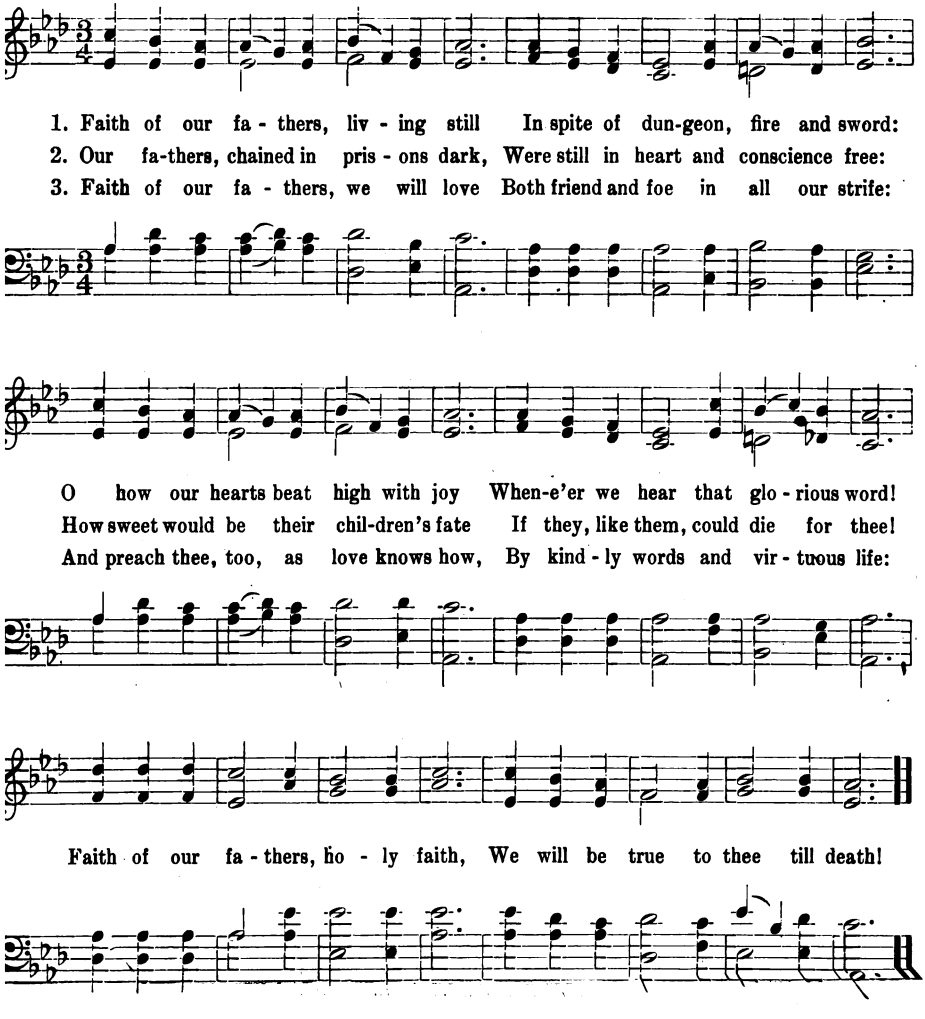
155 Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

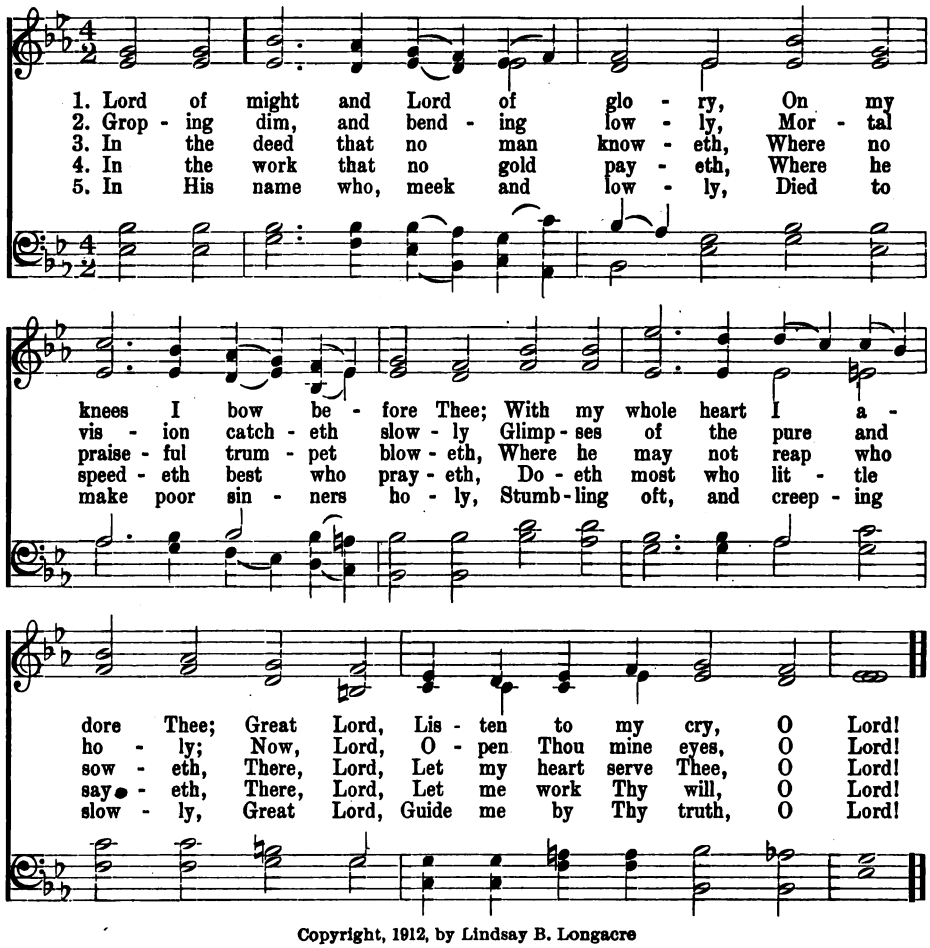

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

156 Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — Adapted by J. G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death!

157 Lord of Might, and Lord of Glory

JOHN STUART BLACKIE — LINDSAY B. LONGACRE


1. Lord of might and Lord of glo - ry, On my
2. Grop - ing dim, and bend - ing low - ly, Mor - tal
3. In the deed that no man know - eth, Where no
4. In the work that no gold pay - eth, Where he
5. In His name who, meek and low - ly, Died to
knees I bow be - fore Thee; With my whole heart I a -
vis - ion catch - eth slow - ly Glimp - ses of the pure and
praise - ful trum - pet blow - eth, Where he may not reap who
speed - eth best who pray - eth, Do - eth most who lit - tle
make poor sin - ners ho - ly, Stumb - ling oft, and creep - ing
dore Thee; Great Lord, Lis - ten to my cry, O Lord!
ho - ly; Now, Lord, O - pen Thou mine eyes, O Lord!
sow - eth, There, Lord, Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord!
say - eth, There, Lord, Let me work Thy will, O Lord!
slow - ly, Great Lord, Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord!

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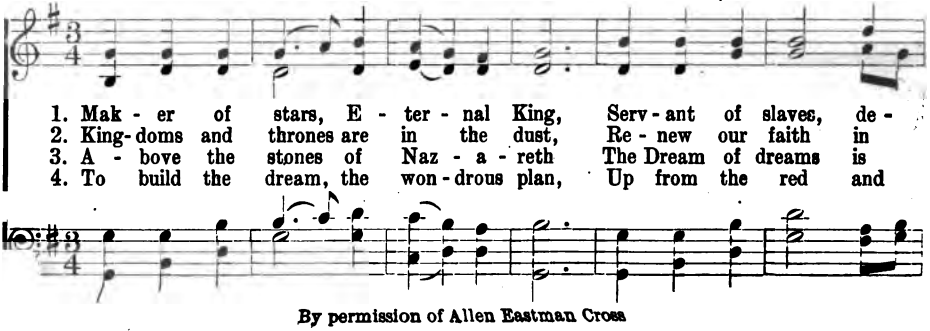
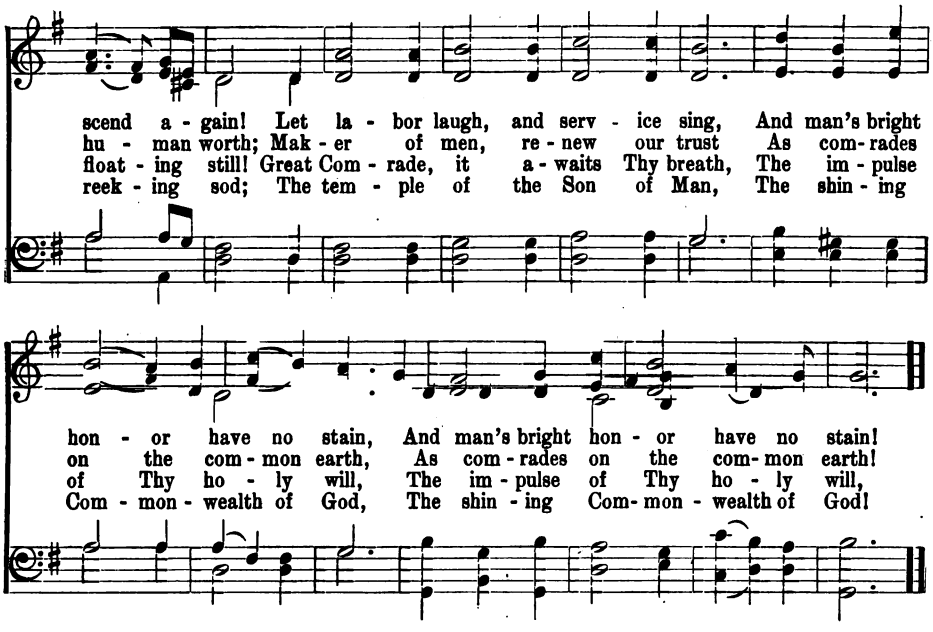
158 Comrades

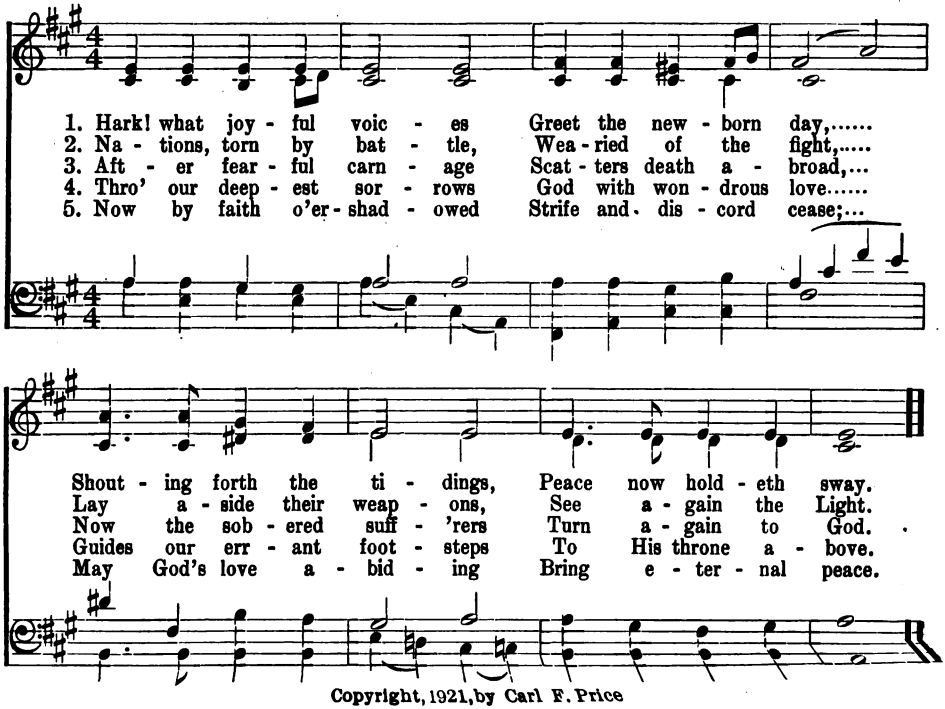
(A Hymn for the New Day)

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS — FREDERICK M. A. VENUA


1. Mak - er of stars, E - ter - nal King, Serv - ant of slaves, de -
2. King - doms and thrones are in the dust, Re - new our faith in
3. A - bove the stones of Naz - a - reth The Dream of dreams is
4. To build the dream, the won - drous plan, Up from the red and

By permission of Allen Eastman Cross

scend a - gain! Let la - bor laugh, and serv - ice sing, And man's bright
hu - man worth; Mak - er of men, re - new our trust As com - rades
float - ing still! Great Com - rade, it a - waits Thy breath, The im - pulse
reek - ing sod; The tem - ple of the Son of Man, The shin - ing
hon - or have no stain, And man's bright hon - or have no stain!
on the com - mon earth, As com - rades on the com - mon earth!
of Thy ho - ly will, The im - pulse of Thy ho - ly will,
Com - mon - wealth of God, The shin - ing Com - mon - wealth of God!

159 The New-Born Day

JEAN C. DEADY — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Hark! what joy - ful voic - es Greet the new - born day,.....
2. Na - tions, torn by bat - tle, Wea - ried of the fight,.....
3. Aft - er fear - ful carn - age Scat - ters death a - broad,...
4. Thro' our deep - est sor - rows God with won - drous love.....
5. Now by faith o'er - shad - owed Strife and dis - cord cease;...
Shout - ing forth the ti - dings, Peace now hold - eth sway.
Lay a - side their weap - ons, See a - gain the Light.
Now the sob - ered suff - 'rers Turn a - gain to God.
Guides our err - ant foot - steps To His throne a - bove.
May God's love a - bid - ing Bring e - ter - nal peace.

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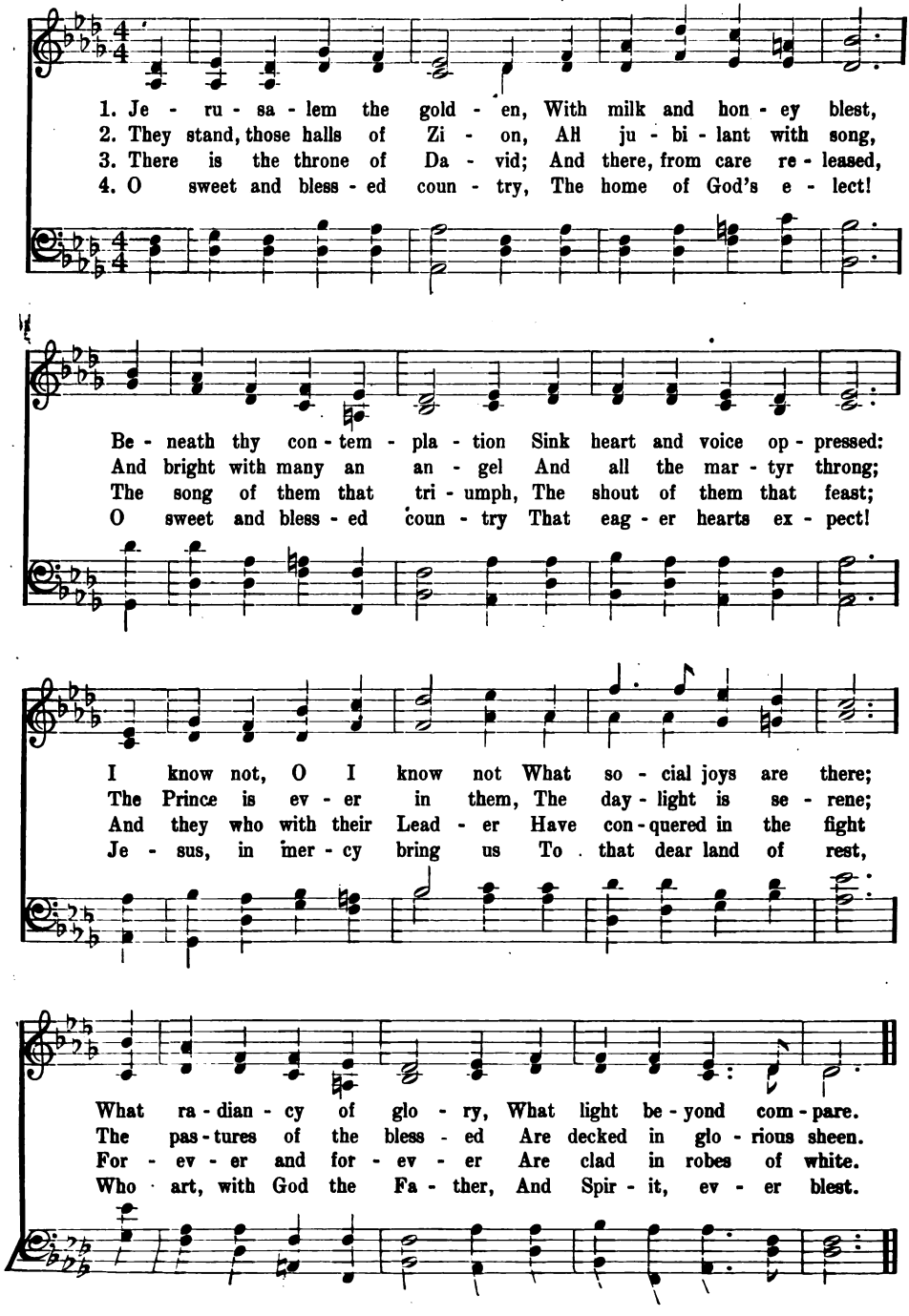
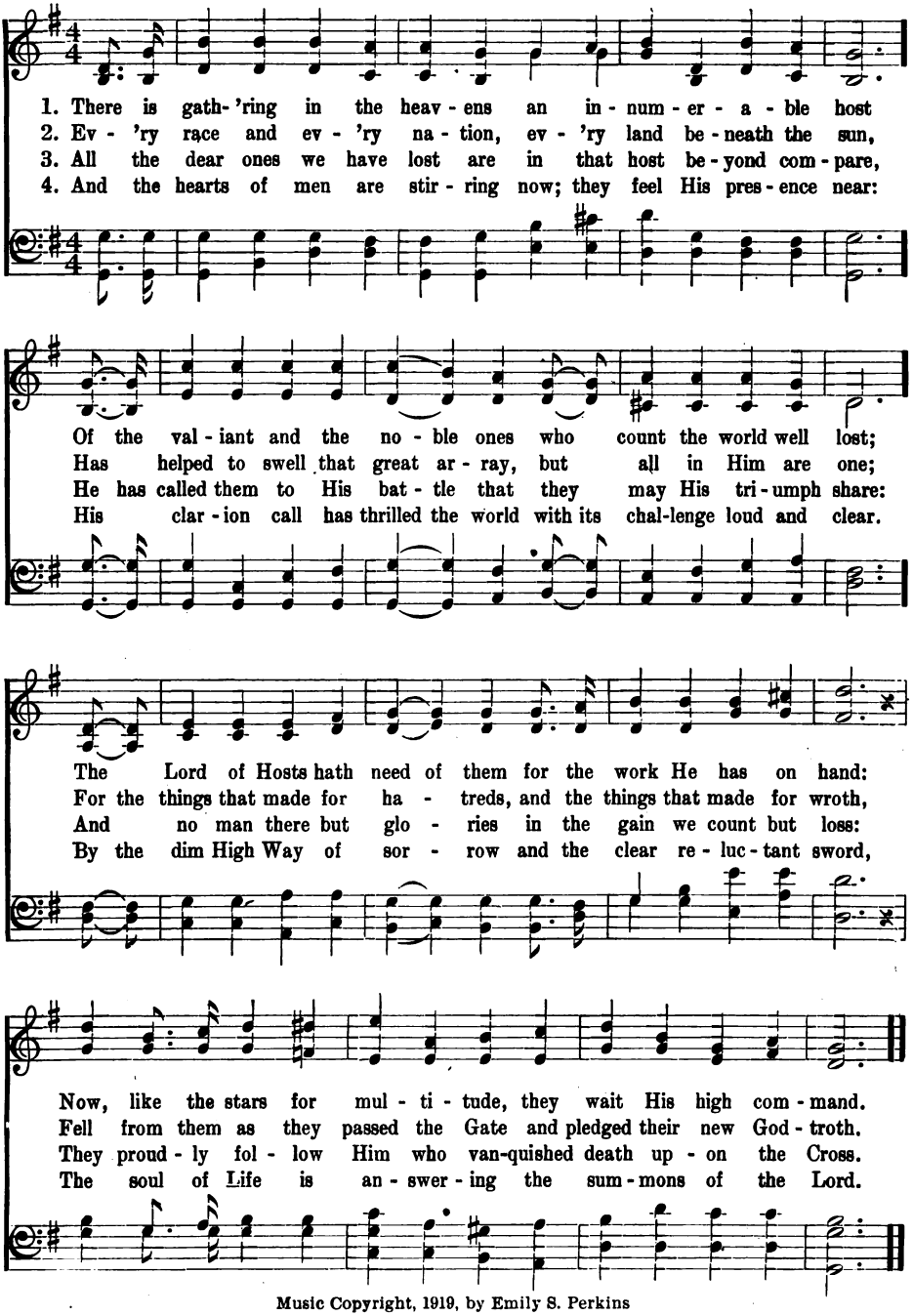
Jerusalem the Golden

BERNARD of Cluny. Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE — ALEXANDER EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That eag - er hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

161 There Is Gathering In the Heavens

JOHN OXENHAM — EMILY S. PERKINS

1. There is gath-'ring in the heav-ens an in-num-er-a-ble host
2. Ev-'ry race and ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry land be-neath the sun,
3. All the dear ones we have lost are in that host be-yond com-pare,
4. And the hearts of men are stir-ring now; they feel His pres-ence near:
Of the val-iant and the no-ble ones who count the world well lost;
Has helped to swell that great ar-ray, but all in Him are one;
He has called them to His bat-tle that they may His tri-umph share:
His clar-ion call has thrilled the world with its chal-lenge loud and clear.
The Lord of Hosts hath need of them for the work He has on hand:
For the things that made for ha-treds, and the things that made for wroth,
And no man there but glo-ries in the gain we count but loss:
By the dim High Way of sor-row and the clear re-luc-tant sword,
Now, like the stars for mul-ti-tude, they wait His high com-mand.
Fell from them as they passed the Gate and pledged their new God-troth.
They proud-ly fol-low Him who van-quished death up-on the Cross.
The soul of Life is an-swer-ing the sum-mons of the Lord.

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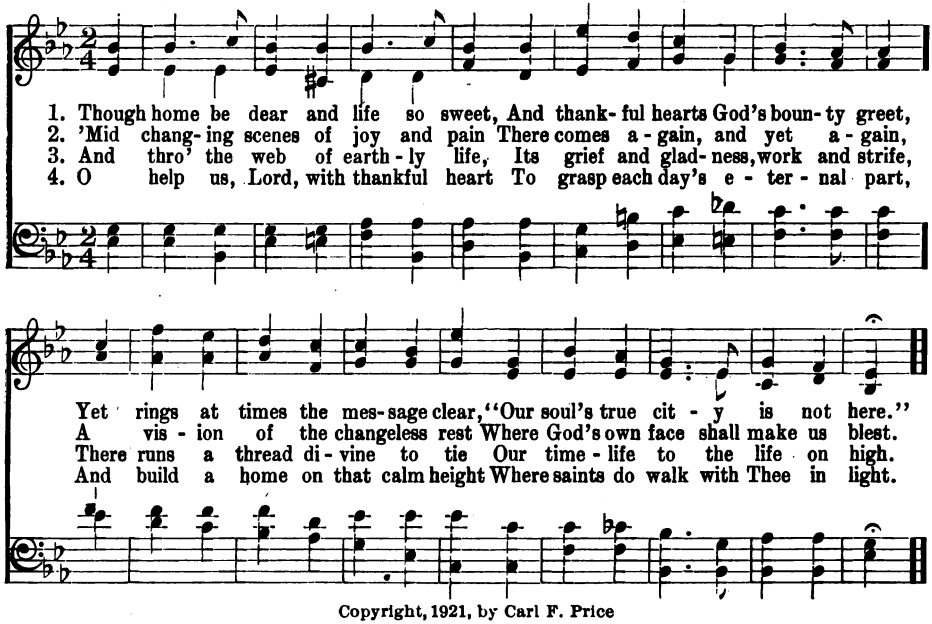
162 Though Home Be Dear

ELLA S. ARMITAGE — CARL F. PRICE


1. Though home be dear and life so sweet, And thank- ful hearts God's boun- ty greet,
2. 'Mid chang- ing scenes of joy and pain There comes a- gain, and yet a- gain,
3. And thro' the web of earth- ly life, Its grief and glad- ness, work and strife,
4. O help us, Lord, with thankful heart To grasp each day's e- ter- nal part,
Yet rings at times the mes- sage clear, "Our soul's true cit- y is not here."
A vis- ion of the changeless rest Where God's own face shall make us blest.
There runs a thread di- vine to tie Our time- life to the life on high.
And build a home on that calm height Where saints do walk with Thee in light.

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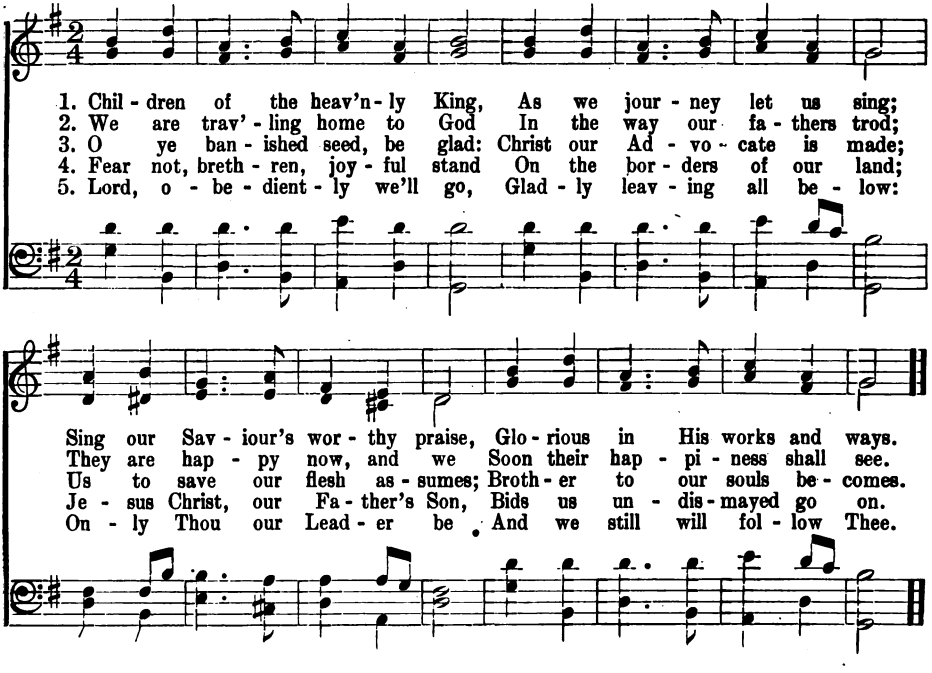
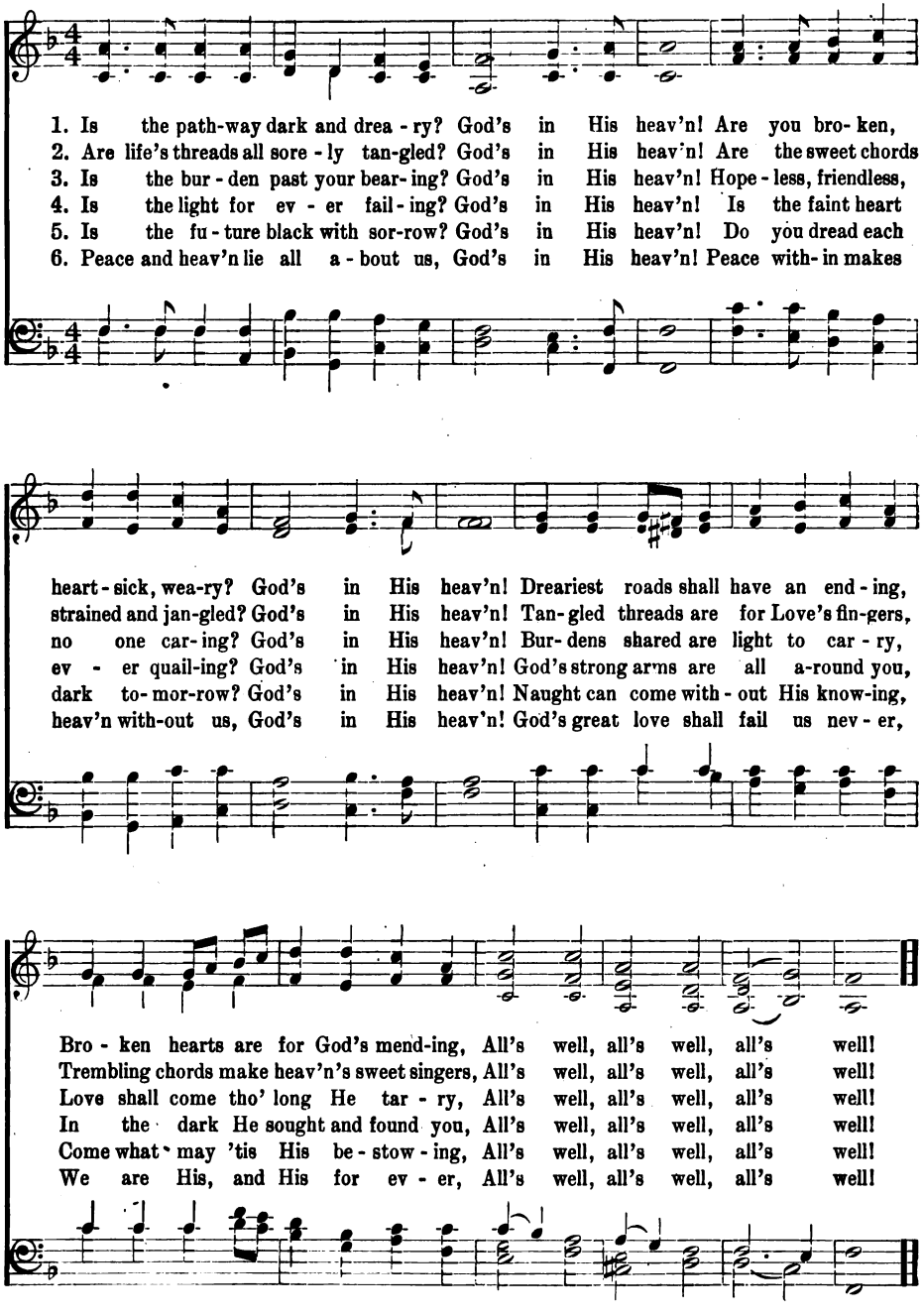
163 Children of the Heavenly King

JOHN CENNICK — IGNACE J. PLEYEL

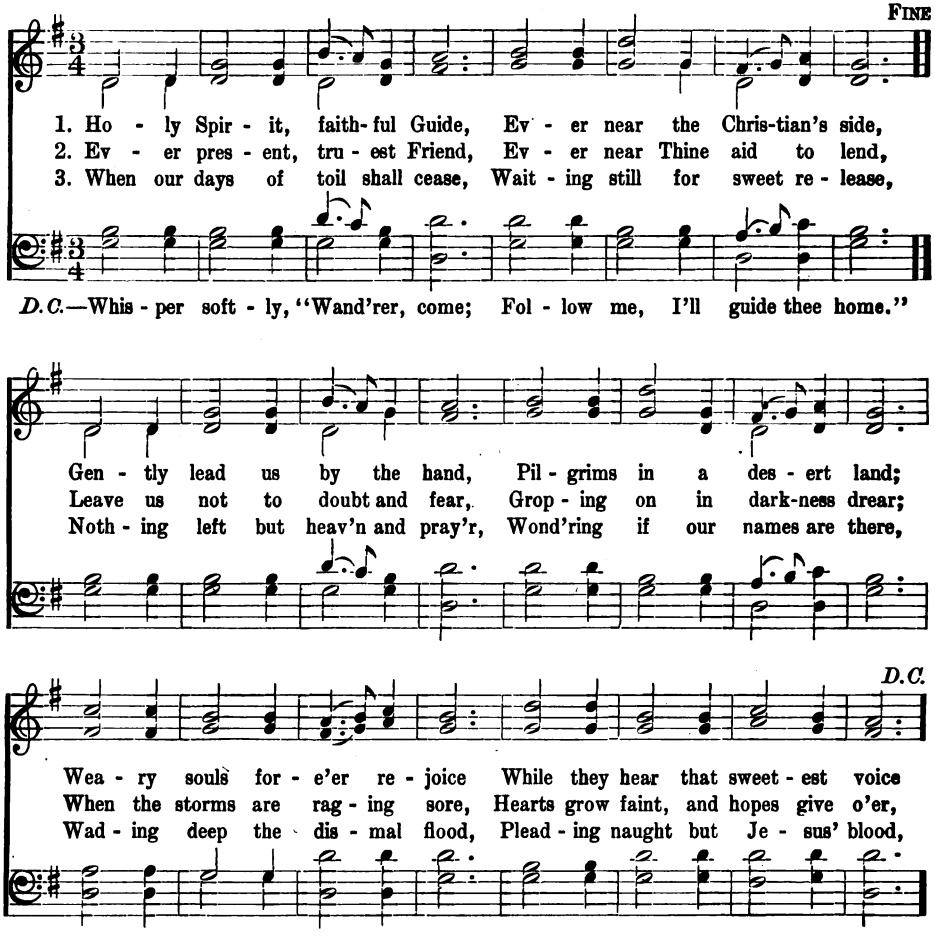

1. Chil- dren of the heav'n- ly King, As we jour- ney let us sing;
2. We are trav'- ling home to God In the way our fa- thers trod;
3. O ye ban- ished seed, be glad: Christ our Ad- vo- cate is made;
4. Fear not, breth- ren, joy- ful stand On the bor- ders of our land;
5. Lord, o- be- dient- ly we'll go, Glad- ly leav- ing all be- low:
Sing our Sav- iour's wor- thy praise, Glo- rious in His works and ways.
They are hap- py now, and we Soon their hap- pi- ness shall see.
Us to save our flesh as- sumes; Broth- er to our souls be- comes.
Je- sus Christ, our Fa- ther's Son, Bids us un- dis- mayed go on.
On- ly Thou our Lead- er be And we still will fol- low Thee.

All's Well

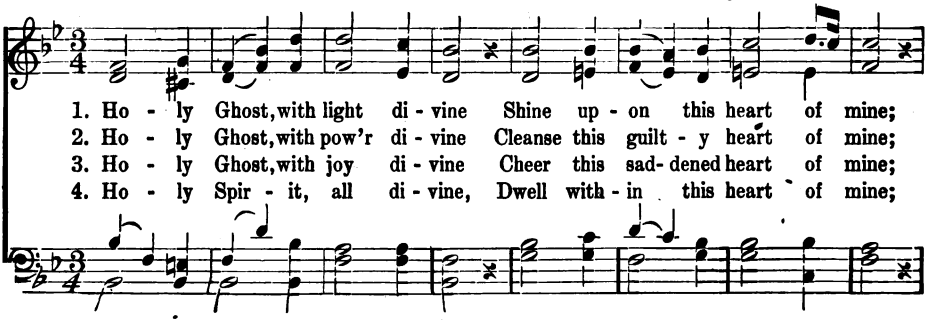
JOHN OXENHAM. Har. by LLOYD HARTLEY

1. Is the path-way dark and drea - ry? God's in His heav'n! Are you bro- ken,
2. Are life's threads all sore - ly tan-gled? God's in His heav'n! Are the sweet chords
3. Is the bur - den past your bear- ing? God's in His heav'n! Hope - less, friendless,
4. Is the light for ev - er fail - ing? God's in His heav'n! Is the faint heart
5. Is the fu - ture black with sor-row? God's in His heav'n! Do you dread each
6. Peace and heav'n lie all a - bout us, God's in His heav'n! Peace with- in makes
heart - sick, wea-ry? God's in His heav'n! Dreariest roads shall have an end - ing,
strained and jan-gled? God's in His heav'n! Tan-gled threads are for Love's fin-gers,
no one car- ing? God's in His heav'n! Bur- dens shared are light to car - ry,
ev - er quail-ing? God's in His heav'n! God's strong arms are all a-round you,
dark to- mor-row? God's in His heav'n! Naught can come with - out His know-ing,
heav'n with-out us, God's in His heav'n! God's great love shall fail us nev - er,
Bro - ken hearts are for God's mend-ing, All's well, all's well, all's well!
Trembling chords make heav'n's sweet singers, All's well, all's well, all's well!
Love shall come tho' long He tar - ry, All's well, all's well, all's well!
In the dark He sought and found you, All's well, all's well, all's well!
Come what may 'tis His be - stow - ing, All's well, all's well, all's well!
We are His, and His for ev - er, All's well, all's well, all's well!

By permission of John Oxenham

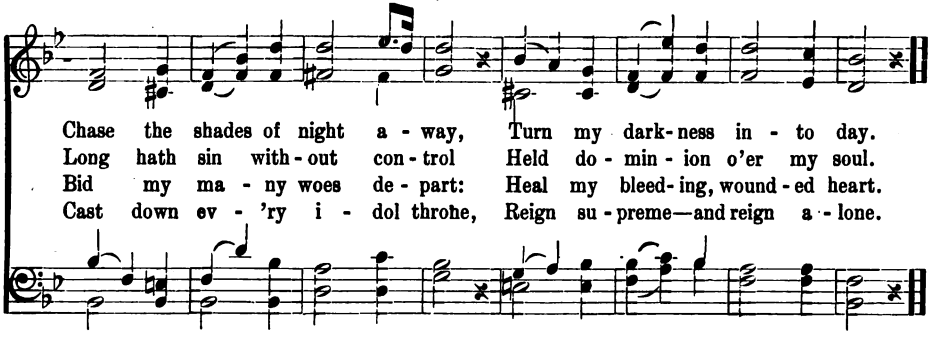
165 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS

FINE
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come; Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there,
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

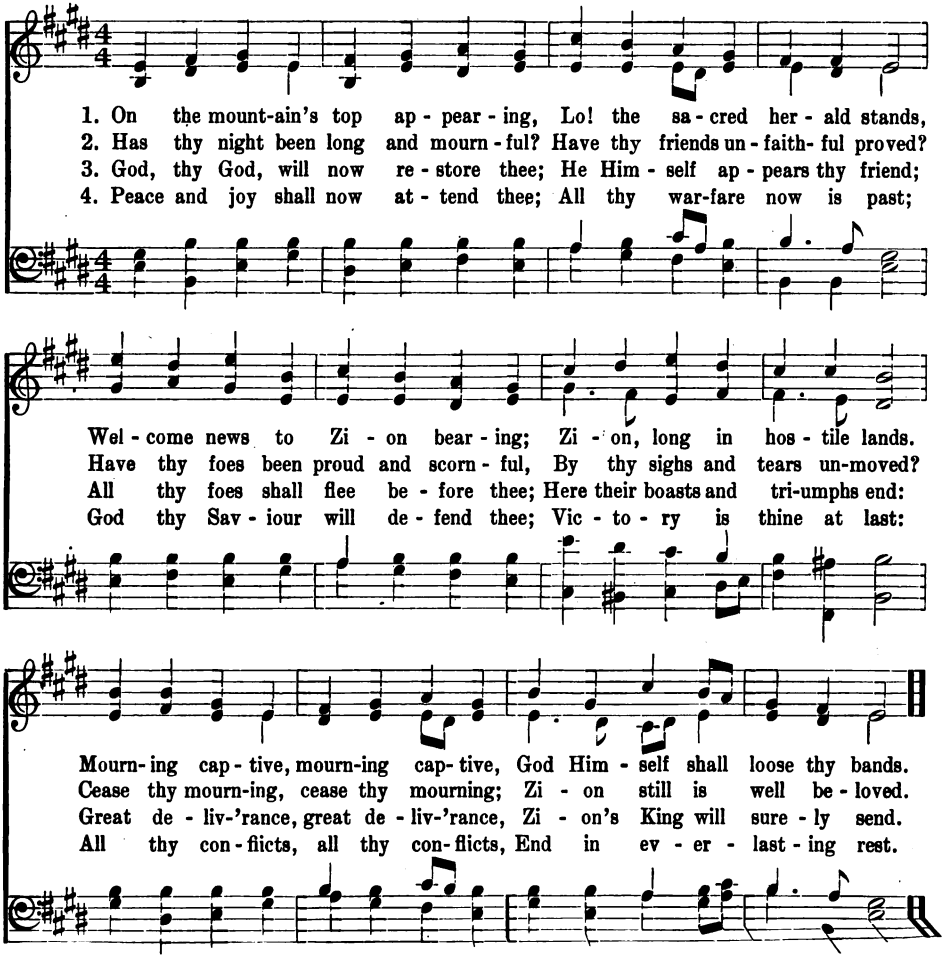
166 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

A. REED Arr. from GOTTSCHALK by E. P. PARKER

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine Cheer this sad- dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

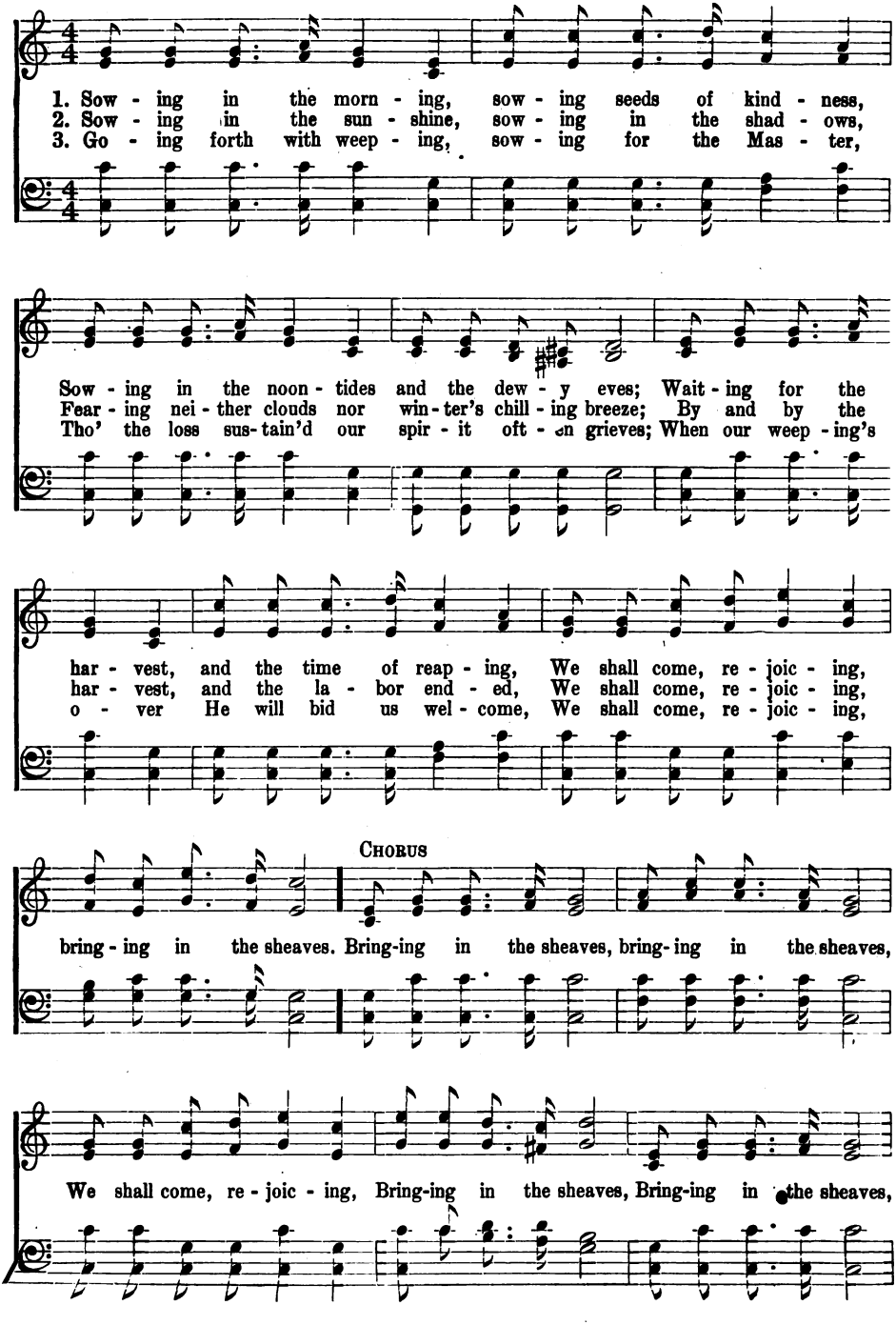
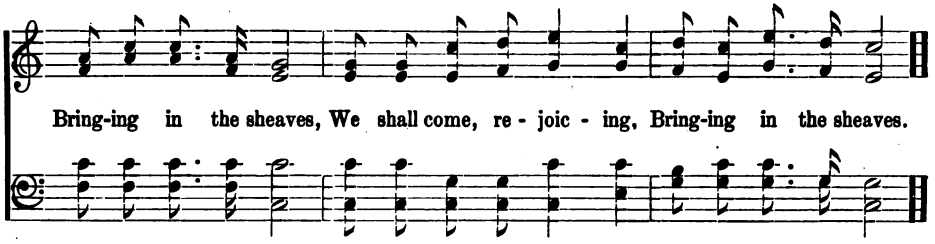
Holy Ghost, With Light Divine—Concluded

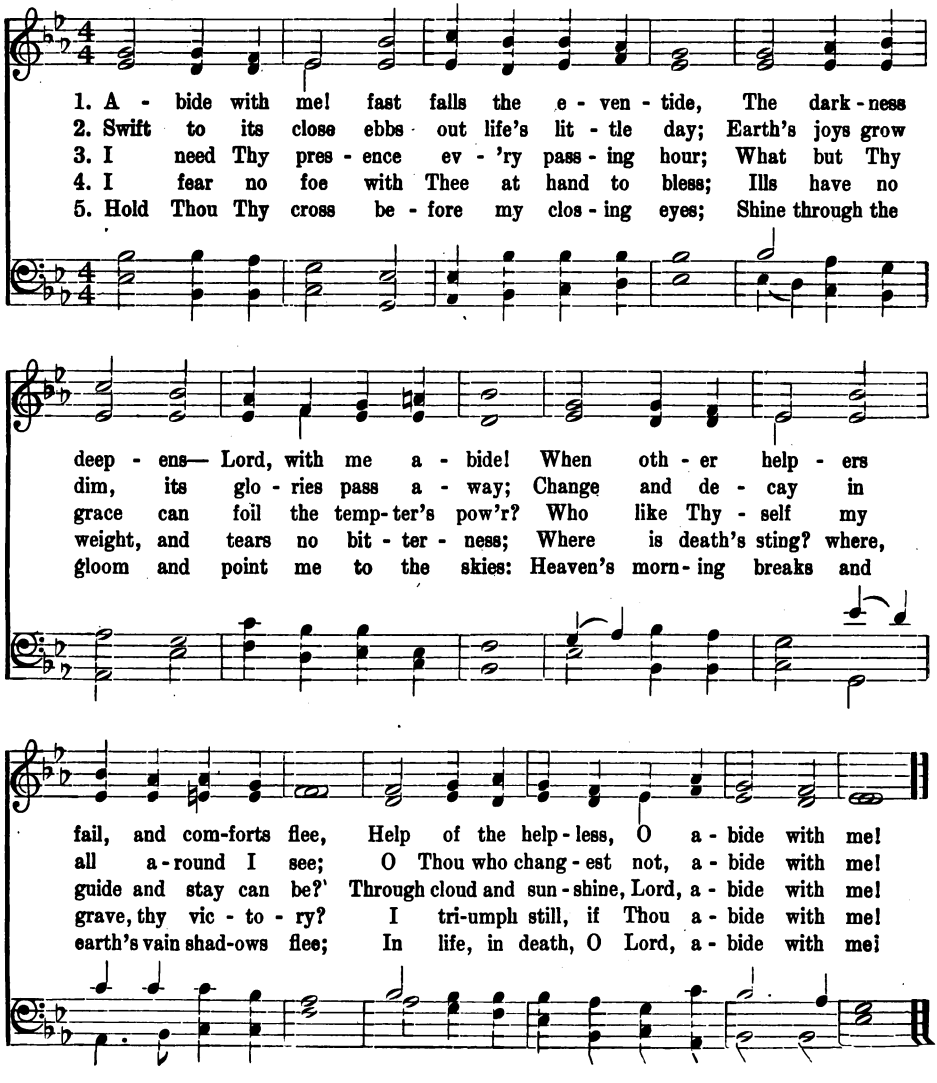

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part: Heal my bleed-ing, wound-ed heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

167 On the Mountain's Top

THOMAS KELLY SAMUEL WEBBE

1. On the mount-ain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
2. Has thy night been long and mourn - ful? Have thy friends un - faith- ful proved?
3. God, thy God, will now re - store thee; He Him - self ap - pears thy friend;
4. Peace and joy shall now at - tend thee; All thy war-fare now is past;
Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing; Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands.
Have thy foes been proud and scorn - ful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved?
All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boasts and tri-umphs end:
God thy Sav - iour will de - fend thee; Vic - to - ry is thine at last:
Mourn-ing cap - tive, mourn-ing cap- tive, God Him - self shall loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourn-ing, cease thy mourning; Zi - on still is well be - loved.
Great de - liv-'rance, great de - liv-'rance, Zi - on's King will sure - ly send.
All thy con-flicts, all thy con-flicts, End in ev - er - last - ing rest.

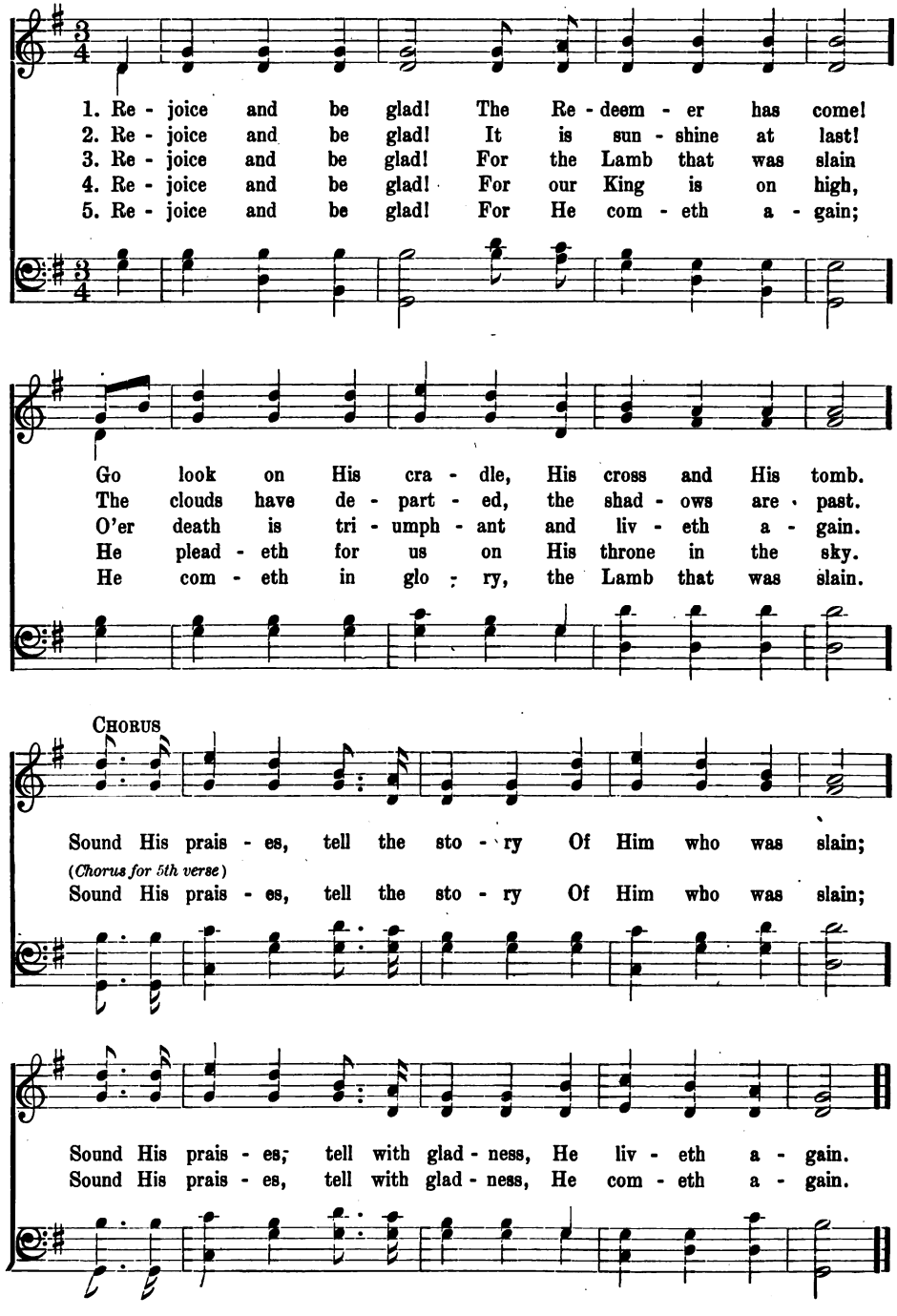
Bringing In the Sheaves

KNOWLES SHAW GEORGE A. MINOR

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,
Sow - ing in the noon - tides and the dew - y eves; Wait - ing for the
Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the
Tho' the loss sus - tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's
har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
o - ver He will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
CHORUS
bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring- ing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves,

169 Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
gloom and point me to the skies: Heaven's morn - ing breaks and
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Rejoice and Be Glad

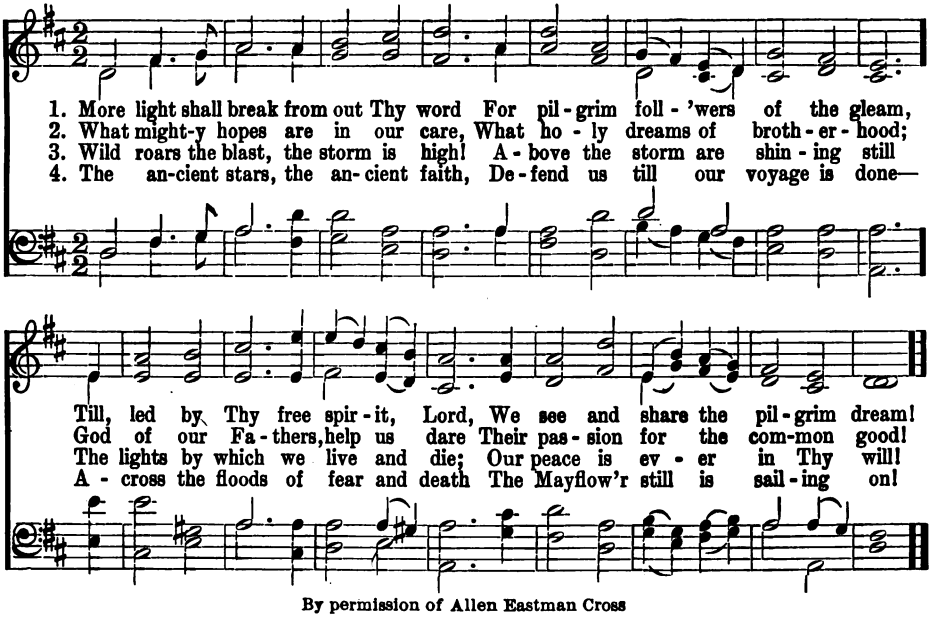
HORATIUS BONAR — JOHN J. HUSBAND


1. Re - joice and be glad! The Re - deem - er has come!
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sun - shine at last!
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain
4. Re - joice and be glad! For our King is on high,
5. Re - joice and be glad! For He com - eth a - gain;
Go look on His cra - dle, His cross and His tomb.
The clouds have de - part - ed, the shad - ows are past.
O'er death is tri - umph - ant and liv - eth a - gain.
He plead - eth for us on His throne in the sky.
He com - eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.
CHORUS
Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry Of Him who was slain;
(Chorus for 5th verse)
Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry Of Him who was slain;
Sound His prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.
Sound His prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He com - eth a - gain.

171 The Mayflower

(Pilgrim Anniversary Hymn)

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS — CHARLES BURNEY


1. More light shall break from out Thy word For pil - grim foll - 'wers of the gleam,
2. What might-y hopes are in our care, What ho - ly dreams of broth - er - hood;
3. Wild roars the blast, the storm is high! A - bove the storm are shin - ing still
4. The an-cient stars, the an- cient faith, De - fend us till our voyage is done—
Till, led by Thy free spir - it, Lord, We see and share the pil - grim dream!
God of our Fa - thers, help us dare Their pas - sion for the com-mon good!
The lights by which we live and die; Our peace is ev - er in Thy will!
A - cross the floods of fear and death The Mayflow'r still is sail - ing on!

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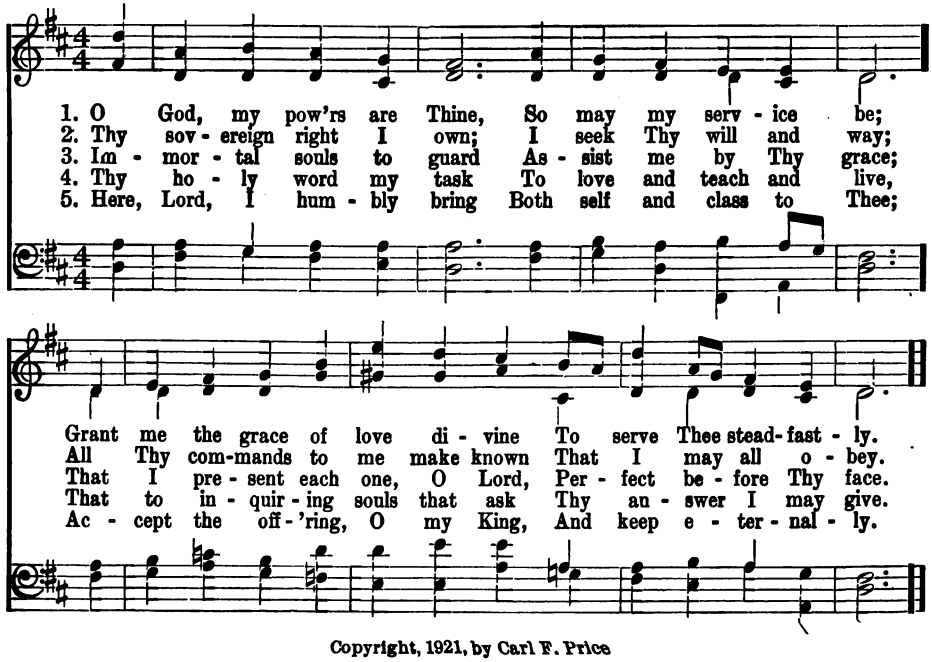
172 O God, My Powers Are Thine

F. WATSON HANNAN — KARL P. HARRINGTON


1. O God, my pow'rs are Thine, So may my serv - ice be;
2. Thy sov - ereign right I own; I seek Thy will and way;
3. Im - mor - tal souls to guard As - sist me by Thy grace;
4. Thy ho - ly word my task To love and teach and live,
5. Here, Lord, I hum - bly bring Both self and class to Thee;
Grant me the grace of love di - vine To serve Thee stead- fast - ly.
All Thy com-mands to me make known That I may all o - bey.
That I pre - sent each one, O Lord, Per - fect be - fore Thy face.
That to in - quir - ing souls that ask Thy an - swer I may give.
Ac - cept the off - 'ring, O my King, And keep e - ter - nal - ly.

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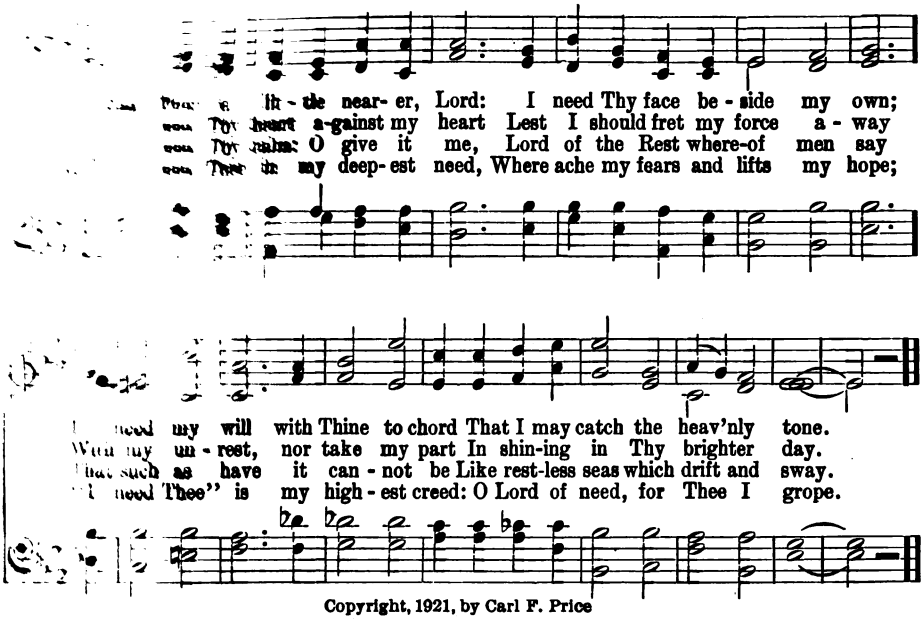
Lean Thou a Little Nearer, Lord

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE — CARL F. PRICE


Lean Thou a lit - tle near- er, Lord: I need Thy face be - side my own;
Thy heart a-gainst my heart Lest I should fret my force a - way
Thy calm: O give it me, Lord of the Rest where-of men say
Thee in my deep- est need, Where ache my fears and lifts my hope;
need my will with Thine to chord That I may catch the heav'nly tone.
With my un - rest, nor take my part In shin-ing in Thy brighter day.
that such as have it can - not be Like rest-less seas which drift and sway.
need Thee" is my high - est creed: O Lord of need, for Thee I grope.

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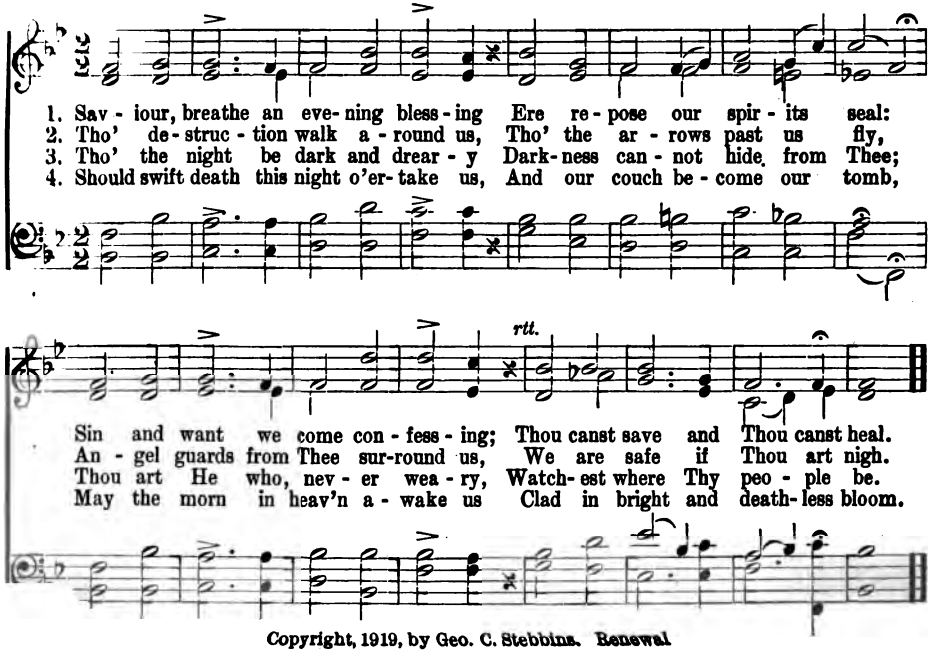
174 Evening Prayer

J. EDMESTON — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re-pose our spir - its seal:
2. Tho' de-struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
rtt.
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

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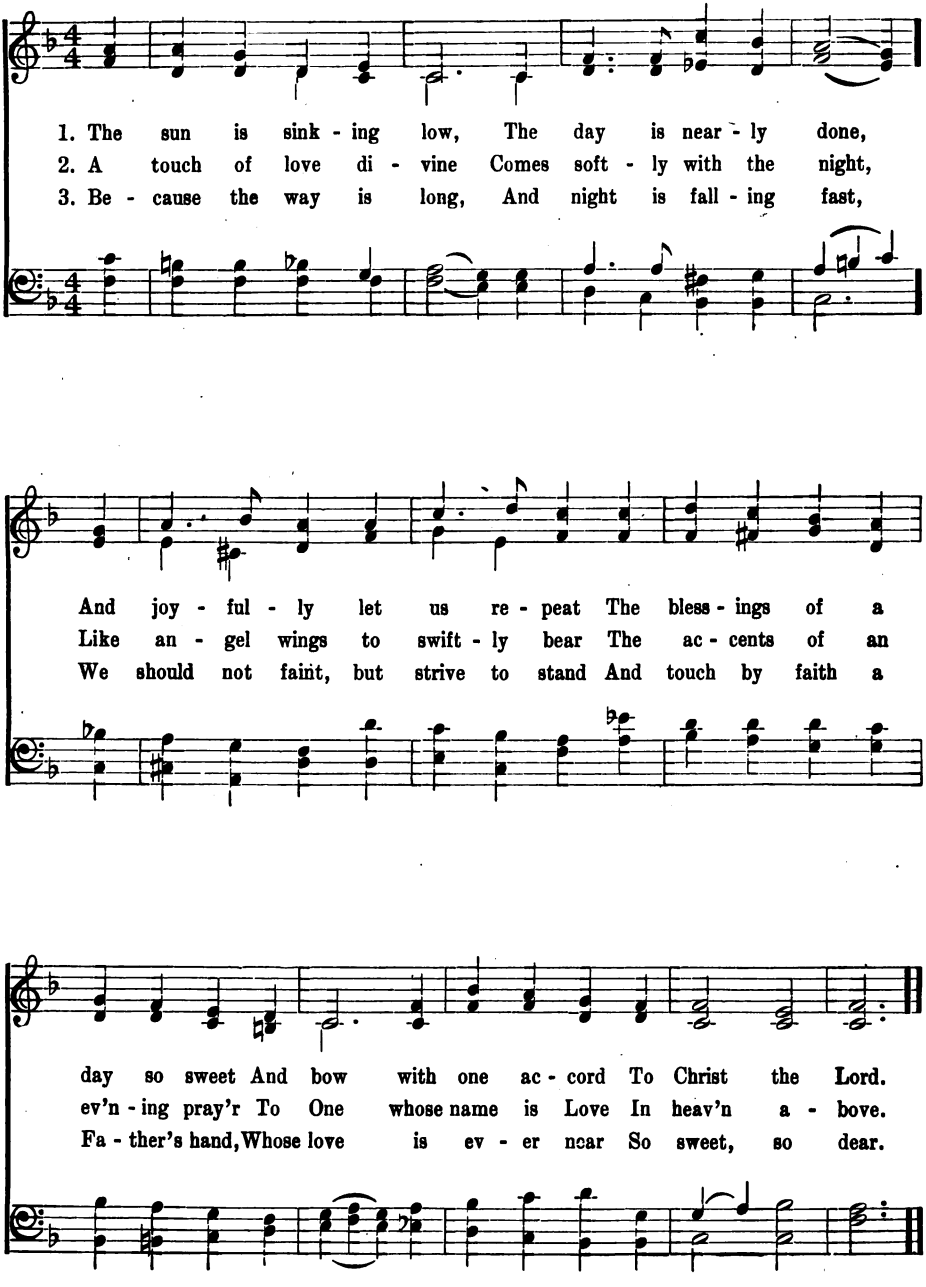
175 At Eventide

H. MACDONALD BARR — CARL F. PRICE

1. The sun is sink - ing low, The day is near - ly done,
2. A touch of love di - vine Comes soft - ly with the night,
3. Be - cause the way is long, And night is fall - ing fast,
And joy - ful - ly let us re - peat The bless - ings of a
Like an - gel wings to swift - ly bear The ac - cents of an
We should not faint, but strive to stand And touch by faith a
day so sweet And bow with one ac - cord To Christ the Lord.
ev'n - ing pray'r To One whose name is Love In heav'n a - bove.
Fa - ther's hand, Whose love is ev - er near So sweet, so dear.

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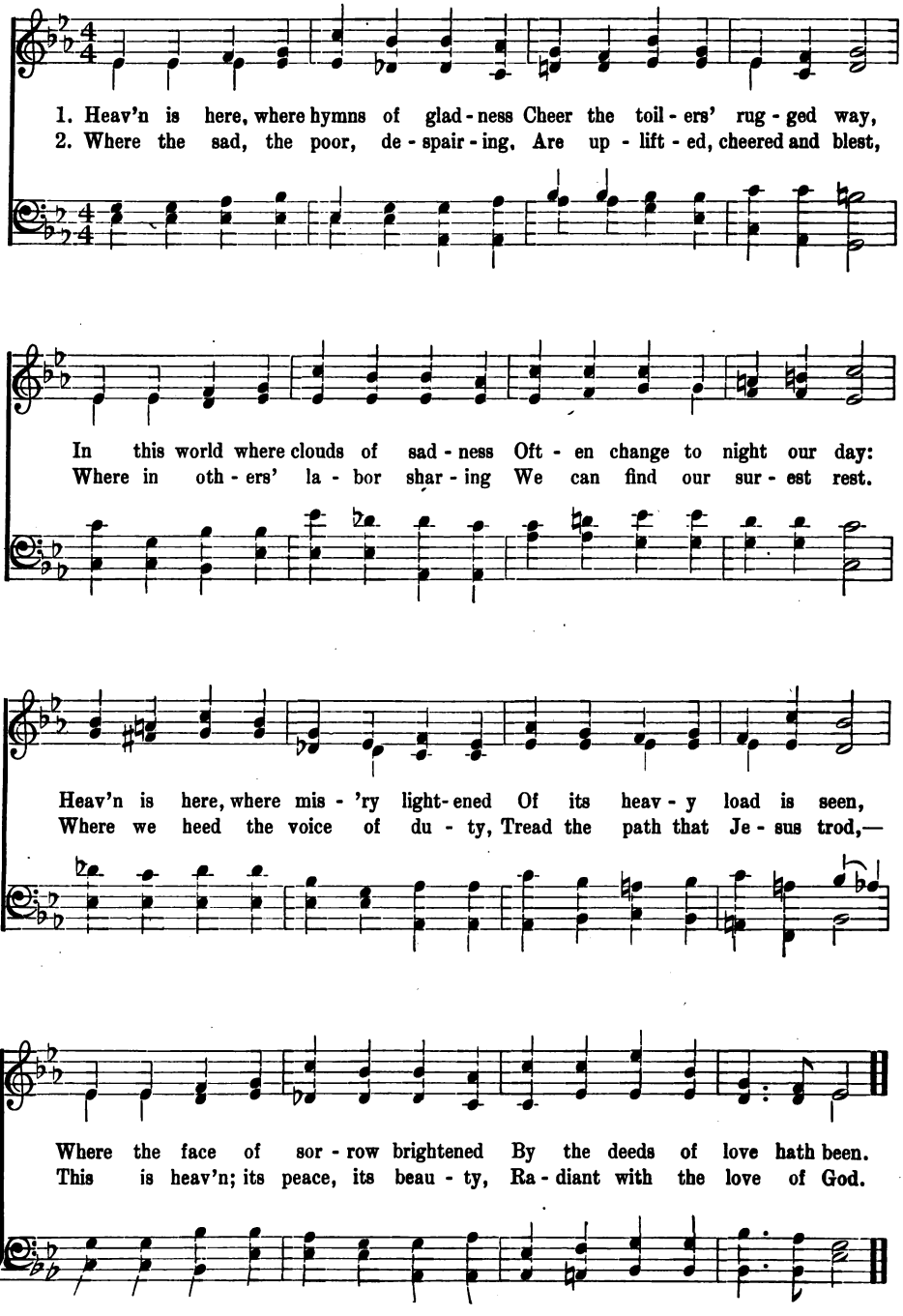
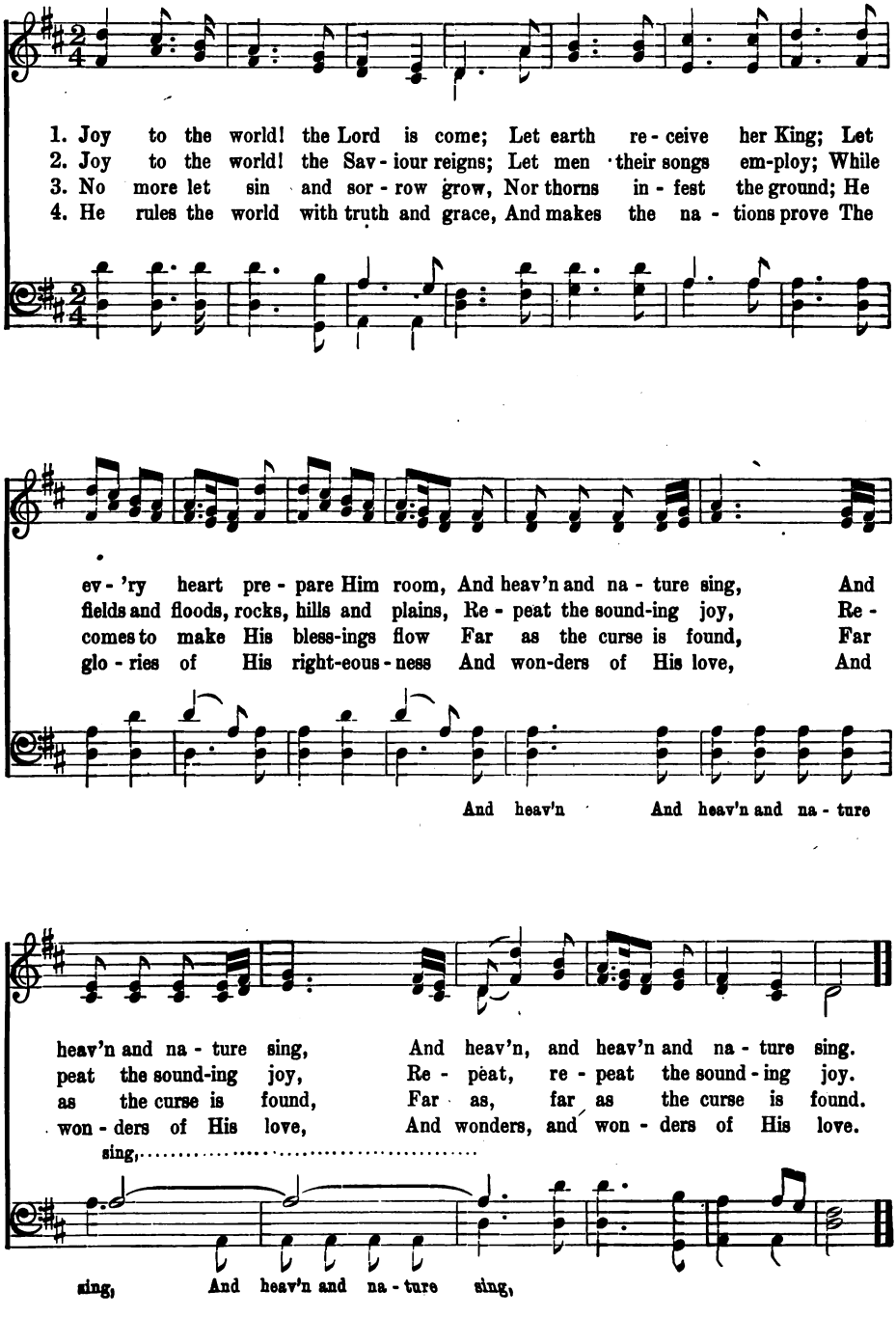
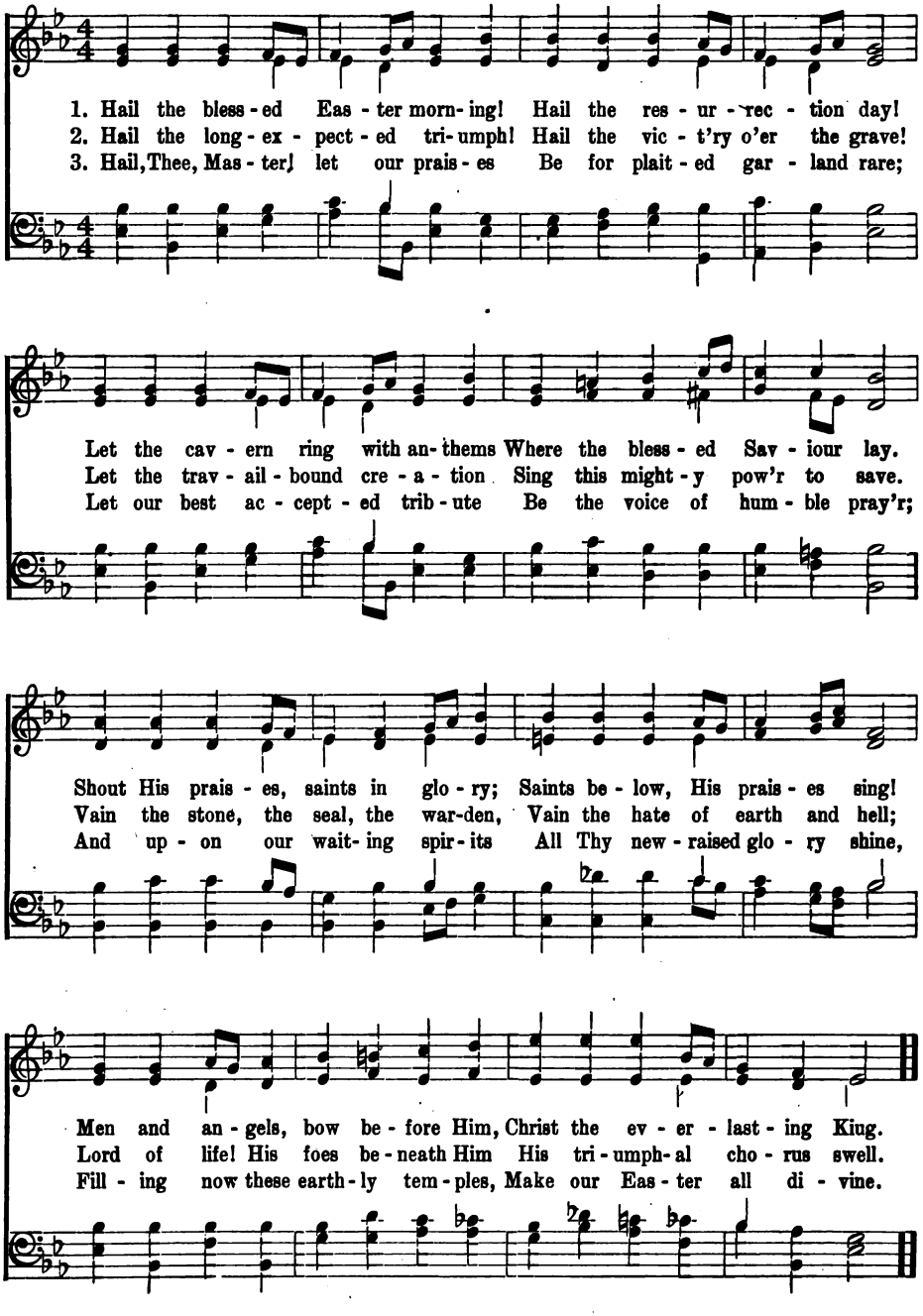
176 Heaven Is Here

JOHN G. ADAMS JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Heav'n is here, where hymns of glad - ness Cheer the toil - ers' rug - ged way,
2. Where the sad, the poor, de - spair - ing, Are up - lift - ed, cheered and blest,
In this world where clouds of sad - ness Oft - en change to night our day:
Where in oth - ers' la - bor shar - ing We can find our sur - est rest.
Heav'n is here, where mis - 'ry light - ened Of its heav - y load is seen,
Where we heed the voice of du - ty, Tread the path that Je - sus trod,—
Where the face of sor - row brightened By the deeds of love hath been.
This is heav'n; its peace, its beau - ty, Ra - diant with the love of God.

177 Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n And heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

178 Easter Morning

FRANCIS BOTTOME, D. D. KARL P. HARRINGTON

1. Hail the bless - ed Eas - ter morn - ing! Hail the res - ur - rec - tion day!
2. Hail the long - ex - pect - ed tri - umph! Hail the vic - t'ry o'er the grave!
3. Hail, Thee, Mas - ter! let our prais - es Be for plait - ed gar - land rare;
Let the cav - ern ring with an - thems Where the bless - ed Sav - iour lay.
Let the trav - ail - bound cre - a - tion Sing this might - y pow'r to save.
Let our best ac - cept - ed trib - ute Be the voice of hum - ble pray'r;
Shout His prais - es, saints in glo - ry; Saints be - low, His prais - es sing!
Vain the stone, the seal, the war - den, Vain the hate of earth and hell;
And up - on our wait - ing spir - its All Thy new - raised glo - ry shine,
Men and an - gels, bow be - fore Him, Christ the ev - er - last - ing King.
Lord of life! His foes be - neath Him His tri - umph - al cho - rus swell.
Fill - ing now these earth - ly tem - ples, Make our Eas - ter all di - vine.

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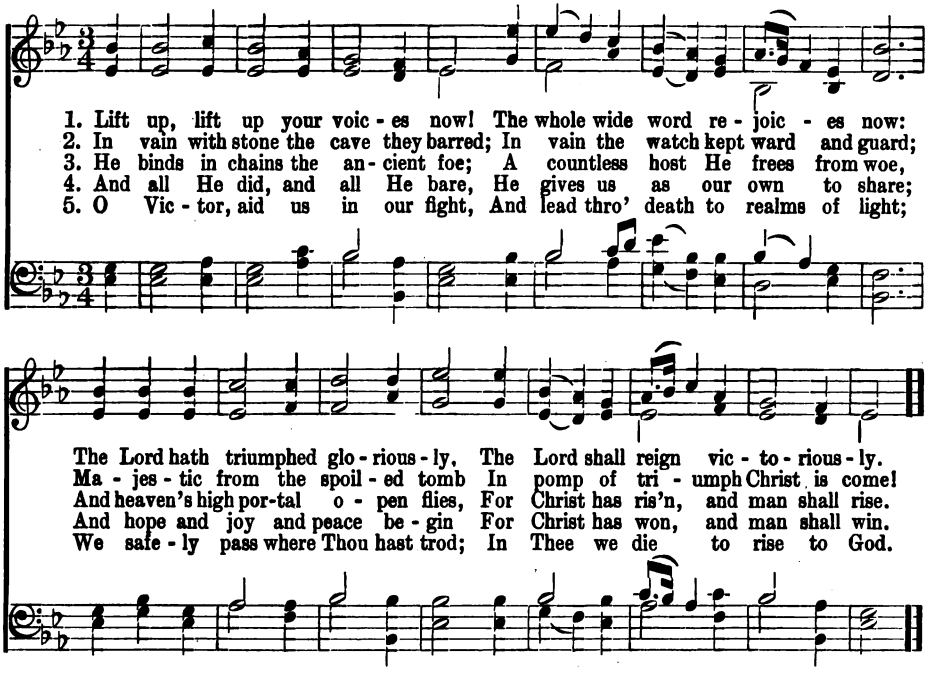
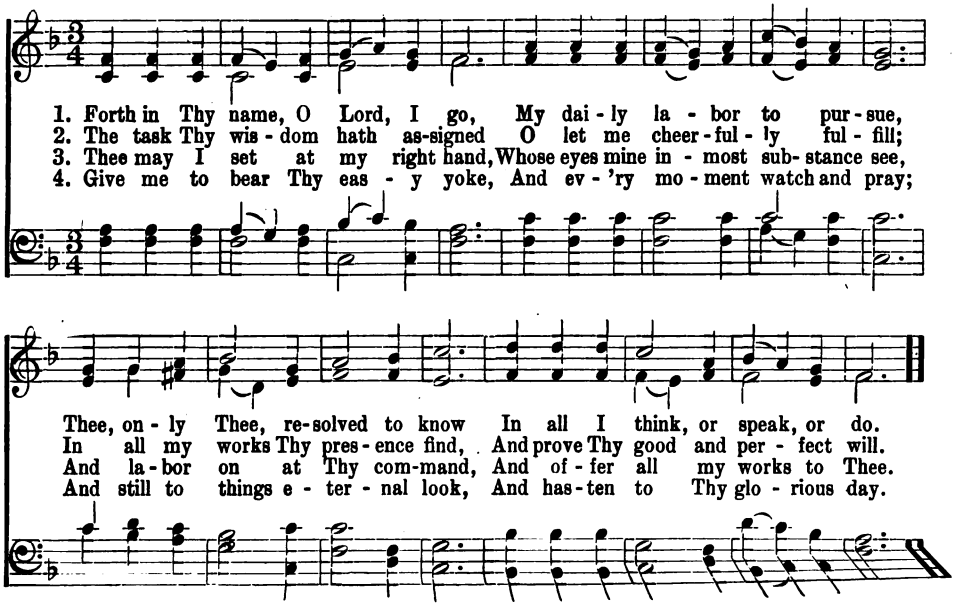
179 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices

Easter Hymn — GEORGE BURDER

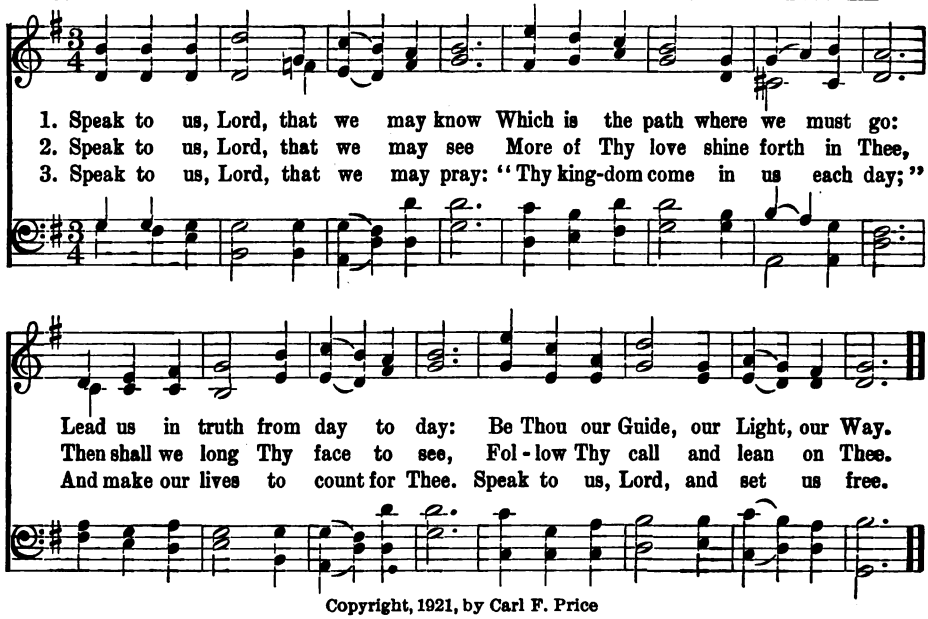

1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now! The whole wide word re - joic - es now:
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. He binds in chains the an - cient foe; A countless host He frees from woe,
4. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
5. O Vic - tor, aid us in our fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;
The Lord hath triumphed glo - rious - ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly.
Ma - jes - tic from the spoil - ed tomb In pomp of tri - umph Christ is come!
And heaven's high por-tal o - pen flies, For Christ has ris'n, and man shall rise.
And hope and joy and peace be - gin For Christ has won, and man shall win.
We safe - ly pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God.

180 Forth In Thy Name

CHARLES WESLEY — PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
2. The task Thy wis - dom hath as-signed O let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fill;
3. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes mine in - most sub- stance see,
4. Give me to bear Thy eas - y yoke, And ev - 'ry mo - ment watch and pray;
Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do.
In all my works Thy pres - ence find, And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
And la - bor on at Thy com-mand, And of - fer all my works to Thee.
And still to things e - ter - nal look, And has - ten to Thy glo - rious day.

181 Speak to Us, Lord

C. D. B. CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD

1. Speak to us, Lord, that we may know Which is the path where we must go:
2. Speak to us, Lord, that we may see More of Thy love shine forth in Thee,
3. Speak to us, Lord, that we may pray: "Thy king-dom come in us each day;"
Lead us in truth from day to day: Be Thou our Guide, our Light, our Way.
Then shall we long Thy face to see, Fol-low Thy call and lean on Thee.
And make our lives to count for Thee. Speak to us, Lord, and set us free.

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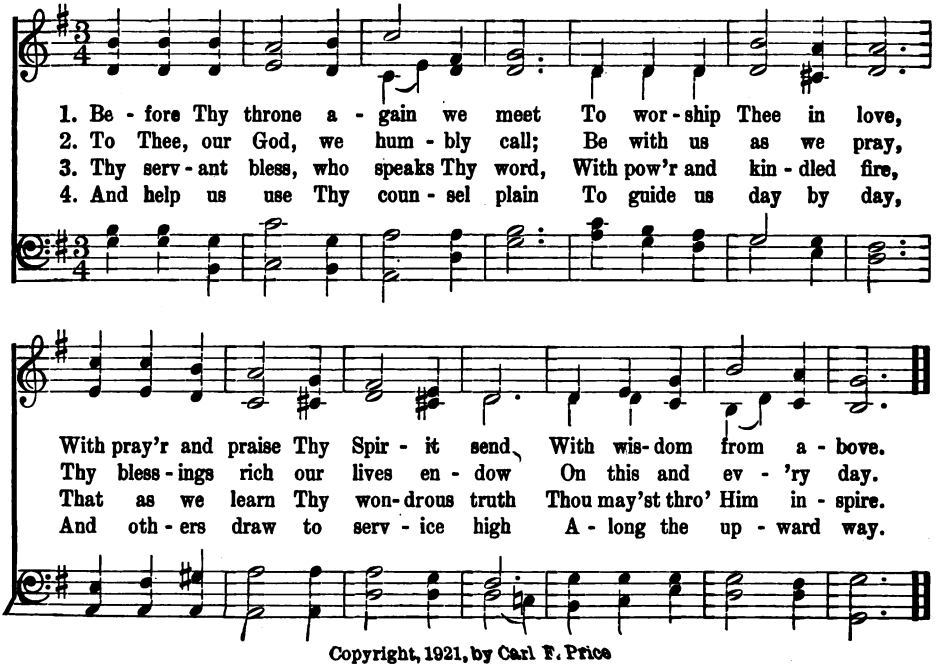
182 Before Thy Throne

RICHARD B. WELLS JOHN B. DYKES

1. Be-fore Thy throne a-gain we meet To wor-ship Thee in love,
2. To Thee, our God, we hum-bly call; Be with us as we pray,
3. Thy serv-ant bless, who speaks Thy word, With pow'r and kin-dled fire,
4. And help us use Thy coun-sel plain To guide us day by day,
With pray'r and praise Thy Spir-it send, With wis-dom from a-bove.
Thy bless-ings rich our lives en-dow On this and ev-'ry day.
That as we learn Thy won-drous truth Thou may'st thro' Him in-spire.
And oth-ers draw to serv-ice high A-long the up-ward way.

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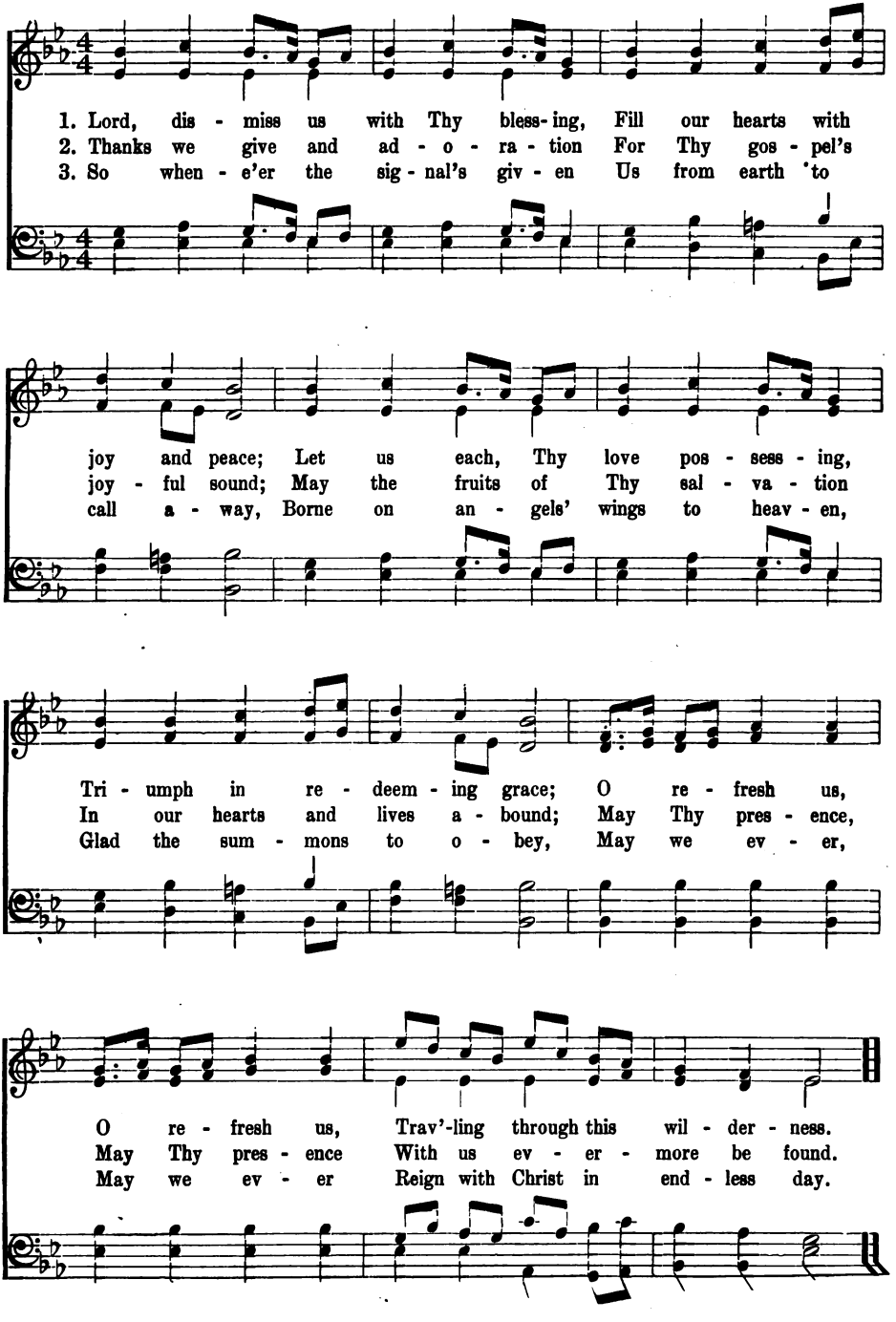
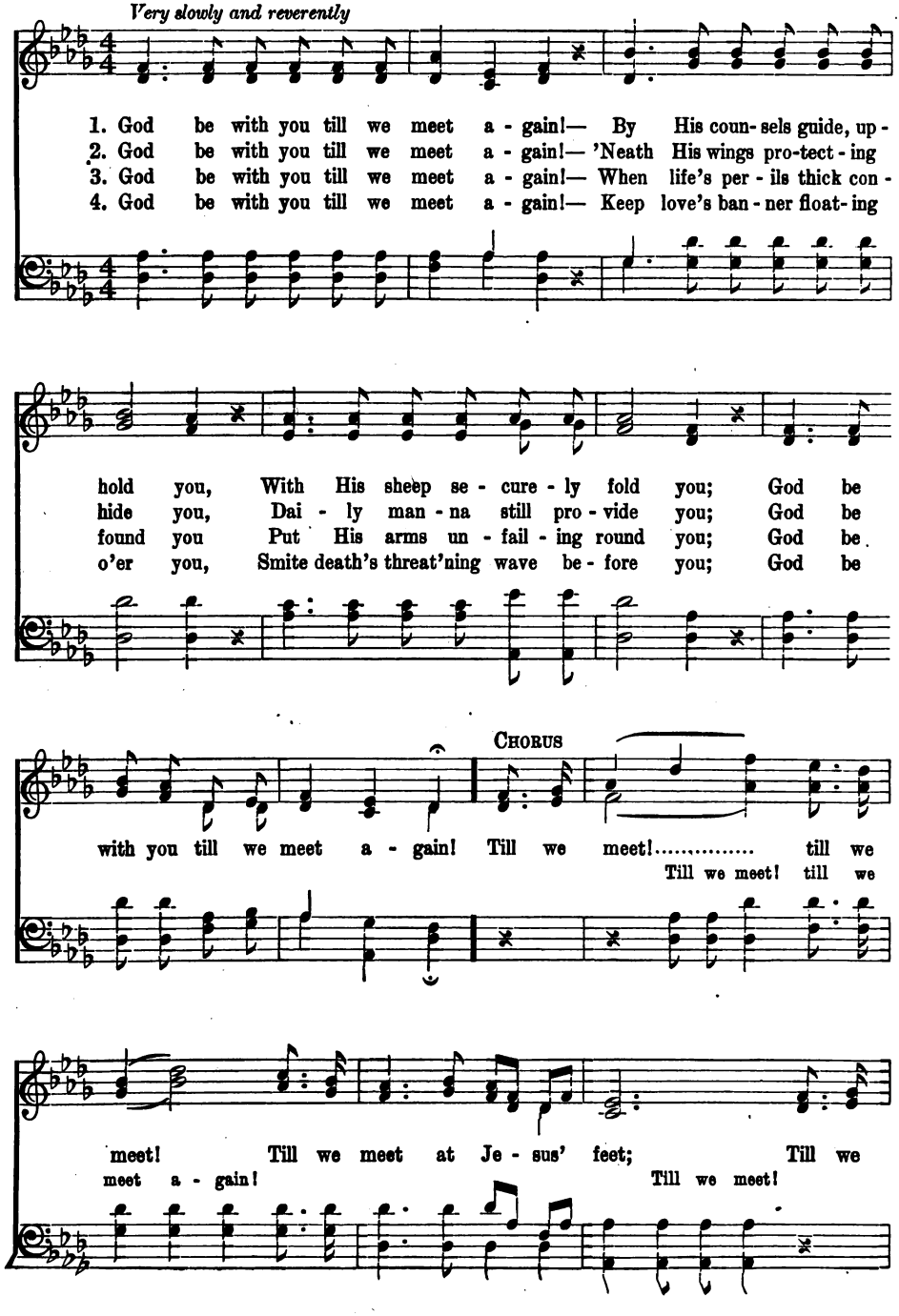
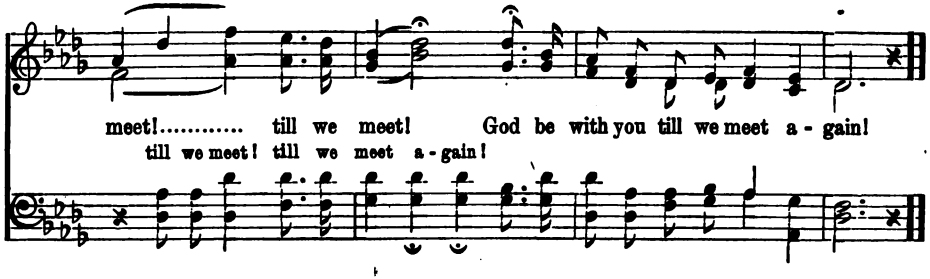
183 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

JOHN FAWCETT "Sicilian Mariners"

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos - pel's
3. So when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to
joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
joy - ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
call a - way, Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; O re - fresh us,
In our hearts and lives a - bound; May Thy pres - ence,
Glad the sum - mons to o - bey, May we ev - er,
O re - fresh us, Trav'-ling through this wil - der - ness.
May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.

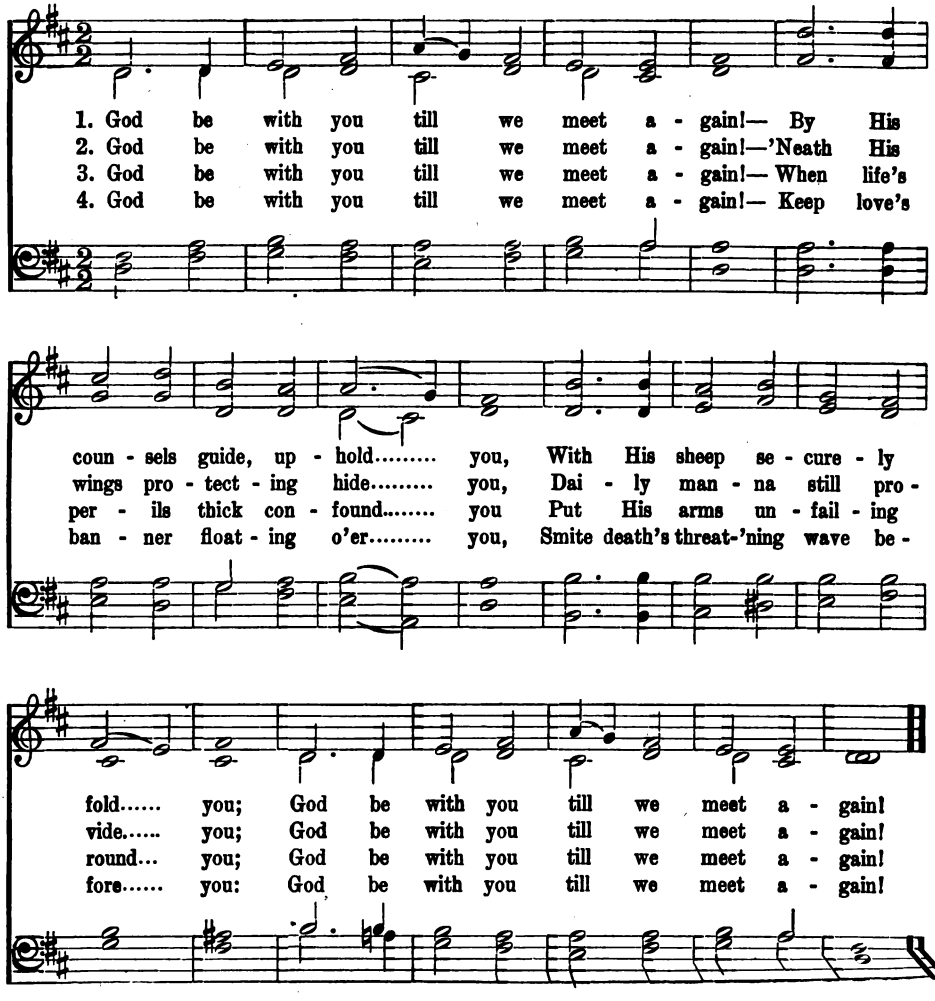
God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN — W. G. TOMER

Very slowly and reverently

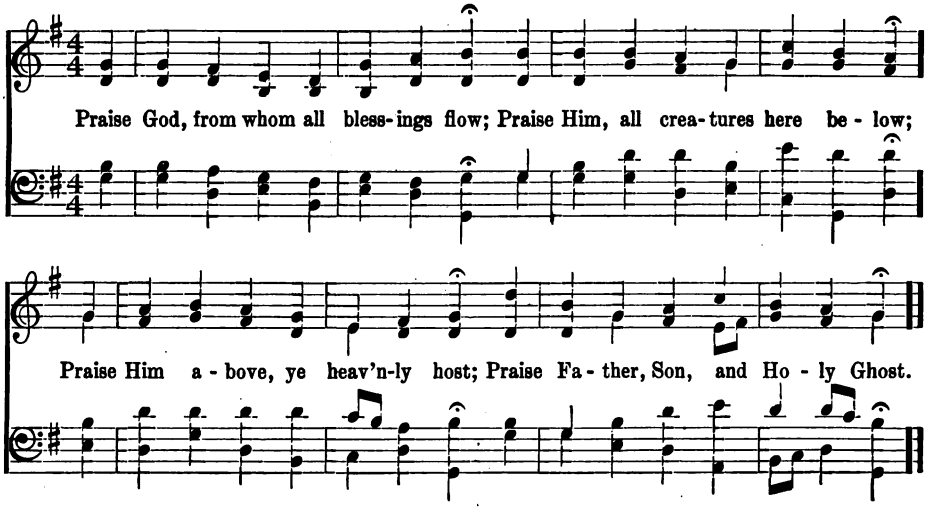

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban-ner float-ing
hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be
found you Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be
CHORUS
with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... till we
Till we meet! till we
meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

185 God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN (Dominus Vobiscum) A. SOMERVELL

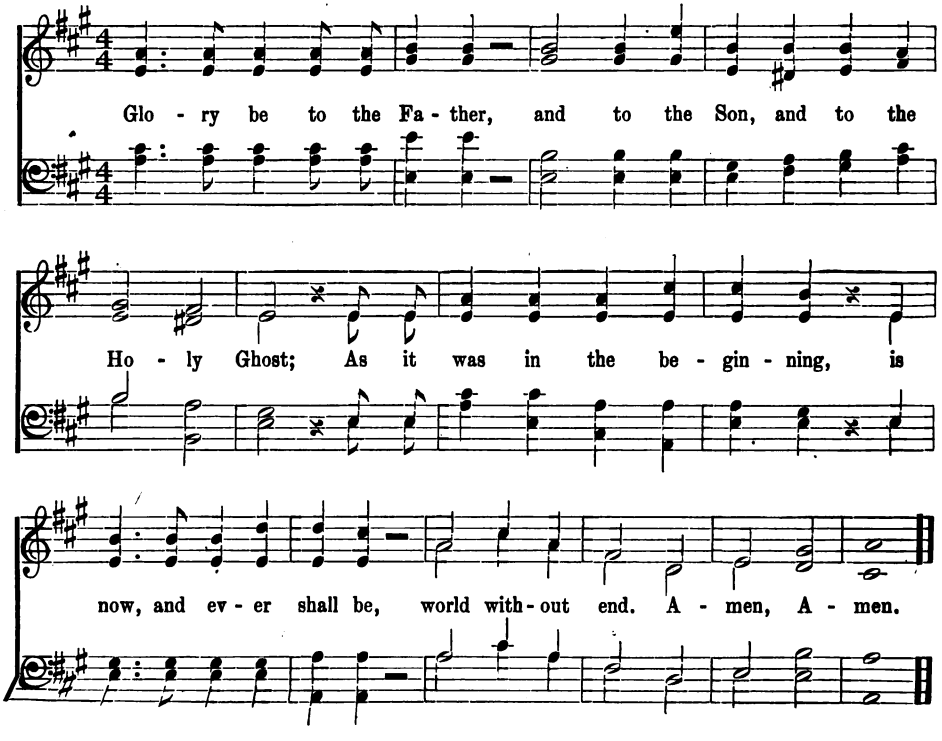

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's
coun - sels guide, up - hold..... you, With His sheep se - cure - ly
wings pro - tect - ing hide..... you, Dai - ly man - na still pro -
per - ils thick con - found..... you Put His arms un - fail - ing
ban - ner float - ing o'er..... you, Smite death's threat-'ning wave be -
fold..... you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
vide..... you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
round... you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
fore..... you: God be with you till we meet a - gain!

186 Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Old Hundred)

THOMAS KEN — Genevan Psalter

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

187 Glory Be to the Father

Gloria Patri, tr. from the Latin — CHARLES MEINEKE

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ning, is
now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men, A-men.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 1

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION 2

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 3

PSALM 103. 1-18

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

SELECTION 4

PSALM 1

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful:

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SELECTION 5

PSALM 10. 1-12

Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?

The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor: let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth.

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts.

His ways are always grievous; thy judgments are far above out of his sight: as for all his enemies, he puffeth at them.

He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud; under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor.

He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor whom he draweth into his net.

He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.

He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it.

Arise, O Lord; O God, lift up thine hand: forget not the humble.

SELECTION 6

ISAIAH 40. 1-8

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the *Lord, make straight* in the desert a high*way for our God.*

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

SELECTION 7

ISAIAH 55. 1-7.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

SELECTION 8

1 CORINTHIANS 13. 1-13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and *though I have all faith,*

so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

SELECTION 9

MATTHEW 5. 1-16.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

SELECTION 10

1 PETER 1. 1-9

Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia,

Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations:

That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ:

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

SELECTION 11

1 JOHN 3. 1-18

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.

And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin.

Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.

Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no mu hath eternal life abiding in him.

Hereby perceive we the love of G cause he laid down his life for us: a ought to lay down our lives fo brethren.

But whoso hath this world's goo seeth his brother have need, and sh up his bowels of compassion from how dwelleth the love of God in hi

My little children, let us not l word, neither in tongue; but in dee in truth.

SELECTION 12

ROMANS 8. 1-11

There is therefore now no conc tion to them which are in Christ who walk not after the flesh, but the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of l Christ Jesus hath made me free fr law of sin and death.

For what the law could not do, i it was weak through the flesh, God ing his own Son in the likeness of flesh, and for sin, condemned sin flesh:

That the righteousness of th might be fulfilled in us, who wa after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For they that are after the fle mind the things of the flesh; bu that are after the Spirit the thi the Spirit.

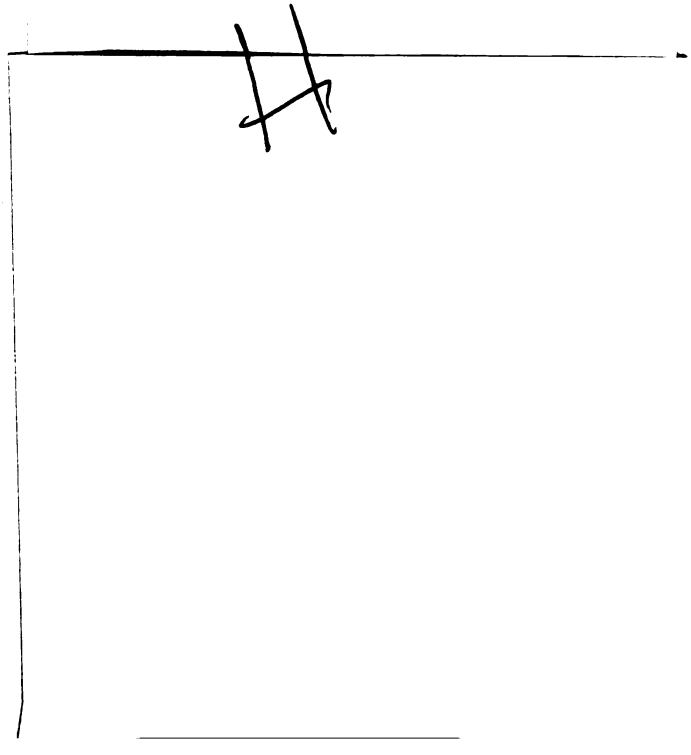
For to be carnally minded is deat to be spiritually minded is life and

Because the carnal mind *is* against God: for it is not subject law of God, neither indeed can be.

So then they that are in the fles not please God.

But ye are not in the flesh, but Spirit, if so be that the Spirit dwell in you. Now if any man ha the Spirit of Christ, he is none of h

And if Christ be in you, the b dead because of sin; but the Sp life because of righteousness.

But if the Spirit of him that rai Jesus from the dead dwell in you, h raised up Christ from the dead sha quicken your mortal bodies by his that dwelleth in you.

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